WEEK ENDING FEB. 19, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Beginning **LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE** *by* FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

Today...Bakers use the same ingredients you use at home

Eventually

Why Not Now?

Only the best of everything goes into bakers' breads and pastries today—such as Fleischmann's Yeast, Gold Medal Flour, Morton's Diamond Crystal and Worcester' Salt, Sunmaid Raisins . . . . .

Breads and cakes and pastries—as pure and wholesome as those your mother used to make at home! These are the kinds of products you buy from your baker today.

For your baker has learned from you. He makes his products the way you were taught. The ingredients he uses are all familiar products—the reliable and well-known brands that have always stood upon your pantry shelves.

Your baker now takes more care than you could at home. Back of each bakery product you buy today stands the brains and skill of more than 250,000 men and women. Bakers are working with dieticians of our large universities; home economics teachers; the millers of the flour—to bring health to you and your family.

Planning meals now twice as easy

For bridge luncheons . . . for afternoon tea . . . for those late radio suppers . . . and for each meal of the day—now your baker makes dozens of delightful breads, cakes and pastries for you to choose from. All are pure— all as wholesome as if you had made them yourself.

And what a saving in time and effort! No more standing over a heated oven. No chance of a last minute failure. Just a phone call, a short trip around the corner, or delivered at your door. You have what you want in a minute. It is true economy to buy bakers' products.

More than 15,000 bakers in the United States and 10,000 in foreign countries use Gold Medal Flour. Because it "acts" the same perfect way in all their baking. At least 50% of baking success depends upon the way a flour acts in the oven. But the average flour may not always act the right way. Although the same chemically, a flour often differs in baking results.

The one sure way a miller can tell how his flour will act, is to bake with it himself first. That is why we bake from samples of each run of Gold Medal Flour at each mill—in one of our Test Bakeshops every hour in the day. In this way each batch proves its uniformity and stability before it leaves the mill. Bakers who use Gold Medal Flour are sure of serving you the same quality products each day.

A Special Word to Bakers

If you are not receiving the Gold Medal Bakers' Service, write for details or ask the Gold Medal man. This service is free. Many hundreds of bakers use it regularly. It is worth looking into. No obligation.

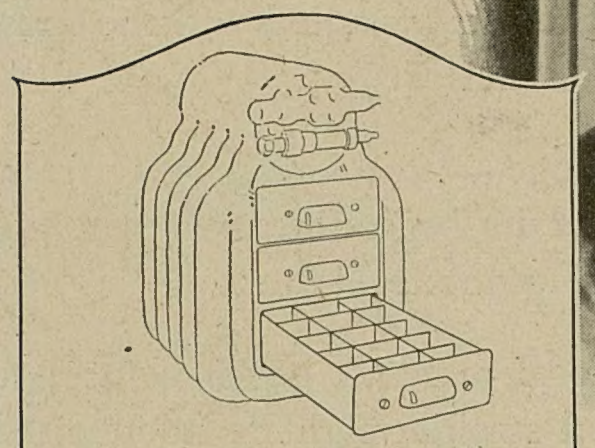
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY: GENERAL OFFICES, MINNEAPOLIS. MILLS AT MINNEAPOLIS, BUFFALO, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, LOUISVILLE, GREAT FALLS, KALISPELL

Oven-tested

Copyr. 1927, Washburn Crosby Co.

FRIGIDAIRE ·· *Low Cost Refrigeration*



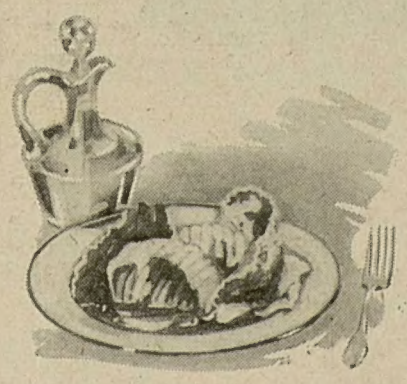
Frigidaire uses no brine tank. The frost coil thoroughly chills the food compartment in a simple, efficient manner. It occupies little space, provides ample freezing capacity and saves electric current.

Quick freezing of delicious desserts and salads

QUICK freezing of ice, delicious desserts and tempting salads—or the *keeping* of ice cream in perfect condition—is just one of the many points of Frigidaire superiority—just one of the reasons why there are more Frigidaires in use than all other electric refrigerators combined.

Frigidaire is known everywhere today as the dependable, economical electric refrigerator. It has no brine tank; but cools directly from the efficient frost coil. The intense cold of the freezing compartment is sealed in with overlapping tray fronts, which provide a perfect shield between the freezing temperature in the trays and the ideal cold of the food compartments.

Frigidaire offers ample food space, fine finish, quiet operation. It is a product of General Motors, sold and serviced by a nation-wide organization. It is endorsed by more than 300,000 users—more than all other electric refrigerators combined. And it costs less.



Frigidaire keeps salads crisp and fresh until served.

If you want the things that Frigidaire, and *only* Frigidaire, will give you—be *sure you get a genuine Frigidaire.* Visit the nearest sales office. Or mail the coupon for complete information.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION, *Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation,* Dept. W-6, DAYTON, OHIO

Frigidaire

PRODUCT of GENERAL MOTORS

Mail this

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION,
Dept. W-6, Dayton, Ohio

Please send me complete information about Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration.

Name..... *City*.....

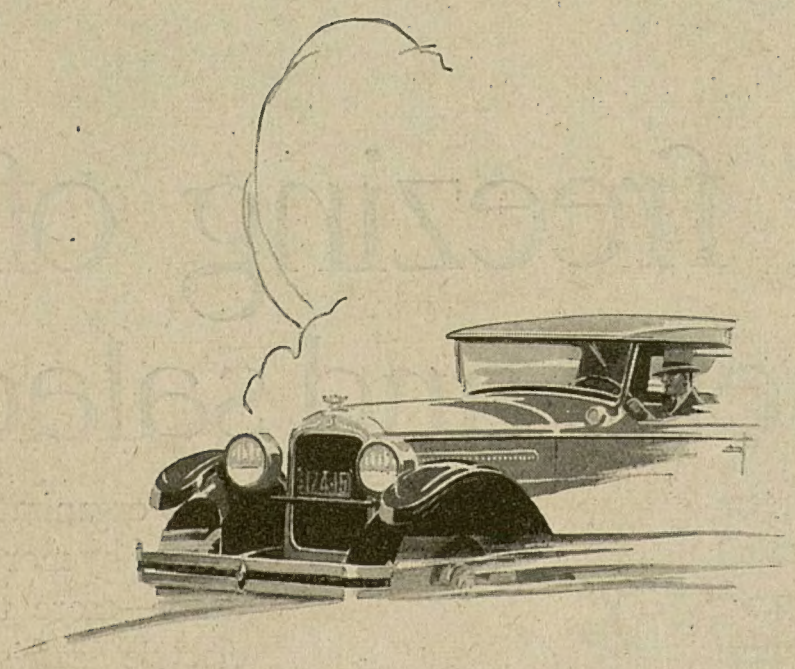
Address..... *State*.....

How Hupmobile has swept to THE DISTINGUISHED

Today the eight is the most wanted and the most talked about type of car in America.

This significant change — this swing away from the six of higher price—had its beginning two years ago, with the coming of the Hupmobile Eight.

Today, it is being accelerated as never before; for Hupmobile, the perfected straight-eight is now further beautified and refined in its latest models.



To the smoothness and ease of the eight is added the super smoothness and ease of its own perfected straight-eight.

Hupmobile gives the eight a generosity of gas mileage that surpasses even many sixes.

Hupmobile supplies an agility ot getaway, a swift response to the throttle in any gear, that instantly makes it dear to the heart of the motoring veteran.

Hupmobile gives its smoothness, not only to the normal driving speeds, but to all speeds up through its marvelously easy 70 miles per hour and more.

These things Hupmobile did, and is doing, and the motor car market quickly swept Hupmobile into place as the largest-selling straight-eight in the world.

These things are paramount. They mean that Hupmobile has overthrown the last barrier of high costs that heretofore has separated thousands from the ultimate type of motoring enjoyment and satisfaction—the eight.

the top of the Eight Market

New Beauty–New Refinements–New Power

Latest models of the Hupmobile Eight bear evidence of the refining process which is always going on in Hupp products.

Cars are brought lower to the ground by reason of the modish smaller wheels.

Beauty is enhanced by contrasting reveals around the windows of all enclosed bodies. Mohair upholstery in all enclosed bodies is of the finest type.

Handsome new instruments are grouped on a single plate under glass, with indirect lighting, and new features are added to the instrument panel.

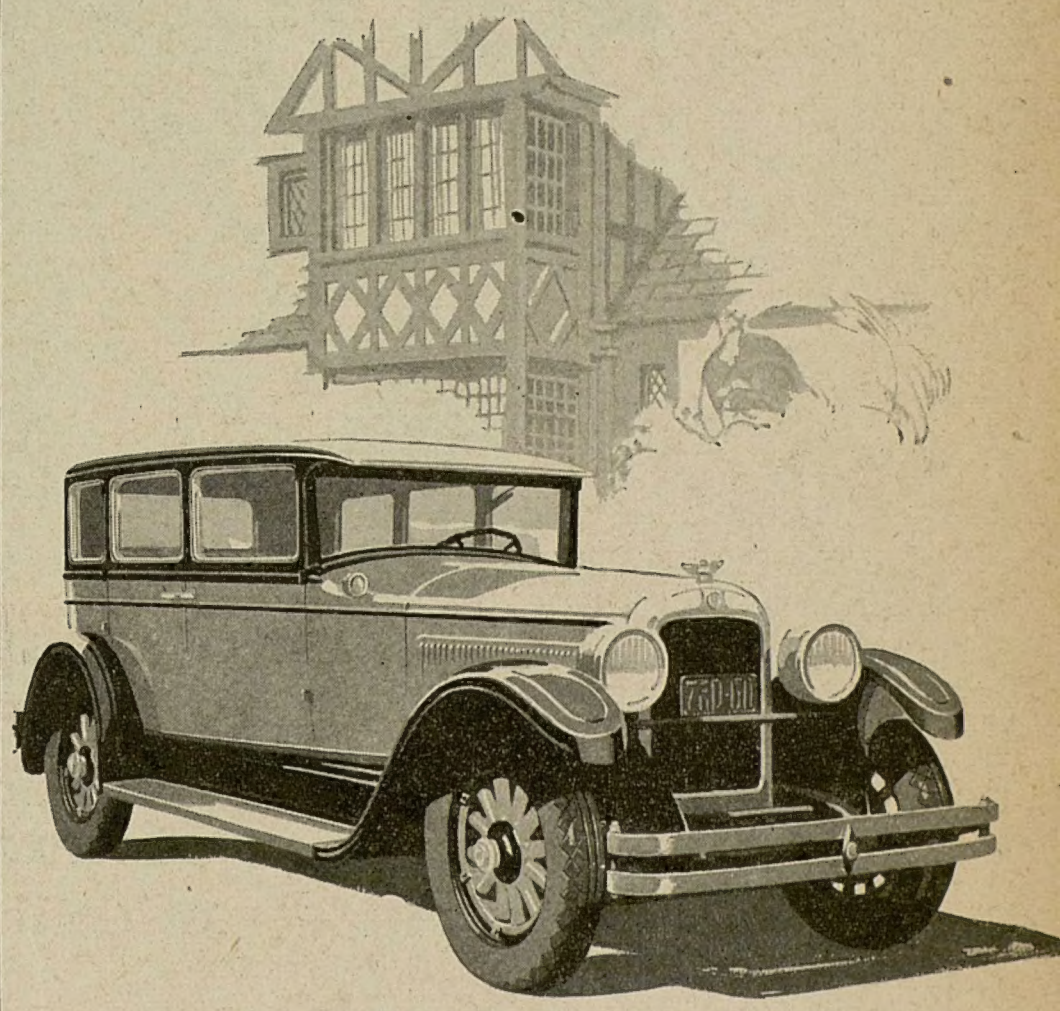
Control of the two-beam headlights is incorporated in a short lever at the top of the steering wheel.

New lock, incorporated in the ignition system, shuts off the ignition and effectively locks the car, each time the engine is stopped.

New design manifold, higher valve lift and new-shape combustion chambers join to increase engine power.

Heat control-valve for new type of exhaust manifold greatly accelerates the process of warming up a cold engine and quickly brings it to full power and efficiency.

Ease of steering is increased by further improvements in the steering gear.

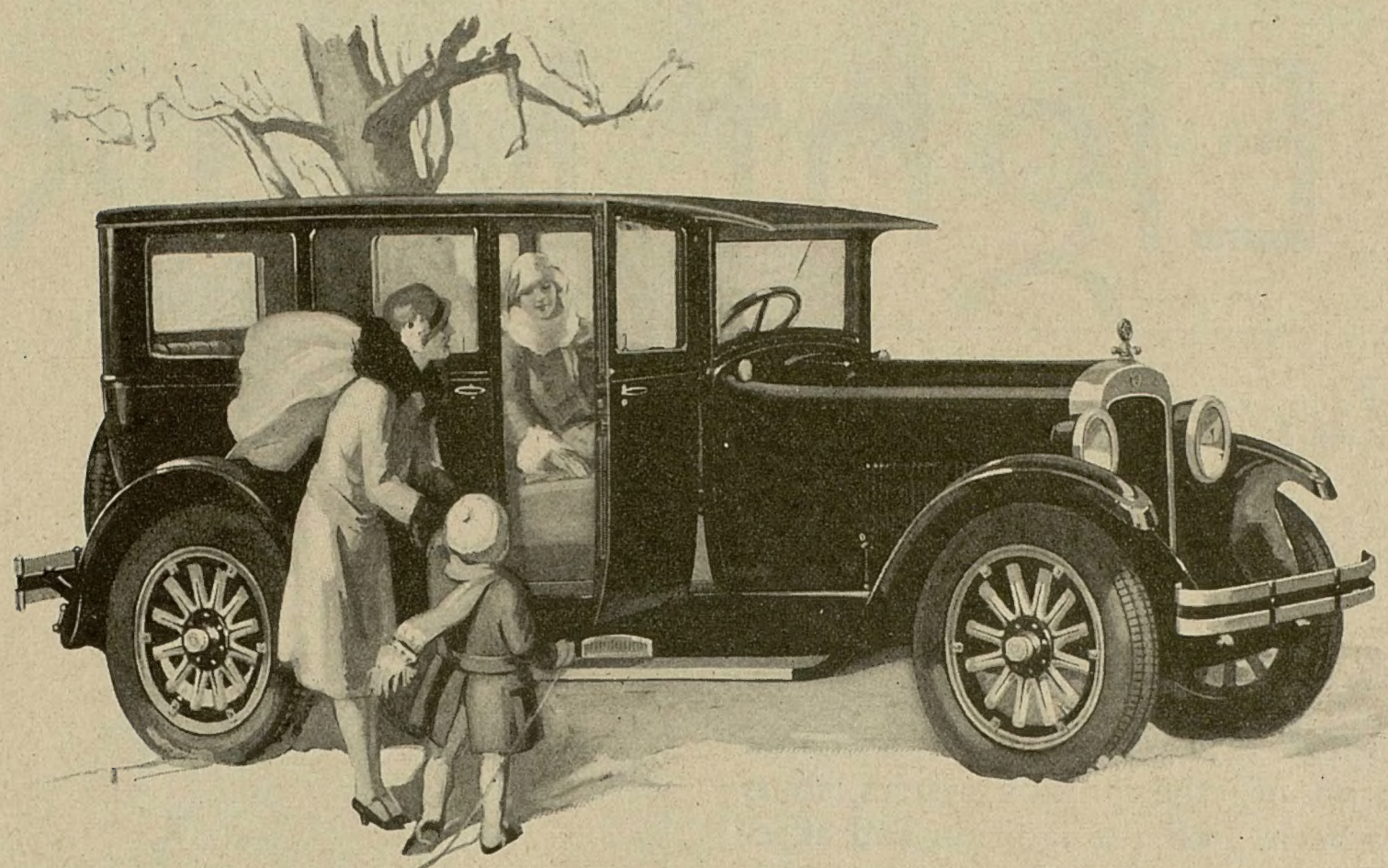


Fourteen Distinguished Body-Types —Priced from $1945 to $5795, f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

CUSTOM BODIES BY DIETRICH—*New ideas, new luxury, new distinction in the beautiful custom body designs created and built by Dietrich exclusively for Hupmobile.*

New body lines



In harmony with the trend toward lower and more graceful body lines, Dodge Brothers, Inc., announce certain basic advances in the design of their Sedans.

Special Sedan $945—De Luxe Sedan $1075
f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS

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A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

EDUCATION—AND WHAT OF IT?—*An Editorial*

Never before in the history of the world has there been so universal a demand for education as now exists in America. The same demand extends over the whole of the earth, but nowhere to the degree found in the United States. Colleges, universities, schools of all kinds, extension courses—all are overwhelmed by it.

And, in the midst of this unprecedented demand for education, a convention of eminent educators of long experience meet to discuss the question: "What *is* education?" It would seem to a casual observer that, if they do not know what education is, a large percentage of our young men and women are apt to waste a considerable part of their formative years.

Mr. Webster says education is the impartation or acquisition of knowledge, skill, or discipline of character. Herbert Spencer, who offered a clear definition, said it means to "prepare for complete living." To others it means to develop, instruct, teach, inform, enlighten, edify, bring up, train, breed, rear, discipline, or indoctrinate.

It would seem that a young man or woman seeking education should first decide what education is for, in order to seek the particular brand desired or needed, rather than spend a dozen years wabbling between the "discipline" and the "indoctrinate" ideas, and then, after graduation from college, join a group of his fellows in trying to decide what education is all about anyhow.

The great majority of our vocational, business, manual-training, scientific, medical, dental, and other schools specialize. Our great State-endowed universities, of the Middle West especially, approach the Websterian idea of education. In our older institutions, founded on the "indoctrinate" theory, the idea that anything of practical use is outside of education still persists.

One famous Harvard professor, in his annual farewell to his seniors, used to say: "Young gentlemen, I hope that nothing I have taught you during our association ever will be instrumental in aiding you to earn even a penny."

And it is said that he usually got his wish. Father didn't always cheer.

Contrast this with some mid-Western schools. This writer recently visited Ohio State University and found more than 3,500 boys and girls in freshman chemistry. An instructor took him through the laboratories. "These," he said, indicating a department where three or four hundred students were at work, "are from around East Liverpool and Youngstown mostly. They are working on steel." "And this," he said in another crowded department, "is rubber—most of these students are from around Akron."

There was no talk of hoping none of them ever would make a cent out of what they learned at college! On the other hand, the steel mills, the tire factories, and the electrical corporations have standing bids for promising graduates. There are those who hold that such an attitude may make a boy less a "gentleman," but more a man.

Someone might tell the assembled professors that, regardless of what education is, a white-collar education doesn't amount to much unless it includes making enough money to keep collars white; and that the fellow who utilizes an overall education in daytime usually has plenty of white collars for evening and Sunday.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Are There Too Many Attractive Men?

REBECCA WEST, the well known English novelist and critic, has reached some startling conclusions about love. The venerable, bewhiskered conviction that women are much crazier about men than men are about women has made her want to throw things. For years she's been nursing wrathful thoughts on that subject, and on other time-honored beliefs about the relations of the sexes. And now she breaks right out, gets it all off her mind, and jabs a devastating and delightful pen into some of our pet notions. She's called her article ARE THERE TOO MANY ATTRACTIVE MEN?

FRANK R. ADAMS is making 'em funnier and funnier. In LOVE'S PAIR O' DICE he hands us the most outrageous flapper that ever drew grins. Be sure to read this story of Lady Luck, a professor, and a maiden's prayer.

Fortitude, thrills, and romance—that's what SORE SUBJECTS, by CAPTAIN ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS, is woven of. It's a moving story of a little Belgian girl who risked her life to save two war birds.

WASHINGTON OR LINCOLN—WHICH WAS GREATER? That's the title of an article by CLIFFORD RAYMOND, who comes to the conclusion that the Father of His Country should be set above the Great Emancipator. You'll be deeply interested in Mr. Raymond's reasons for thinking so.

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THESE CHOCOLATES INTERPRET ABOVE ALL THINGS THE CORRECT THING IN CANDY

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YET you can obtain them, to meet the most unexpected of demands, almost instantly, at a store no more than a square or two away, no matter where you may be!

ALL things have their *modes*. In candy giving, it is Johnston's . . . among the leaders of things social in smartest gathering places of smartest America.

Thus in choosing this noted make of candy, one is sure of doing that which is admittedly the *correct thing*, either for one's own home or for a gift of thoughtful graciousness—

Conveniently available at the better stores throughout America, you can obtain Johnston's Chocolates at a moment's notice—any time—anywhere. The *new* Choice Box—containing twenty-two different kinds—is suggested as an ever welcome gift.

The new Choice Box typifies—probably better than any other—the socially accepted candy gift throughout fashionable America today. Twenty-two different kinds in one box to prove Variety IS the Spice of Life.

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NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

Love's Greatest Mistake

The Story of a Girl Who Went Hunting in the Danger Zones of Romance

HONEY pictured him as a blond viking, mailed, steel-capped.

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

A New Serial

By

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

PART ONE

IT was Don Kendall who invited Honey to the Troup housewarming—invited her, and took her in his glittering roadster. Don himself was inclined to glitter at times, but Honey rather liked the polish that caused it.

There had been a warm and very persuasive note in his voice as he whispered the invitation over the telephone.

"Doing anything tonight?" he had asked. "Hope not, because Ben Troup's just opening his new shack on Beechwood Avenue. Throwing a whale of a party. Not a bad scout, Ben, even if he is hard pan. Real, anyway. If you need a chaperon, why not bring that good-looking sister of yours? Ben will like her, if she's nice to him. He's reached the grateful age. Don't miss this, Honey. It'll be *some* party. Ben says joy is going to be so unrefined that even the china doorknobs will blush. You're game, aren't you? I'll take good care of you. How about it?"

"I—guess so," Honey said slowly.

SHE had never been to such a party, and the idea rather frightened her. Then she remembered the slogan of her girl friends—"Be a good sport or send for the undertaker"—and assumed a not overconfident gayety. "Of course I'd like to go—a lot!"

"Fine. I'll stop around for you about eight-thirty. Pick up your sister on the way back, if she decides to go. And if her husband's in town we'll take him too. The more the merrier! Wear your light running togs, darlin'. There's going to be some stepping out. 'By."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE Continued from Page Nine]

Honey sat at the cheap wooden table that held the telephone instrument, wrapped in a mantle of dreams. A picture of Don Kendall came between her eyes and the gay drift of sunlight through the hall window. Very tall and big he was, and handsome as an athlete is handsome. The mere thought of him gave her astonishing thrills. "The face of an angel and the morals of a tomcat," some town gossip had once described him.

Instead of an angel, Honey preferred to picture him as a blond viking, mailed, steel-capped, tremendous, driving his ship over the cold Norse seas to berserk victory. There were reasons, of course, for this. Dreams are variously pieced: some distantly remembered romance, read in childhood; or the fact that Don's father was president of a great steamship company, or that the young man himself had ridden the high air in France to joyous combat over the trenches.

No; Honey did not think of angels when she thought of Don, although she did wonder at the tenderness that brought him so often to their small Pennsylvania town to see his grandmother. Mrs. Donald Kendall, at seventy, was herself a gay warrior, battling valiantly against the invincible army of age. The two, no doubt, had much in common.

AS for Don's morals, Honey knew he had his reputation; but to be one of "the" Kendalls in that small town excused most things. Even as a child, Honey had realized that Don and his friends, home from college, could steal barber poles or remove the bronze ladies from the courthouse fountain without serious consequences, while had her sober brother, Martin, attempted anything of the sort, he would doubtless have cooled his heels for sixty days in jail. Don could even drive his car down Main Street at express-train speed and the traffic policemen smiled pleasantly and looked the other way.

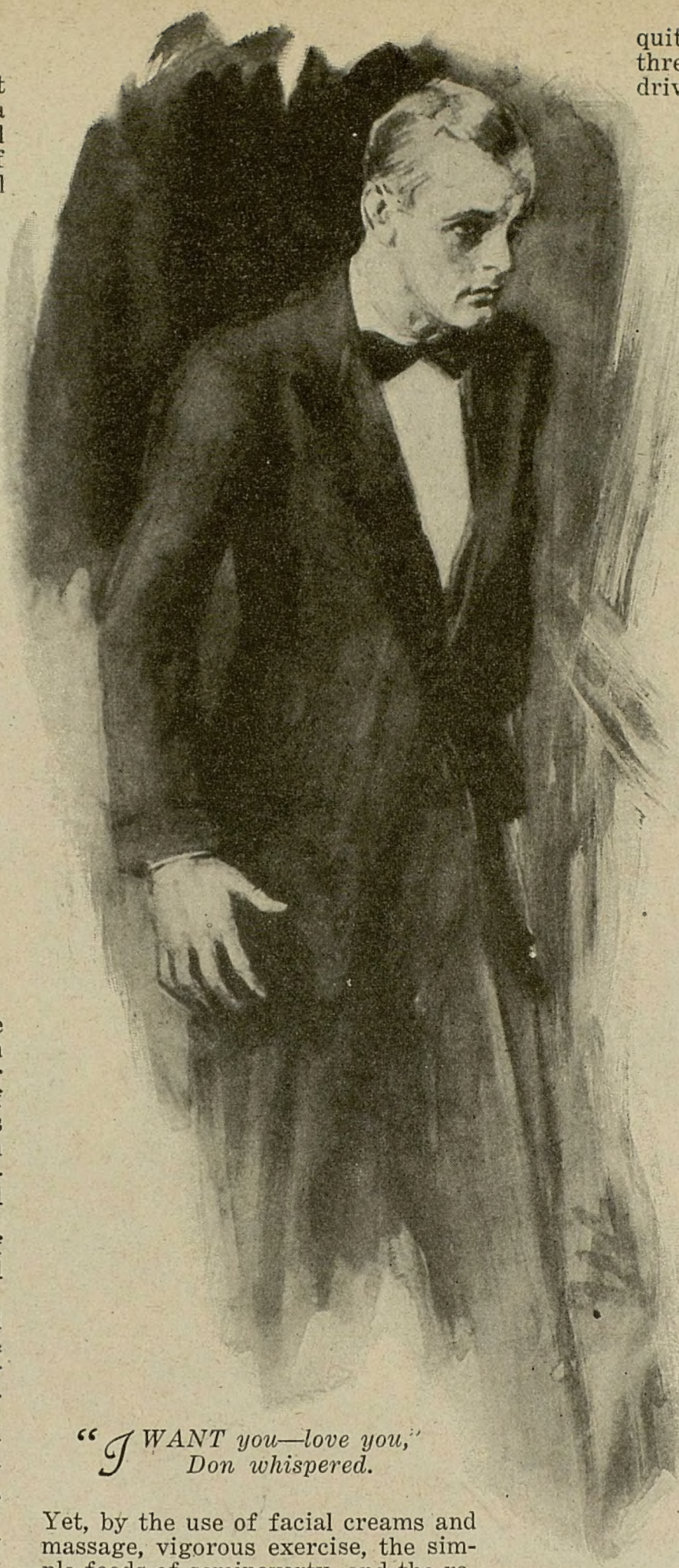
It meant something to be the only son of Matt Kendall, who lived in New York and owned a steamship line.

Honey's father, "Pop" McNeill, owned nothing to speak of—not even the house he lived in, although he worked hard enough for the "party" and held a position of some importance in the Department of Public Works. The gulf, social and financial, between Honey McNeill and Don Kendall had grown wider very rapidly indeed since he had taken up his residence in New York.

She had seen little of him in the last few years. The pride of the Kendall family spent most of his time in New York, where opportunity to spend money joyously was greater and the night's thousand eyes conveniently winked. During his occasional visits to the big stone house in Greene Avenue, where his grandmother lived in solitary grandeur, he had often met Honey on the street and talked to her.

What, Honey wondered, was the reason for his sudden interest in her since his arrival in town some two weeks before? She had once heard her older and rather cynical married sister, Jane Sommers, say that men frequently married women because they could not get them in any other way. Why, Honey thought, should she not make Don care for her that much? She must look her best for him at Mr. Troup's party. And, since her own wardrobe had very narrow limitations, she decided to seek help from Jane.

She found her sister in the little tile-and-stucco bungalow on Oak Avenue which was George Sommers' nearest approach to a castle in Spain. Jane was in the kitchen, peeling potatoes. In her blue cotton-crepe wrapper and towel-tied head, she did not much resemble the glorious young person whom George had led to the altar some five years before.



"I WANT you—love you," Don whispered.

Yet, by the use of facial creams and massage, vigorous exercise, the simple foods of semipoverty, and the refusal to bear children, Jane had succeeded in keeping her good looks almost intact.

Honey was often puzzled because she went to such pains in the matter. Certainly it was not to please her husband. Poor, plodding, unimaginative George always thought her perfect, even in a cotton wrapper. Perhaps, far back in her mind, Jane nursed a hazy hope that some day, somehow, she would gain through her good looks all the lovely and expensive things her heart desired.

HONEY understood and could sympathize with her sister's basic discontent. Jane's marriage had not turned out as Honey hoped her own would.

Thoughts of Don suddenly filled Honey's imagination. How glorious it would be to spend their honeymoon in Hawaii! And then they would tour the Orient, perhaps the world. When they returned they would live, of course, in New York—except for a few weeks in winter when they would go to Florida, and the heat of summer would find them in either Newport or Maine.

She would have her own motor—a small sedan, as dainty and swift as a fawn—and quite frequently—possibly as often as two or three times a week—she would arise early and drive Don to his office. There would be no housework to worry about; she could have all the servants she wished.

Housework! Honey's thoughts returned quickly to the towel-tied head and wrapper-enfolded figure of Jane. With a surge of pity she remembered that Jane had dreamed of winters in Florida and summers in Maine and a motor of her own. Would Honey's dreams ever come true? Would Jane's?

The cruelly clear insight of youth made Honey doubt Jane's chances, and the shadow of the same thought overcast her own bright visions. Did marriage always end in disappointment?

Of course George might become rich; but as a plodding drummer selling electric washing-machines this seemed unlikely—as unlikely as that the beautiful wings of a butterfly would suddenly sprout from her own lovely back.

There was the possibility of a second husband, of course, but that would involve getting rid of George—something to which, Honey felt sure, Jane had not, so far, given consideration. She had just drifted along, sewing, scrubbing, peeling potatoes, waiting for George to come home from his continual trips.

Dull; unexciting; almost unendurable at times.

There were other ways besides marriage, Honey knew, whereby a woman of beauty might obtain wealth in return for—well, in return for being beautiful. Such ways Jane had not considered, Honey knew. Not definitely. Her thoughts seemed blurred. She drifted, determined to keep her good looks against some possible future glowing romance in which George had no part. So many married women—young married women without children—dream such dreams.

HONEY entered her sister's kitchen as gay and bright as the morning sunshine that came in with her.

"Hello, sis," she said. "How's everything?"

"All right." Jane began to take off her rubber gloves. "Same old grind. George is in Scranton. Home Saturday. What's new? You look all pepped up."

Honey lighted a cigarette. She did not particularly care for cigarettes, but they seemed to go with certain moods and occasions.

"Ben Troup, the contractor, is giving a big party tonight," she said. "Don Kendall has asked me to go. I can take you if I like. So I thought if you would lend me that green chiffon dress of yours—the one with the rhinestone shoulder straps—"

"But we don't know Mr. Troup," Jane objected, regarding her sister with a cool and reflective eye.

"Father does—they went to school together. And, anyway, it's Mr. Kendall who's asking us."

Again Jane Sommers stared.

"Don Kendall doesn't give a rap whether I go or not," she said. "Why this sudden interest in *you?*"

"I don't know. The point is, do we go to the party or don't we? I can't go without you. I'll have to spend the night here. The family would raise the roof if I didn't get home by twelve. Come on, Jane. You'll enjoy it. George Sommers doesn't expect you to sit at home crocheting foot warmers while he's on the road, does he? Let me try on that chiffon, anyway. You could wear your black georgette. It shows off your figure beautifully."

" Let me alone, Don! " she cried. " Don't touch me! "

" All right."

Jane began to unwind the towel from her long and really beautiful hair.

The appeal of romance had reached her. Why should life be lived in such uninteresting grooves, when the Great Adventure might be just around the corner? It was sweet, unutterably sweet, to be pursued, desired. When George came home from his eternal trips, he demanded a huge meal, said he was worn out from riding on trains, went to sleep very early, snoring.

Was that all of life?

" This green just suits me," Honey laughed, executing a gay Charleston. " I'll be a knockout, sis. Wouldn't this old burg throw a fit if I married Don Kendall? "

" Swell chance! " Jane mumbled, her mouth full of pins.

II

DON KENDALL drove away from the McNeills' old house on Grove Street with a hard and reckless hand upon the wheel. A man to take chances, Honey thought. She rather liked that. When he leaned over and told her how lovely she was, she breathed a contented sigh.

After they had stopped for Jane, the small seat was so pleasantly crowded that Honey could feel the warm pressure of Don's shoulders against her own. It made her heart quicken. Had she fallen in love with him in the past two weeks? She looked at his ruddy, daring face and concluded that she had—almost.

At the Troup house, ablaze with lights, they were promptly hurried to the cellar. A huge, dimly lit cavern, it seemed to Honey, as they descended the steps. A crowd was milling about, laughing, talking. Blue-gray smoke from cigars and cigarettes rolled in billows about their heads. Red lanterns, hanging from the rafters, smoldered through the tobacco smoke, giving the suggestion of fire.

A real, old-fashioned bar with a brass foot rail had been set up along the wall, with two Negro bartenders, like ebony marionettes, eternally mixing, pouring. Liquor in a continual flood—pre-war liquor, somebody said. Ben Troup was the sort to look ahead, to provide against future aridness.

" Just like old times," Don laughed, his arm around Honey's slim shoulders, his foot on the brass rail. " Have another, Beautiful? It won't hurt you. Gasoline has ruined more young girls than alcohol."

Amid much laughter Honey heard over her shoulder the last words of a story that would have chilled her had she understood it.

Pictures crowded Honey's brain. Amazing pictures. Bits torn from a mad dream. A girl, the shoulder straps of her evening gown broken, danced a Charleston on a table top while a circle of men applauded.

Everywhere were couples in dark corners. The place reeked of sex—like a perfume deadly, intoxicating. Was it that, Honey wondered, which made such parties alluring? Occasional curses, scraps of vulgarity, smacked of low dance halls. The music suggested the thick, torrid atmosphere of the jungle. Yet Honey felt the fascination of the bizarre.

THE vivid, sentient atmosphere of the place, the reek of alcohol, tobacco, perfume, the odors of human flesh, the primitive, urging music, all went to Honey's head like some violent and dangerous wine. She moved through it, her pulses throbbing staccato in the soft round column of her throat. Drumming jungle melodies sounded in her ears. Nothing theretofore had affected her so vividly.

Ben Troup had risen from the mud —had begun his career as a contractor by wielding a shovel at a concrete mixing trough. His friends and acquaintances ranged from the crooked politicians of the City Hall crowd, and the Chief of Police, up through bootleggers, dealers in contractors' supplies, to the vice-president of a local bank in which Ben's money had made him a director.

The party, called by courtesy a housewarming, celebrated in fact the granting of Mr. Troup's recent divorce. The illiterate gray-haired wife of his pick-and-shovel days had been dumped cruelly but quite legally upon the scrap heap, to make room for a younger and more attractive mate.

Halfway through the evening, Honey had a brief conversation with her sister. It took place in one of the dressing-rooms set apart for the women, where Mrs. Sommers was trying to mend a rip in her black georgette dress.

" Look out for that Kendall boy, Honey," Jane said. " Ten minutes alone with him would ruin any woman's reputation."

Honey lifted her delicate but rather determined chin.

" I can take care of Don Kendall, sis," she said.

" I know." Jane let her voice express her skepticism. " But it's you I'm thinking about. Can you take care of *yourself?* Watch your step."

Don, when Honey rejoined him, walked toward the steps.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE
Continued from Page Eleven]

"What do you say if we take a look over the house?" he laughed. "It's as full of rooms as a Swiss cheese is of holes."

In the main hall he took Honey by the arm, guided her toward the staircase.

They went up slowly, stepping around several couples. From the voices that floated down to them, Honey knew that there were many more guests on the floor above. The large upstairs sitting-room held a dozen at least, gathered round a bottle-covered table.

Don stopped for a moment in the doorway, saw a woman start toward him, turned back.

"No room for us in there," he laughed. "What's this ahead of us?" He pushed open the door of a small, dimly lit room, and stepped inside. "Ben's private study, I suppose."

Beneath shaded amber lights Honey caught a glimpse of Chinese rugs, an inlaid Moorish desk, low chairs, a couch heaped with cushions, green, orange, black. For a man's study, the effect was curious, to say the least. It was equally odd that such a man as Ben Troup should have a study at all.

Honey turned to go out. The door had swung almost shut. Not quite, however. The air suddenly became charged with possibilities. Panic seized upon Honey. She wanted to escape. Yet her legs refused to carry her. They trembled a little.

Then, without warning, Don Kendall swept her into his arms, bent to kiss her.

Held crushed and helpless, Honey fought desperately to retain her grip on the world of solid things. But it came to her in a flash of fear that if Don bent her back a very little farther, smothered her senses a little longer beneath that blinding kiss, she would be lost utterly—to no real purpose that she could quite understand.

Her hands were like ice, her cheeks burning, as cold reason and the hot blood of youth sought equally to possess her. With fingers that struggled blindly to force Don's face away, she found herself caressing him—and hating herself for it.

Her effort to scream resulted in no more than a feeble gasp. She heard an inner voice whispering cruelly, "You have wanted to know about life—this *is* life."

Don was hurting her lips, bruising them, crushing her against his chest.

"Please—Don—let me go!" she gasped.

But he drew her still closer.

"I want you—love you!" he whispered.

FOR a delicious, terrifying moment Honey believed him. Then she looked into his eyes—saw there, not love, but something fierce, savage, cruel—and her weakness left her.

"Let me alone, Don!" she cried, tearing herself swiftly from his grasp. "Don't touch me!"

The man gave her a quick, wide stare, then dropped his arms to his sides.

"All right," he said, and, wheeling, jerked open the door. In the hall outside stood Jane and a slender, rather studious-looking young man whose eyes seemed abnormally big behind shell-rimmed glasses.

"I've been looking for you everywhere," Jane said, with a swift glance at Honey's flushed face. "Meet Mr. Gibbs."

Honey put out her hand, introduced the two men.

"Don Kendall has been showing me over the house," she laughed, with a little note of self-consciousness.

Don, in the doorway behind her, was lighting a cigarette.

A REAL, old-fashioned bar with a brass foot rail had been set up along the wall, with Negro bartenders eternally mixing, pouring.

"May I have a dance?" Gibbs asked.

"Why—certainly." Honey placed her hand on his arm.

As she turned away she felt Don's gaze upon her—hard, questioning. Suddenly it came to her that she might never see him again. A terrifying thought!

III

HONEY opened her eyes, stretched her arms high above her head, and yawned. One of the green holland shades had not been drawn quite down. By the light that filtered through, she saw that the clock on Jane's dresser marked half-past ten.

Her sister, in the other twin bed, was still sleeping soundly, without any of the aids to beauty she usually put on before retiring. When she had come in, Honey did not know. She herself had been brought home by Herbert Gibbs at half-past three.

The party had become rather "thick" by that time and Honey had had enough of it.

So had Mr. Gibbs. He lived in New York, it seemed, and was connected with the firm of architects that had designed the new local City Hall. His reasons for going to Mr. Troup's party had been business ones.

Sitting up in bed, Honey tried to crystallize her impressions of the previous evening. She and Gibbs had danced together a number of times. She had found him a good but not an inspired dancer. Don Kendall moved with a panther's grace.

It had not pleased her that Jane had monopolized Don for the remainder of the evening, even though she had found Mr. Gibbs a pleasant companion. He *had* talked a little too much about his work, Honey thought; but he was nice.

As for Don Kendall—she lay back against the pillows with a feeling of miserable uncertainty. Would she ever see him again? She ought not to care. If he were through with her, it was only because she had refused him something more than he had a right to ask. She would be well rid of him. But logic had no power to relieve the pain that stabbed her.

SHE didn't want to be rid of him. The first chords of life's great symphony sounded in her heart. What was the use of denying that she loved him? She could keep it a secret from others. The last to learn of it would be Don himself. But in the cloister of her thoughts, deception was impossible. Indeed, she had no wish to deceive herself. The song of songs was intoxicatingly sweet. It bore her spirit off on the wings of morning.

She began to dream of him—first, in remembered instances of little things he had said or done; and then, as the narcotic of imagery seeped more deeply into her consciousness, she began to create episodes in which they both might play a part.

He fitted a soldier's role. Among the books she had lately read had been a romance of the Civil War. How wonderful it would have been if they had lived in those days of cavalry forays, spies, and guerrilla bands!

It was wonderful to love someone! The most wonderful thing in the world! A vast tenderness enfolded her. In fancy she held Don's head in her arms while her fingers wandered through his hair.

There the dream ended—with Honey's palms against her eyes. For her imagination, in a malicious humor, had recalled Don's face as last she had seen it—hard, questioning, almost sardonic.

The surface cynicism of modern youth restored her poise, robbed her self-disillusion of some of its sting. Why was life so regulated that all the nice men, like Herbert Gibbs, were dull, and all the attractive ones so utterly impossible? She wasn't in love with Don at all! Nor he with her! Some day he would marry an heiress in New York. She had lost him by her conduct at Troup's. She was glad of it!

While this sophistry was still crying down the small, anguished voice in Honey's heart, Jane awakened and sat up in bed.

"What time is it?" she asked, blinking; then glanced at the clock for her answer.

"When did *you* get home?" Honey said, jumping up and raising the shades. A flood of sunlight poured in.

"About five. Mr. Kendall took me to get something to eat—at Child's. I like him."

"I noticed you did. You took him away from me fast enough."

"Really? I didn't mean to. He just—stuck around. I don't think he's very happy."

"No?" Honey laughed. "He told me he wasn't. That's just his line, I guess. I'm surprised, *your* falling for him."

"Who says I've fallen for him? Don't be silly. I said I liked him. I do. He's gay and bright and—good looking. Of course, I love George, but for all I get out of life I might just as well be one of his washing-machines. He's happy as long as he has a 'nice little home,' as he calls it, to come back to. Men like George never think a woman might want a bit of romance occasionally."

Honey sat on the edge of the bed, staring out of the window. A row of althæa bushes screened it. George had planted them. "A nice little home." It was that—small, clean, bright—with a mortgage installment to be paid each month. George Sommers had worked hard for his home. He liked it—spent most of his Sundays fussing over it, painting, planting, putting up screens, awnings, getting rid of weeds.

But, like most men, he took his wife entirely for granted. To have put his arms around her, complimented her on her looks, kissed her, would have seemed to him silly. They had been married for five years. Life would go on just so, indefinitely. "A nice little home." Very remote from the hot breath of the jungle.

"Look at mother and father," Jane went on, interrupting Honey's thoughts. "Just automatons. Father works for the 'party,' and feels complimented when Pat Kennedy gives him a twenty-five-cent cigar. He isn't well—you know that. Been talking about a sea trip, a long rest, for twenty years; but he's never got it—never will. As for mother, she's just dried up. All that life means to her is the hereafter.

"Don't talk to me about homes. If Don Kendall interests, amuses me, where's the harm in it? With you it's different. I kept him away from you on purpose. With your looks there's no reason why you shouldn't marry a rich husband. A woman with money never needs to be bored. But don't waste your time on Don Kendall. He isn't the marrying kind. Now, take that young Mr. Gibbs—"

"Oh, piffle!" Honey exclaimed, and, going into the bathroom, turned on the faucets. Jane was still talking, but the noise of the water drowned her words.

It was noon when the two girls finally breakfasted. There had been a telephone call for Jane, but she had answered in monosyllables, and had offered no explanation. When Honey rose to go, her sister made no attempt to detain her. She had housework to do, she said.

Just as Honey, after walking a block down Oak Avenue, was turning the corner of Maple, she saw Don Kendall's roadster flash by and presently stop in front of her sister's door. A twinge of jealousy went through her. So *that* had been the meaning of the telephone call. She could not know that Don had inquired first of all for her; had asked if she was in.

So Honey walked on, anger and a little bewilderment in her heart.

IV

IT was a week after the Troup party when Honey, going into Harrison's drug store for an ice-cream soda, happened to meet her friend Sally Terry.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE
Continued from Page Thirteen]

The two girls had gone to school together, and later Sally's older sister, Mona, had achieved some notoriety by departing for New York in the company of a cloak-and-suit salesman she had "picked up" in the Penn House lobby. Now she was reported to be prospering famously as a model.

Sally, being a movie fan, suggested a picture. Once in their seats, she talked incessantly through a dull comedy while waiting for the feature to come on. Sally had a way of airing her views on life as she saw it through the medium of sex magazines, Sunday supplements, and motion pictures. Honey laughed at some of her views, but found most of them interesting. She asked the girl about Mona.

"I don't blame her a bit," Sally said, her beady brown eyes narrowed rebelliously. "I'd like to get out of this one-horse town myself. Talk about virtue! It's the bunk. Who's wearing the pearls these days? Dutiful wives sitting home darning socks? Sweet girl graduates making fudge for Sunday-school picnics? Don't make me laugh.

"I tell you, Honey, it pays to advertise. Take Doris Doronda—there on the screen. Five years ago she was punching the cash register in a Chicago candy shop. Now she's worth millions. How do you suppose she did it? By saving up all the nice little pennies she had left over from her salary every Saturday night? Huh! They say her marble swimming-pool in Hollywood cost twenty thousand.

"If I could get away with anything like that, you wouldn't catch me worrying about being good.

"'Being good'—do *you* know what it is? I don't. Mother thinks it's going to church. Wonder what she'd say if I told her one of the deacons at the Union Memorial tried to make a date with me last week? What do *you* think about this virtue thing?" She gave Honey a quick stare.

Honey's thoughts flew to Don Kendall.

"To me it's something like keeping your self-respect," she answered slowly.

"That's all the bunk, too," Sally sputtered. "I haven't heard of any of these dames we read about on the front page dying of remorse."

WHEN Honey got home that afternoon she found Herbert Gibbs just driving up to the door. It was the first time she had seen him since the party. He had been in New York, he explained, and was on the point of returning there. Now that the new City Hall was well under way, the work of inspection could be carried on by one of his assistants.

Honey invited him into the dim little parlor filled with the odors of lamb stew. Gibbs, it seemed, had called to say good-by—to give Honey his address in case she should ever come to New York. He wanted to see more of her—would like to show her around.

"I've got a little apartment on Fifty-eighth Street," he told her; "but my real home is up in Connecticut, near Stamford. That's where mother and my two sisters live. I should like to have you meet them. The old place is charming. Beautiful trees and lawns—shrubbery. And some lovely old furniture my mother takes great pride in.

"My older sister, Josie, is a regular home body, like mother. 'Lovey,' the other one, is different. She'd like to go on the stage, I guess—do something. You'd like Lovey. Everybody does. Having my work, of course, I can sympathize with her. One reason I have to go back is, I'm submitting designs for a new church building in Washington. Working on the plans now. It's a competition. If I win it I'll be made for life."

"How exciting!" Honey said; but she was not really excited.

"I've read a lot about the supper clubs and cabarets in New York," she added. "And the places that keep open all night, though it's against the law. They must be wonderful."

Gibbs exhibited no enthusiasm.

"Sucker joints," he answered. "Filled with butter-and-egg men from out of town. Real New Yorkers never go to them, unless they happen to be showing some friend the sights. I could take you, of course, if you wanted to go."

He seemed a trifle disappointed, and Honey, who really liked him in a friendly sort of way, and who wanted to keep his friendship, gave him one of her most provocative smiles.

"We might try it just once," she said, "if I ever get to New York. And I'd love to meet your mother and sisters."

Under the warmth of her smile Gibbs instantly revived. It seemed to Honey that she really had made a deep impression on him. When he left, and they stood for a moment in the shadowy front hall, she pressed his hand and smiled at him again, whereupon Mr. Gibbs promptly kissed her. It was a clumsy kiss. She wiped it away when his back was turned. Don Kendall would have done better. But—there might be such a thing as knowing how to kiss too well.

AS Honey set the table for supper, she tried to imagine herself married to Herbert Gibbs, as Jane had suggested. A nice little home in the suburbs—like Jane's, perhaps, only larger—with Herbert coming home to plant rose bushes and ivy. Children—he had told her he loved children. His trips away. Waiting for him to return. Food. Sleep.

Was that life? Jane had said it wasn't. There might be something in Sally Terry's ideas, after all. To live perilously—dangerously!

She would not live cheaply, meanly, in a continual round of household drudgery. The price of that decision could be—whatever it was to be! Men were either cads, like Don, or narrow, self-centered dumb-bells, like Herbert Gibbs! They either wanted to marry you, and make a servant or an article of furniture out of you; or else they wanted to have their selfish way about things and disappear. Women were honorable; men were dishonorable, selfish beasts.

If a woman loved a man, she wanted to make him happy; to see him get ahead in the world—amount to something in the estimation of other men. But men weren't like that. They were always thinking about themselves, their comforts, whatever fitted most smoothly into their schemes of life.

George ought to know that Jane was unhappy. Why didn't he do something about it? Were women the only ones with eyes that could see romance, glamour, gayety—and all the other really worth-while things of life?

The smell of the Irish stew suffocated her. The cheap window curtains hung in sleazy, unlovely folds. Many flies had crept through the worn-out screens.

Her father, under the influence of several drinks of bad gin, was holding forth on his usual topic—his need of a long rest, the general hopelessness of his dull existence.

Her mother's thin, bloodless lips, tightly compressed, seemed to say, "This world is a vale of sorrow; prepare for the life to come."

"Sam Dutcher was telling me today," her father was saying in his high-pitched, complaining voice, "that I don't look well. I ought to take a sea trip or something. Wish to God I could!"

The poor soul had needed that trip for twenty-five years, and had got no farther than Coney Island. Now the brave spirit of adventure in him had died down to a tiny flame. It flickered up momentarily when he saw pictures of far-away places, of rock-bound shores and blue lagoons; but it was a very faint flicker indeed, soon extinguished by the odors of Irish stew.

Mrs. McNeill called these spells "booze dreams," and told him he ought to think more about his future. As if he had any future other than to feed worms! His soul—and certainly he must once have had one—was petrified—dead. Somewhere within him a faint echo of life resounded; but it was only an echo—the hollow beat of a drum.

"That Mr. Gibbs seems a nice young man," Mrs. McNeill mumbled. She had glimpsed him through the front window. "He looks serious—not like most of the young fellows you meet nowadays, with their pockets full of gin. If he took a fancy to you, Honey, he might make you a good husband."

"I don't want a good husband," Honey said spitefully. "Or any husband. I want to go to work."

"Work!" Her mother made the word seem almost immoral. "A woman's place is in the home. You should marry, Honey, and settle down, like Jane. She's happy with George. He's honest, reliable, hard working."

Honey thought of her sister's talk that morning after the party. Was the whole world mad? Her mother made no pretense to being happy. Nor did Jane. Was it not possible, in some way, to be free? Was one necessarily damned for not thinking forever of the conventions?

She spent the evening reading a magazine, wishing she were with Don Kendall.

He might be dangerous, but he was at least amusing. Merely to think of him thrilled her oddly. Of the men she knew, he alone suggested the cavalier. The others were all Puritans and shopkeepers in their hearts. They would grow to be big thread-and-button men; they would join chambers of commerce, and refer to the women who loved them as "the wife" or "the little woman."

Don was a reprobate, perhaps. He might attempt to drag her in the dirt. (And she toyed with that idea a moment. It *would* be exciting!) But if he dragged her down he could also lift her up—which was more than anyone else could do!

SHE asked herself how much she would concede to him in some accidentally transcendent moment—if, for example, they were facing death together, or were cast away upon an island, beyond the possibility of rescue.

The extent to which her imagination carried her made her leap to her feet, turn aside from her mirror, and cast herself upon her bed. There her fingers knotted themselves into her pillow and her body shook in an inexplicable hysteria of rage and pain.

She hated him! He had no right to disrupt her life. He had gone back to New York—without even having telephoned her. Very well! She was glad of it! She hoped she would never see him again! There were other interesting men in the world. There must be. She'd find one, if she hunted to the end of the earth.

She found her magazine, flung herself into a chair, opened it, and stared at the type.

At last she gave up the pretense of reading and went back to her bed. But in the darkness the courage of her rebellion seemed to fade away. She felt alone—tragically alone—and with the sleep that crept over her came a strange dread, a sense that the rushing emotions of the last few days were wild currents in a stream of fate, which had snatched her up and were carrying her relentlessly toward a crisis she could not escape.

———

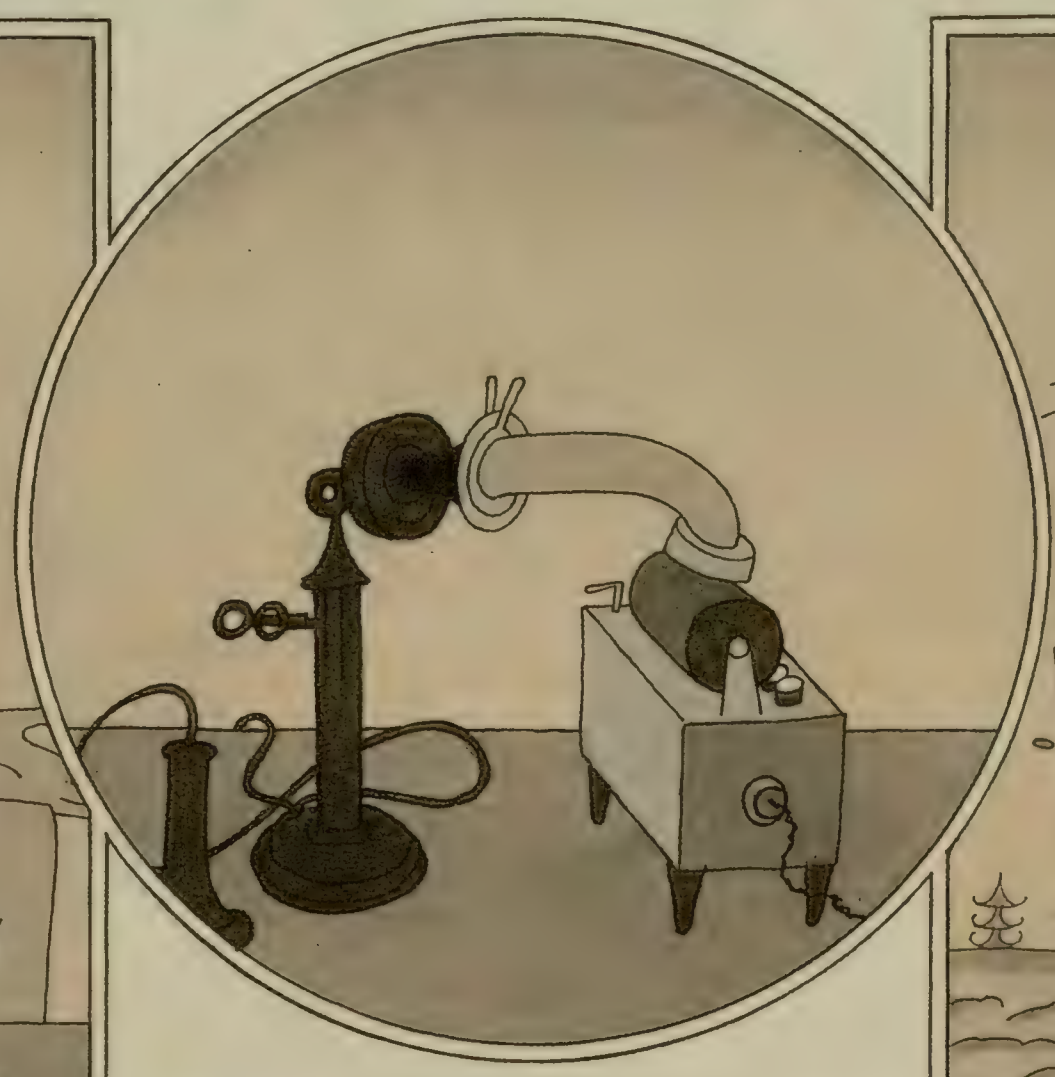
Honey's fear that she was on the verge of a crisis proved only too well founded. Read about her gallant struggle to take her life into her own hands, and shape it, in next week's installment.

GRAPHIC SECTION

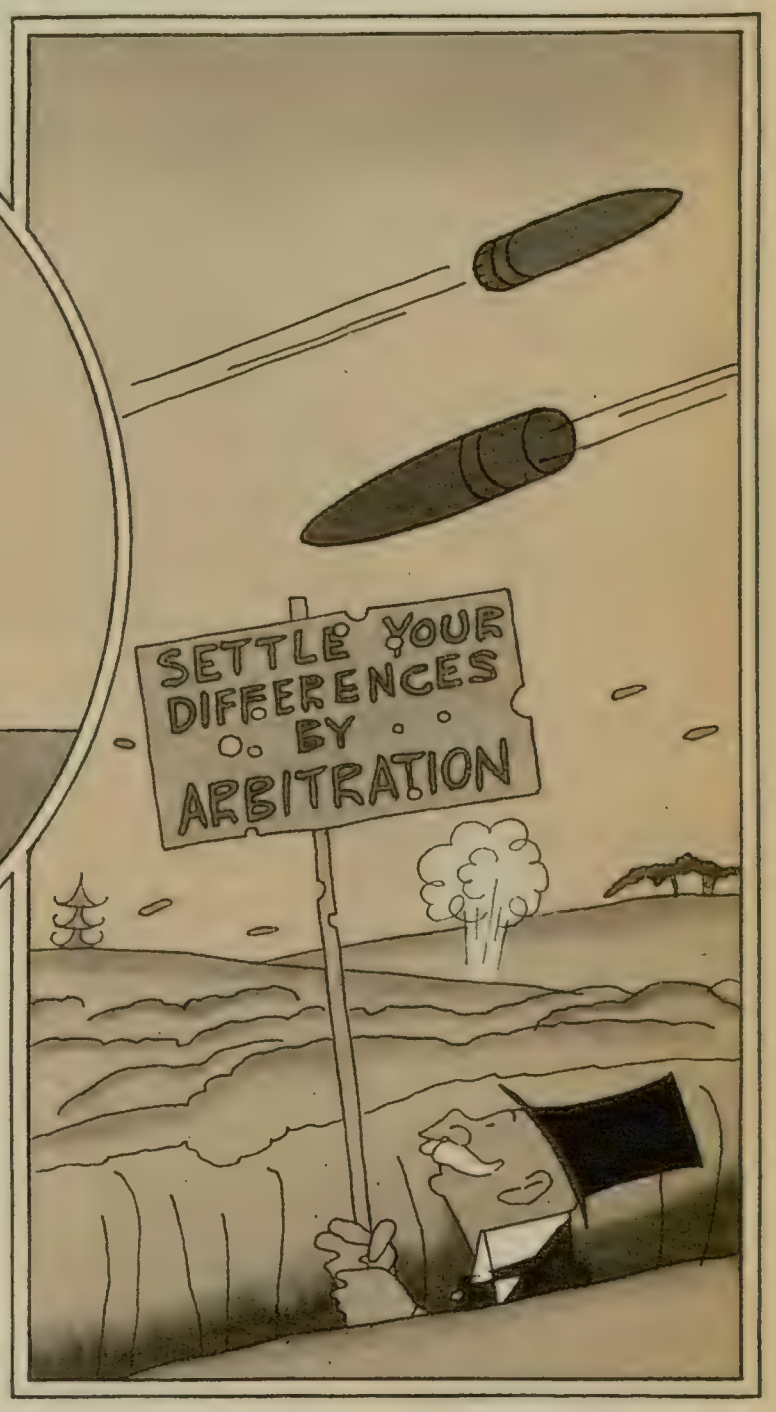
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

BUDDIES IN WASHINGTON—Wayne B. Wheeler of the Anti-Saloon League, and Secretary Mellon. The Enforcement Department chief's daily lesson in what the country thinks of prohibition.

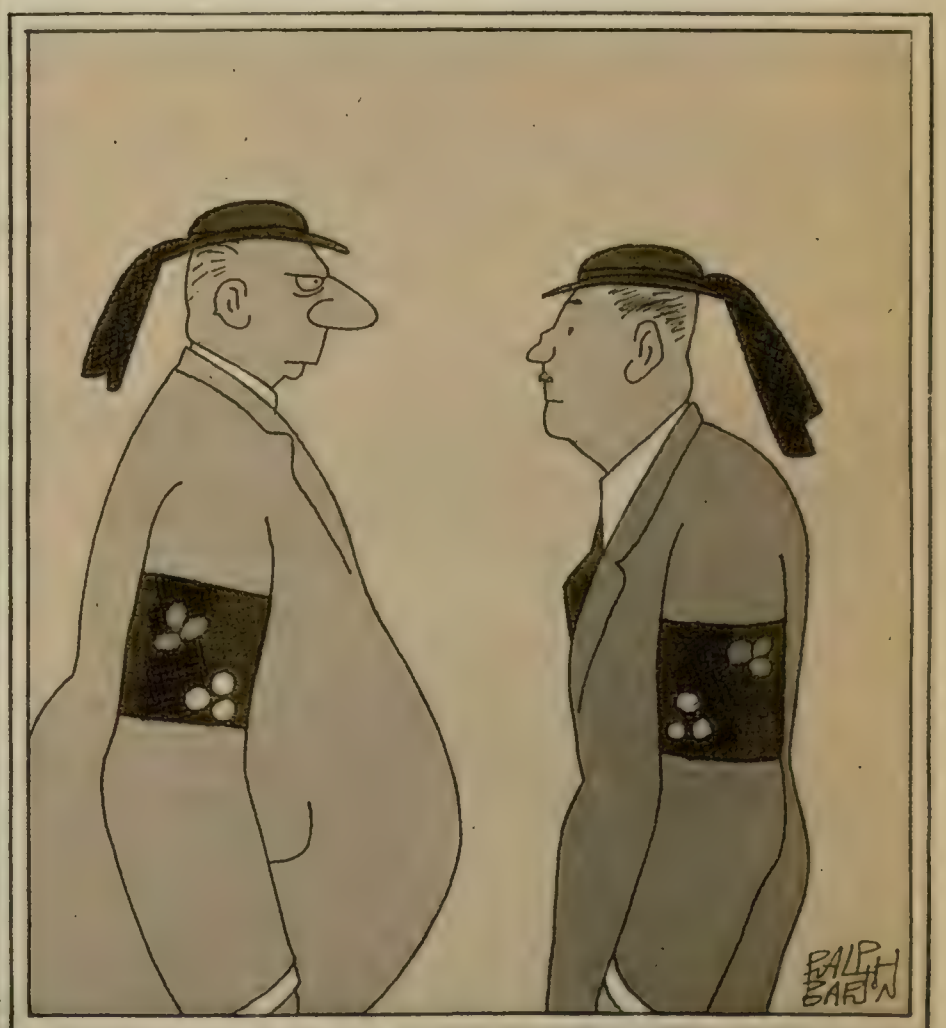


TIME-SAVING PHONOGRAPHIC ATTACHMENT, recently designed to repeat any complaints from irritated customers, clients, and creditors about non-delivery, etc., over the telephone forty-six times, or until (by the most optimistic calculations) the correct person in the correct department finally is reached.



PRACTICAL SIDE OF THE WORLD COURT: Traveling delegate makes a mute but touching appeal to man's finer instincts from the battle front in China.

THE PUBLIC'S GREATEST JOY: Great rush to cast the first stone at a fallen idol—or what happens to a movie actor who has royally entertained the world for thirteen years when he commits a domestic error.



NEW MOURNING UNIFORM adopted by the National Association of Individuals Who Had a Chance to Buy a Half-Interest in Abie's Irish Rose for $1,000, and Didn't.

In the SHADOW

Life-and-Death Battles at the Bar of Justice as Revealed by An Expert Witness

An Article by

LIN BONNER

Pictures by J. W. SCHLAIKJER

IT was 2 o'clock in the morning when the night hostler of a livery barn in Sacketts Harbor, New York, dozing in a chair by the door, was startled into full wakefulness by the sound of horses' hoofs in mad flight. A few minutes later a span of big bays, driverless and dragging a light, one-seated buggy, had come to a stop before him. The animals were all a-lather, as if, thoroughly frightened, they had run far and fast.

They bore a ghastly cargo.

Huddled in front of the seat of the buggy was the body of a comely young woman. She had been shot to death, and the front of her shirtwaist was burned almost entirely away. From chest to waistline her flesh was charred.

Anchored by a foot caught beneath the seat and hanging over one side, at the rear of the vehicle, was the body of another young woman. She too had been shot to death.

A crowd gathered on the watchman's alarm, despite the lateness of the hour, and the slain women were identified as two who had worked as maids in the officers' quarters of the army post at Sacketts Harbor. They had driven away the evening before with a private soldier who was known to have been enamored of the woman whose burnt body lay in the front part of the buggy.

The army post was notified, and, two hours after the arrival of the gruesome exhibits, guards saw the missing soldier stagger toward the gates. He was bleeding from wounds on the right jaw and the forehead; his clothes were wet and shapeless, his hat and one shoe were gone, the sock on his shoeless foot was muddy and worn to shreds by walking.

When his injuries had been dressed and he lay in a warm hospital cot, the wounded man related a story of a fiendish attempt at triple murder.

The two unfortunate women, he explained, were married, but both had left their husbands. One he had loved and had urged to get a divorce, so that they might marry. They had driven to her mother's home, taking the second woman along as a chaperon.

Starting back for the post about midnight, they passed a shack a little way down the road. A man, recognized by the soldier's sweetheart as her husband, appeared in the roadway.

He had a revolver in his hand. He stopped the team, sprang to the side of the buggy, and cursed the woman.

He began firing, killing her. A bullet struck the soldier in the jaw. The chaperon tried to escape out the back of the buggy, but a fusillade cut her down.

The butt of the gun was brought crashing against the head of the soldier—and that was the last he remembered until he regained consciousness in a stream of water, at a point slightly less than three miles from the post.

He was minus his hat and a shoe. The buggy was nowhere to be seen. He had made his way to the post.

BY 6 o'clock in the morning a posse of civilians and soldiers was at the shack of the husband. He denied the crime—denied that he had even heard a rig pass his place during the night. But, even as he professed innocence, searchers found a pair of bloodstained trousers hanging upon the wall; found, upon a bench, a cake of soap bearing traces of blood and a basin half filled with blood-streaked water. A revolver and a pair of muddy overshoes also were discovered.

With these telltale articles in hand, the posse took the man to Sacketts Harbor, where he was held in jail, charged with the murders, to await action by the Grand Jury.

Inquiries among the prisoner's neighbors revealed him as a man of fighting, quarrelsome disposition. He had vowed to kill his wife if he ever caught her "chasing around" with soldiers of the post, and his indictment and conviction seemed almost a foregone conclusion, in spite of his alibi that he had been engaged at his trade of sheep butchering, bringing home the signs of his toil.

Investigation showed that he actually had been butchering sheep the day preceding the

of the GALLOWS

THE nurse and the young people had agreed a sediment in the basin looked like Paris green.

crime; but his threats against his wife, and the story of the soldier who had accompanied her on her last ride, remained uncontradicted.

To clinch his case, the prosecutor turned to Albert H. Hamilton of Auburn, New York. For eleven years prior to this time—1896—Hamilton had been using, in real life, the scientific methods of detecting crime that had been popularized in fiction by the Sherlock Holmes stories of Sir A. Conan Doyle.

Just before he was retained in the Sacketts Harbor case, Hamilton had come into prominence by obtaining the conviction of a wife-slayer who had contrived to make his victim's death appear to have been a suicide.

This new type of investigator went over every foot of the ground that had been mentioned in connection with the crime. He took specimens of bloodstains and analyzed them under a microscope; fired experimental shots from several revolvers, including both those of the accused man and of the soldier. Then, after he had been at work little more than a week, he appeared before the prosecutor with an affidavit in which he had sworn that:

He was an expert on firearms and, as such, had compared the rifling marks on bullets taken from the dead women with those on bullets fired from the prisoner's gun. They did not match—but they did match bullets fired from the soldier's weapon.

As a chemist, he had analyzed the various blood samples, and had found they were not from a human being, but were in truth sheep's blood.

He had found the soldier's missing shoe in a field a short distance from the scene of the murders.

He had found on the floor of the buggy several burnt matches and cartridges, the latter of army issue and of the caliber of the soldier's gun.

HE had found in the soldier's quarters a newly made leakproof packing case labeled to an address in Chicago.

He had learned, through inquiries at the army post, that the soldier had threatened to kill one of the women if she did not agree to marry him, and that this woman was in fear, having been heard to refuse to ride with the soldier unless the other woman were taken along.

The investigator said the evidence indicated that the soldier, desperate in his love for the woman, had determined to kill her and ship the body, with old army clothes, to Chicago in the packing case;

That the presence of the other woman interfered with his plan, and he had killed her to silence her, seeking to throw her body from the buggy to the roadside;

That he then had aimed at the woman he loved, but she had knocked the gun up as it exploded, causing the bullet to gash his jaw and graze his forehead;

That, before he could recover, she had leaped from the buggy and run to a near-by field, but he soon was in pursuit;

That the soldier had captured and struggled with her, losing a shoe in the scuffle, and had finally killed her and carried her body back to the buggy;

That he then hunted for something in the buggy, probably cartridges, using lighted matches and, in his absorption, setting fire to his victim's clothes;

THAT the flare of the matches had caused the horses to bolt, leaving the murderer standing in the roadway; and—

That he then had started to walk to town and, passing a bridge over a shallow stream (Hamilton had located the bridge), conceived the idea of jumping in and pretending he had been thrown into the water.

The groundwork of this hypothesis was composed of facts obtained by painstaking labor and scientific tests; the remainder was clear reasoning. But, when it all was sprung upon the unsuspecting soldier, he collapsed and confessed. Later he was sentenced to life imprisonment.

This story recounts some of Hamilton's exploits. In forty-one years he has appeared as an expert in 205 murder cases. In 92 per cent of these cases he has been on the side of the State and in the other 8 per cent has assisted the defense. Among the most notable have been Albert T. Patrick's successful fight for a pardon; the conviction of Charles Stielow, who once was within half an hour of electrocution and who ultimately was pardoned; the Sacco-Vanzetti case, he being the first to charge that the men were victims of a detectives' plot to hang or deport the two radicals; the Abbe De Lorme acquittal, after the Canadian priest had been thrice tried as the slayer of a relative; the Jennie Warner case, in which a convicted slayer sought to escape from the death house at Sing Sing by accusing a woman of slaying her husband; and the Gladys Webb conspiracy, by which a nineteen-year-old mother was placed in peril of the electric chair until Hamilton appeared and saved her.

Hamilton seems anything but the scientific Nemesis. He looks more like what he started out to be—a competent druggist. He is of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[IN THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWS
Continued from Page Seventeen]

average height, nicely padded with flesh; has sparse white hair framing the top of an oval face, the chief characteristics of which are sharp, light blue eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles; an inquisitive nose; and well molded lips folding over strong white teeth. He has a trick of closing his eyes while he talks, as if he were visualizing the scenes his words describe.

During a twelve-hour interview Hamilton told me:

He is at the threshold of his sixty-seventh birthday.

He was born in Weedsport, New York, a few miles from Auburn, and has made the latter place his home since he was nineteen. He quit school at fifteen, but later studied privately to be a naval engineer.

Failing to gain admission to Annapolis, he became an apprentice pharmacist and was graduated from the New York College of Pharmacy with honors. For many years he owned a drug store, but sold it, to devote himself exclusively to crime investigation.

Hamilton describes himself as a "chemical analyst and microscopist and criminologist," and courts in most of the States, after quizzing him as to his abilities, have permitted him to qualify as an authority in the following lines of research:

Handwriting, with its subdivisions of typewriting, paper, and ink analysis.

Gunshot wounds—infallible determination of the size and kind of bullet making a wound.

Wounds and identity of weapons—the ability to name accurately the kind of weapon causing a wound and to match the weapon with the wound.

Firearms, ammunition, and bullets—involving expert knowledge of rifles, revolvers, and pistols, their rifling and other distinguishing marks.

Causes of death when due to violence—application of medical, chemical, and engineering knowledge of a crime and its locale, with one or all of them supplying the information necessary to discovery of the death agent.

Toxicology—identification of blood and other stains, as well as detection of poisons.

Finger prints—in instances of will forgeries and other documentary issues, as well as in crimes of violence.

HAMILTON'S hive or den—a place of infinite orderly disorder—is a combination office-laboratory. A big traveling camera mounted on wooden tracks occupies one corner, and diagonally across from it a section of the room has been partitioned off as a chemical laboratory.

In another corner, at a window, is a table where Hamilton makes his microscopic studies of handwriting, bullets, etc. Hooked to the wall of the laboratory, and occupying the fourth quarter of the room, are wide cloth frames upon which he dries photographic prints. A small safe is against one wall, a bookcase against another.

Everywhere there are mountainous papers, pamphlets, scrapbooks, and other debris of this strange trade. Hamilton sits inside this ring of disarray like an eagle who has descended into the crater of a volcano.

"I once was asked by a sarcastic District Attorney," said Hamilton, "whether I could remember my first case as an expert operator. I told him I could.

"'What was it?' he asked.

"'A case of chicken poisoning where no poison was used,' I replied, and the man stared at me as if I were batty.

"'Would you mind explaining that interesting phenomenon?' he asked.

"'Well,' I said, 'what poisoned the chickens was ordinary table salt, which is not generally listed as lethal. But to the chickens it was, because the woman who destroyed them had mixed the salt with meal, and the chickens, after eating the mixture, drank so much water it caused the meal to swell up in their craws, causing death.'

"That's a pretty old story, but I keep it near at hand for use on conceited cross-examiners who try to disparage expert witnesses on the stand. It doesn't mean much, but it always teaches the 'wise' examiner a lesson."

CLOSE upon his solution of this case, Hamilton was called into what he regards as one of the most important investigations of his career. It was the case of a man named Sheldon, who was accused of killing his wife by shooting her in the temple. He declared she committed suicide. Hamilton, retained by the prosecution, fired bullets into unclaimed corpses in the Bellevue Hospital morgue, in New York.

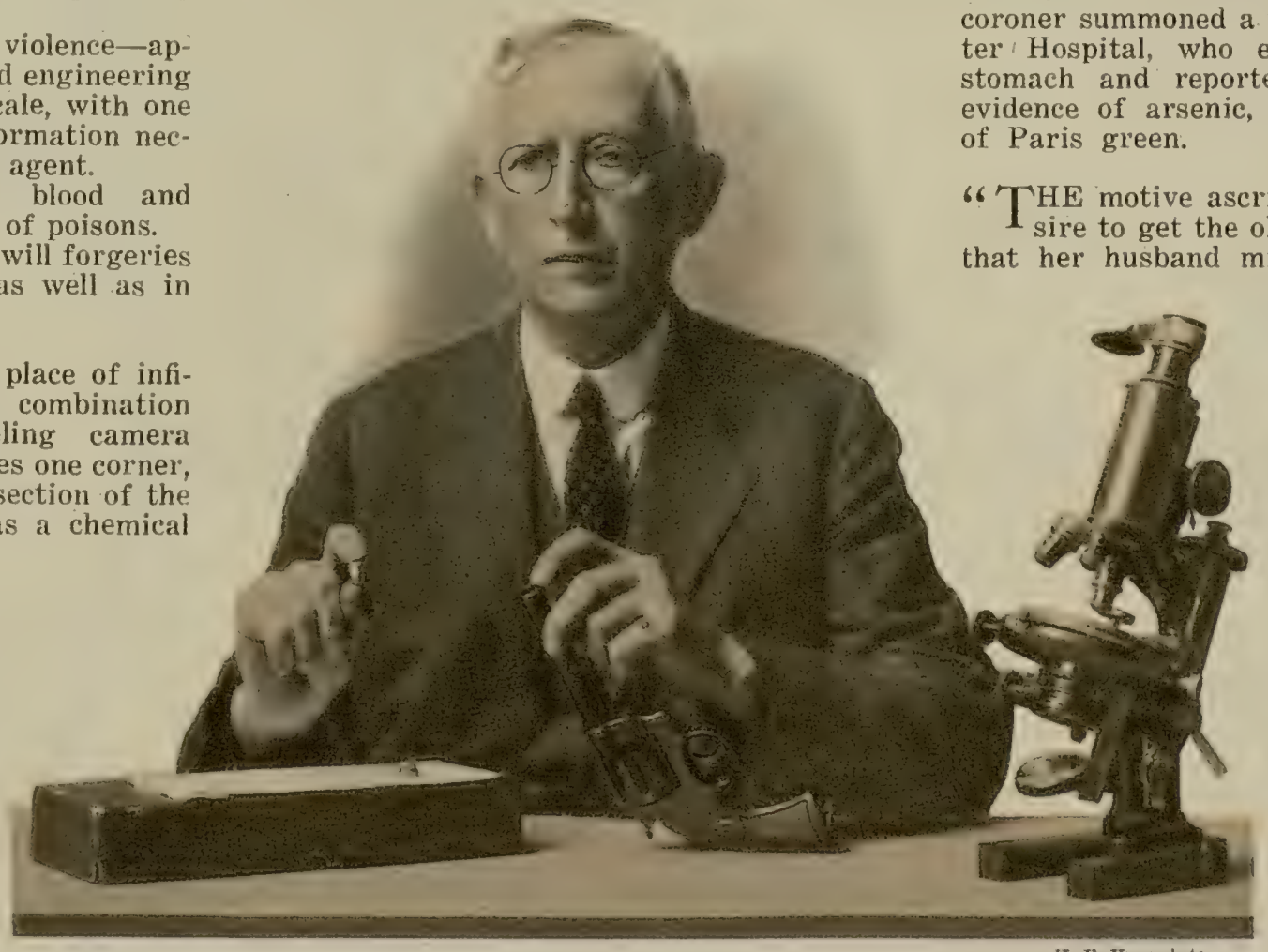
This was thirty years ago, and caused a sensation. After hundreds of test shots in Bellevue and in the Syracuse Medical College, Hamilton, to clinch his case, invented a gauge to measure the shooting reach of an arm.

Placing the weapon in the hand of a living woman, Hamilton found she could not have fired the fatal shot.

The defense, admitting no powder marks showed on the woman's temple, nevertheless pointed out that her hair was singed. Hamilton then showed that the cartridges were twenty years old, that the powder was caked, and therefore would fly in blazing particles for a distance of seven feet.

Sheldon's trial consumed eight weeks and the jury was out eighty-four hours before it brought in a verdict of guilty, first degree.

Despite his own conviction, Sheldon advised a fellow tenant of the death cells, also convicted of wife murder, to engage the Auburn man in his fight for a new trial. The other man was acquitted on Hamilton's testimony. Sheldon hanged himself in his cell.



H. E. Yury photo

Albert H. Hamilton, who solves puzzling criminal cases in his laboratory.

Grimly serious though his work is, I believe Hamilton gets his greatest "kick" through dissipating *atmosphere* built up to bolster a weak case.

"I remember several instances," he said, "where there was so much atmosphere you could cut it with a knife.

"One morning I read the State's charges against a nineteen-year-old girl on trial for poisoning her father-in-law with Paris green in milk. The case was beautifully complete; but I decided it was atmosphere, because in the prosecutor's prospectus I discovered a chemical inaccuracy.

"With the defense attorney and his medical expert, I went to Geneseo, New York, where the trial was on.

"I learned that Gladys Webb and her young husband, with their child, moved to the old man's farm soon after he became ill.

"A nurse was brought in to care for the young man's father, and frequently, in the evening, the nurse would have the son drive her out for an airing.

"One afternoon Gladys started to make a milk gravy, and then changed her mind. She poured the milk back into the original basin. The nurse saw her do it. That night, so the nurse said, her patient needed nourishment. She took the basin of milk, fed him, and drank some herself. The nurse said it had a bitter taste, and she called the husband and told him her fears of poison. Next day the old man died.

"The authorities came, took charge of the basin, and in the barn discovered an almost full ten-pound package of Paris green. A hole in the top showed where a small portion had been pinched out.

"Gladys was arrested and placed in jail. While incarcerated she gave birth to her second child.

"Testimony at the trial, by the nurse and others, showed that the nurse had fed the supposedly poisoned milk to her patient through a tube, prior to drinking her own share. She had called the young people downstairs, and the three had agreed a green sediment in the basin looked like Paris green.

"They had called the family doctor, who coincided in their opinion and took a sample of the milk. After the patient's death the coroner summoned a pathologist from Rochester Hospital, who examined the old man's stomach and reported finding unmistakable evidence of arsenic, the principal ingredient of Paris green.

"THE motive ascribed to Gladys was a desire to get the old man out of the way so that her husband might inherit his fortune and his 200-acre farm.

"The coroner's pathologist testified that he had found in the stomach contents 1,760 milligrams of arsenic.

"Now, it happened that I noted some things that the State experts had overlooked.

"First, when the milk basin was brought into court to be marked for identification as an exhibit, it was handed to the court stenographer. He turned it bottom side up in order to write on a label stuck there. When he turned it over again I saw that his notebook was covered with dried Paris-green dust.

"The prosecutor should have known right there that his case was killed, because it was apparent the basin had been 'salted,' as gold mines sometimes are 'salted' for suckers.

"At my suggestion, the defense attorney immediately demanded of the prosecutor a liberal amount of the old man's stomach contents, which had been sealed by the pathologist.

"I took it to Rochester University, where, in the presence of myself and the defense's medical adviser, the dean of the Department of Chemistry analyzed it and reported he had found no arsenic.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

So bright!
So tempting!
So delicious!

SOUP
and the flapper

IT'S A young age and the world is on the move. The flapper bounded upon the scene but a few years ago. She came from no one knows where. Why she was called "flapper" remains a mystery to this day. But there was a twinkle in her eye and a spring in her step and things began to change. Heavy-eyed solemnity and "deadly seriousness" took a back seat. In their place came a new gayety, a new independence, a new youthful, progressive spirit. Many criticised, but none failed to feel the electric change that was in the air and to fall in step with the new order. And with it, there came naturally enough, a totally new notion of *what people should eat.*

PEOPLE now eat less, but get more good from what they eat. Their diet is better balanced so that they obtain the right variety of the necessary food elements. They do not over-burden their digestive systems, but they obtain an abundance of splendid food. And they are *eating soup* as never before!

Children, flappers, grown-ups—we all need soup. How delicious it is! What other food can tempt you with such a variety of appetizing flavors? There's tonic in it. It bestows a brightness on the whole meal. Besides providing its share of nutriment, it "picks up" the appetite, stimulates the digestive juices, makes digestion easier and more complete. Think of soup as a *necessary* food in the day's menu, for its wholesome, beneficial effects. Serve soup every day.

"BUT MEALS have a way of coming round so regularly and there are so many things to do," you may say. "We all like soup and I know my family ought to have it. But providing the different soups is easier said than done."

Just see if it is. Visit your grocer's today and ask him to show you the Campbell's Soups he has. Twenty-one of them—each a masterpiece of its kind—a different soup every day for the next three weeks, if you wish it. Best of it is, they're already cooked making it so easy and convenient for you. You can trust the quality of these soups with as much confidence as you have in the foods prepared and cooked in your own kitchen, for it is a well-known fact that they are made in the finest soup-kitchens in the world. 12 cents a can.

I can dance I can sing
I can do most anything
Full of Campbell's to the brim
Dance the Charleston with a vim.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Choose Your Age—

Don't accept the verdict of the years

This simple rule in daily care is preserving youthful charm for thousands . . . follow it for one week, note the difference that comes

"BE forty if you must, but never for an instant look it," is the modern woman's doctrine.

Youth can be safeguarded. That's proved on every side today. Thirty manages to look twenty, forty to look thirty under present methods in skin care.

The right way is the natural way. It starts with soap and water, with pores kept clean and open so as to naturally perform their functions.

Do that in the right way, with the right kind of soap, and you will be surprised at the results that come. Leading skin specialists have learned that proper cleansing is probably responsible for more youthful skins beyond the allotted time than any other method known. Try this for a week and note the result.

The rule and how to follow it

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

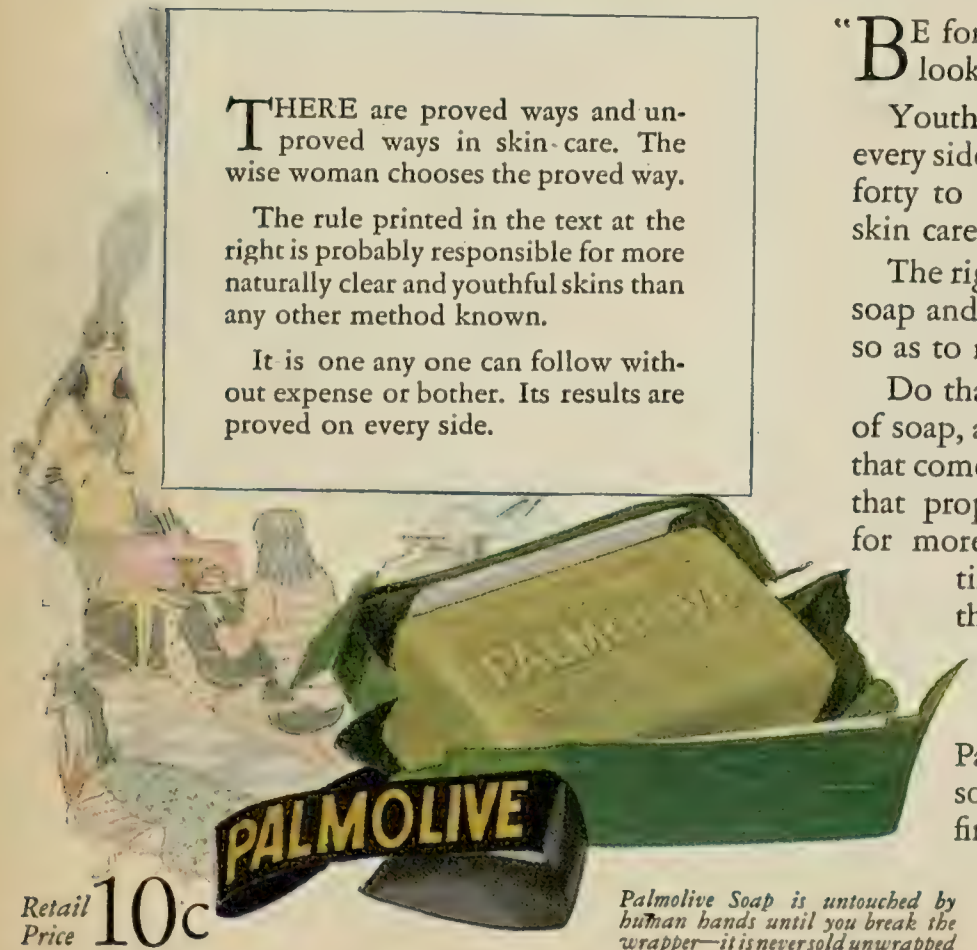
The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THERE are proved ways and unproved ways in skin care. The wise woman chooses the proved way.

The rule printed in the text at the right is probably responsible for more naturally clear and youthful skins than any other method known.

It is one any one can follow without expense or bother. Its results are proved on every side.



Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

3439

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

"Sensing our purpose, the District Attorney summoned an eminent chemist from Buffalo, gave him a sample, and he went to the same laboratory where our test had been made. He too failed to find any arsenic.

"Subsequently Gladys was freed, the jury dismissed, and she, with her baby and her husband, went home happy.

"I may say that the defense was prepared, if the trial had gone on, to show that someone else, in an effort to incriminate Gladys, had put the poison in the basin after the milk had been used. There had been no murder. The old man had died of fatty degeneration of the heart."

A COMPARATIVELY recent affair in which the atmospheric pressure was found by Hamilton to be extremely severe was that of Patrick Ryan, a former New York policeman, who was accused of rum running and killing an interfering officer.

"Someone had told Ryan's attorney of my work," Hamilton said, "and he telephoned me.

"As he outlined Ryan's predicament to me, the man had been driving along a road when a party of armed men called upon him to halt. He was armed, and fired a shot through the top of his car. There was general shooting and one of the men in the road—they were officers—was killed. He was shot through the back of the head with an alleged .45-caliber bullet. Ryan was charged with the killing.

"The principal exhibits were three pieces of metal jacketing and lead from a bullet, which an honest old practitioner said he had removed from the dead man's head when he performed an autopsy.

"Two of the pieces were fragments of a jacket, bloodstained and corroded. The third piece, which aroused my suspicions, was a complete base circle, unstained and bright looking.

"At my request, Ryan's attorney obtained permission from Justice Cropsey to make some tests with Ryan's .45-caliber gun, also an exhibit, during the noon recess.

"We went to the basement—the sheriff, the prosecution's expert, several court attendants, reporters, photographers, and I. We shot into rolls of cotton, and, after being recovered, the bullets were sealed in envelopes and placed in the custody of the clerk of the court.

"When the time came for comparisons, I had the jury step down and examine the newly fired bullets alongside the original circular piece of lead jacketing. They were positively unlike. The other two pieces were different in caliber. This proved that the mortal bullet had not been fired from Ryan's gun, and it also demonstrated that some interested person had substituted a lower section of a clean .45-caliber bullet for one of the bloodstained pieces removed by the doctor. The other two, stained pieces, were .38-caliber instead of .45.

"Ryan was exonerated in ten minutes."

On another occasion, because the same revolver appeared in two crimes totally unrelated, Hamilton found himself defending two youths, each accused of killing a policeman.

The first policeman was killed while investigating a burglary in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the bullet being fired from a Savage .380 pistol. It later was found in a pawnshop and the pawner arrested.

Some weeks later a group of Boston youths stole an automobile and embarked on a series of holdups, resulting in the shooting of the second policeman. The following morning two youths asleep by a roadside were arrested. One had a pistol in his pocket, and both admitted they had been in the bandit car.

The youth's pistol was the same one that had been seized in the Cambridge killing. How it got into the new suspect's possession never was explained.

Hamilton was engaged to defend the boys involved in the second murder, but because of

SHE had knocked the gun up, causing the bullet to gash his jaw and graze his forehead.

the presence of the mysterious pistol had to concern himself with the burglary suspect.

When the latter came to trial, a firearms specialist identified bullets taken from the Cambridge policeman's body as having been fired from the Savage .380. Hamilton demonstrated, with the prosecution's own photographs, that the markings on the mortal bullets were different from those on test bullets fired from the gun because the weapon was defective, having a double set of grooves. These appeared on the test bullets, but not on those involved in the trial.

The firearms expert's testimony was stricken out as misleading, and Hamilton also refuted testimony by a handwriting expert, a dentist, and a tool expert.

All of the principal witnesses against the man having been proved in error by Hamilton, his man was acquitted.

He obtained acquittal of the boys involved in the second police killing by presenting the same proofs relative to the defective gun that he had used in the other case.

Despite the fact that the greater part of his efforts have been devoted to the conviction of criminals, I believe Hamilton derives his greatest satisfaction in snatching persons from death.

One case he remembered concerned a woman known as Jennie Warner, of Herkimer, New York.

Jennie's husband was found dead one morning, liberally perforated with pellets from a shotgun. A boarder in the house, who had cast amorous eyes at Jennie, was arrested, convicted, and condemned to the electric chair.

In the death house, awaiting the result of an appeal, the condemned turned State's evidence and issued a statement in which he charged Jennie with the murder. He charged that she had dispatched her spouse with an ax, and then shot off the head while he held the cadaver upright at arm's length.

"On the strength of this story," said Hamilton, "Jennie was arrested and indicted. I read in a newspaper the prosecutor's statement, and smelled atmosphere. I immediately wrote to her counsel, offering my services without cost. Next day I was in the courtroom.

"I knocked down the man's fantastic story of the shooting of the corpse by showing the exhibits were smokeless-powder shells, whereas he claimed to have been powder-burned. But this did not end the case. From someone I heard that 'it was claimed' Jennie had mopped up the gore in her cellar with burlap bags. I was astonished that the prosecution did not have these as exhibits, and sought the reason.

"After some inquiry I discovered a local chemist who said the State, *after* Jennie's arrest, had brought some burlap, heavily bloodstained, to be analyzed. His analysis showed the stains were beef blood; but the bags never were claimed by the State, nor was the chemist subpœnaed.

"There was an instance of atmosphere, eyewitness testimony, and fake exhibits all being used to convict an innocent person. Jennie was freed."

ALMOST everyone is familiar with the case of Albert T. Patrick, the lawyer who was accused of killing his patron, William Marsh Rice, to obtain his millions. He spent many years in Sing Sing Prison, a large part of them in the death house.

Two witnesses to the Rice will were indicted as conspirators and were to be brought to trial. Hamilton was engaged to help prepare the defense. He was given the photographs of the original Rice-Patrick will and made microscopic studies of it. He decided it was a true will and not a forgery, as had been charged, and was prepared to prove his contention in court. But the indictments against the two accused witnesses were quashed and his findings were not made public.

In addition, Hamilton says, he was prepared to wreck the testimony of Rice's valet, Jones, who had been the chief witness against Patrick. Jones had testified that he pulled a cone saturated with chloroform from the face of Rice, and that he had thrown it into the fire, where it flared up in a blaze.

"Apparently," said Hamilton to me, "nobody had taken the trouble to inform the jury that chloroform will put out a fire."

However, when the witnesses had no need for Hamilton's exhibits, they sent them to Patrick to help him in his fight for freedom. Patrick accepted them gratefully and dispatched them, with affidavits that he and Hamilton prepared, to Governor Dix at Albany. But nothing happened.

Some time later Hamilton met a State official who was close to Governor Dix, and for six hours in the Hampton Hotel at Albany went over his proofs and Patrick's case with him. They separated at 2 o'clock in the morning, the official taking Hamilton's exhibits with him.

The following Christmas Patrick was unconditionally pardoned by Governor Dix.

THE END

The NEW IDEA *in* TIRE BUYING

MORE and more, motorists are selecting tires as they select their cars. Not for mileage records alone, because it is a poor tire indeed that cannot show occasional phenomenal service. Not for racing stunts, for few people buy cars to race.

Today people want tires they can *forget*—tires that roll on mile after mile, as smoothly, as dependably as a whispering motor.

In a large measure, the amazing swing to Dunlops is due to this new idea in tire-buying. Dunlops *are* dependable. Not one Dunlop, but four Dunlops—a thousand Dunlops—serve their owners so faultlessly that their very existence is almost forgotten.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

EVERY 2¼ SECONDS *someone buys a* DUNLOP TIRE

DUNLOP

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

IODINE YEAR

Pictures by
J. CLINTON SHEPARD

Love Masquerades as Hate and Sets a Trap

A Short Story by

HELEN TOPPING MILLER

"I ride where I please!" Ann told the outlaw. "Stand by and let me pass, swine!"

JOHN RHEW came wearily into the little sheet-iron office.

"Well?" Ann, his daughter, perched on the bookkeeper's stool, looked up, her slim brown elbows digging into her knickered knees.

Rhew flung his hat at a peg; picked it up patiently when it missed.

"Drunk," he said; "rotten, stony drunk."

"Oh, my heavens!" Ann Rhew buried her chin in her palms, kicked out with both heels in exasperation.

Andy Macglyn, sad and long and sun-dried, looked up from the Glasgow paper that had come down on the longitudinal railway.

"Has he anything to say?"

"Anything to say? He can't even talk! They put him off the boat, drunk. They threw him off the train, drunk. He's been drunk a month by the look of him!"

The desert had drained John Rhew dry, and there was little heart left in him. Trifles lay on his harassed spirit with the torment of millstones. And this blurred, mumbling young man who had just been dragged off a supply truck was no trifle. He was the new assistant manager, sent down by the Baltimore office of International Nitrate.

Andy Macglyn turned his paper stolidly.

"Nephew of the fourth vice-president, likely," he suggested. "Day after tomorrow he'll come to and begin giving us good advice."

Ann Rhew had spent a good portion of her twenty-four years in the Atacama, but she had not learned patience. She slid tensely off the stool, her dark eyes wrathy.

"And they send you a total loss like that in iodine year! With the *rotoes* getting drunk and wrecking the place, and Heinie Kruhg raising hell—"

"Look here." Andy gave her a reproachful

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Over $20,000 a Year

V. H. Harelson of Florida, formerly worked as a clerk in a grocery for what he now calls "the paltry sum of $30 a week." His first year after reading "Modern Salesmanship" brought him over $5,000; his second year $7,500; and his third year $22,500! He frankly says: "Without N. S. T. A., I know that I would still be a clerk at $30!"

$100 a Week Increase

J. L. Jacobsen of Minnesota counts it a "red-letter day" when he first read this remarkable book—"Modern Salesmanship." Within a short time afterward he raised his salary from $35 to $135 a week. He says "I attribute this remarkable progress *in large part* to N. S. T. A."

Raised Pay $2,500

Kingsley Rowland of New Jersey, was formerly a pattern-maker at a weekly wage which fell far short of satisfying his ambition. "Modern Salesmanship" opened his eyes and started him on the road to real pay. Today he earns almost as much in a week as he formerly earned in a month—300% increase!

$7,000 a Year

F. B. Englehardt of Tennessee used to work for less than 45% of his present salary. "Modern Salesmanship" and N. S. T. A. led to big things. Today he says: "Last year I made over $100 a week and expect to make $7,000 this year. *Some* increase since enrollment with N. S. T. A.!"

—and They Started By Reading This Amazing Book!

Now—For a Limited Time Only This Remarkable Man-Building, Salary-Raising Volume Is Offered FREE to Every Ambitious Man! If You Ever Aspire to Earn $10,000 a Year or More, Read It Without Fail

Where Shall We Send *Your* Copy FREE?

A BOOK! Just seven ounces of paper and printer's ink—but it contains the most vivid and inspiring message any ambitious man can ever read! It reveals the facts and secrets that have led hundreds of ambitious men to the success beyond their fondest expectations! So powerful and far reaching has been the influence of this little volume, that it is no wonder a famous business genius has called it "The Most Amazing Book Ever Printed."

This vital book—"Modern Salesmanship"—contains hundreds of surprising and little-known facts about the highest-paid profession in the world. It reveals the real *truth* about the art of selling. It blasts dozens of old theories, explains the science of selling in simple terms, and tells exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen are achieved. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without spending years on the road—without losing a day or dollar from his present position.

What This Astonishing Book Has Done!

The achievements of this remarkable book have already won world-wide recognition. The men who have increased their earning capacities as a direct result of reading "Modern Salesmanship" are numbered in the thousands. For example, there is E. E. Williams of California who was struggling along in a minor position at a small salary. "Modern Salesmanship" opened his eyes to things he had never dreamed of—and he cast his lot with the National Salesmen's Training Association. Within a few short months of simple preparation he was earning $10,000 a year! Today he receives as much in 30 days as he used to receive in 365!

And then there's J. H. Cash of Atlanta. He, too, read "Modern Salesmanship" and found the answer within its pages. He quickly raised his salary from $75 to $500 a month and has every reason to hope for an even more brilliant future. And still they come! W. D. Clenny of Kansas City commenced making as high as $850 a month. F. M. Harris, a former telegrapher, became sales manager at $6000 a year. O. H. Malfroot of Massachusetts became sales manager of his firm at a yearly income of $10,000!

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about these men when they started. Any man of average intelligence can duplicate the success they have achieved—for their experience *proves* that salesmen are *made*—not born, as some people have foolishly believed.

Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. And through the *National Demonstration Method*—an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. system of SALESMANSHIP training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while studying. Hundreds of men who never sold goods in their lives credit a large portion of their success to this remarkable training.

From $15 a Week to $7,500 a Year!

"A few years ago I was working in a shop for $15 a week. When my factory 'friends' heard of my intention to become a salesman they laughed at me. Today these fellows are still working in a shop and I am making $7,500 per year. I can only speak words of praise for N. S. T. A. for it offered me a position which I took and raised me from a $15 a week job in the shop to $7,500 a year as a salesman."
C. W. Birmingham, Ohio

$7,000 a Year

"I was working as a clerk earning $1,000 a year when I enrolled with N. S. T. A. Last year my income tax showed earnings of $7,826. My greatful thanks will always be due N. S. T. A. for opening my eyes to opportunities offered by SALESMANSHIP as you teach it."
F. G. Walsh, Massachusetts

NOW FREE

Free to Every Man

If we were asking two or three dollars a copy for "Modern Salesmanship" you might hesitate. But it is now FREE. We cannot urge you too strongly to take advantage of this opportunity to see for yourself what salesmanship has done for others—and what the National Salesmen's Training Association stands ready and willing to do for you. Find out exactly what the underlying principles of salesmanship are—and how you can put them to work for you. No matter what your opinion is now, "Modern Salesmanship" will give you a new insight into this fascinating and highly-paid profession. Mail the coupon now!

Chicagoans are invited to call personally at the Association Building—North Dearborn at Elm St.—or at our downtown headquarters—Suite 520, at 53 West Jackson Boulevard.

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WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST Exclusive SALES TRAINING INSTITUTION

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N. S. T. A. Building, Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "Modern Salesmanship."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Age.....Occupation.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]
frown. "I thought you were practicing up to be a lady—commencing the first of the month?"

"That was before they sent us this piece of bad news. If I were you, dad, I'd haul him up to Antofagasta and dump him into a box car headed south. Let him sober up in the Alacaluf country. He'll be on the wagon by the time he walks home."

"And we'll be walking home ourselves," argued Andy Macglyn. "Throwing official relations off the works ain't such a healthy amusement."

ANN RHEW pushed back her wide felt hat. Trim and brown, and gallant as a feathered arrow, she stood in the middle of the hot little cuddy, her slim golden forearms bare, her brow furious.

"What's this liability's name?" she demanded.

John Rhew consulted a dirty letter he fumbled out of an inside pocket. "Kilgore. Wyatt Kilgore."

"How old is he?" pursued Ann.

Andy Macglyn looked up at that. Andy was not yet thirty-five, though he was stringy and sun-warped and sapless as a dried herring. He still had dreams and fancies, which he hid behind his long, amiable horse face. And Ann Rhew was good to look at. He had adored her, in a dumb, dogged, humble fashion, for a long time.

"He's around thirty, I'd say," replied John Rhew. "You can't get the mining degrees he has so very young."

"H. E.," quoted Ann from the letter. "What good is hydraulics down here, where the only water in a thousand miles is what Pablo hauls in the barrels?"

"You get your degree out of a book," Andy explained, "and then you go where the job is. Sometimes they match."

"Heinie Kruhg will double up with glee when he finds out we've got a souse dumped on us—after all the oratory dad has turned loose on the desert air about Heinie's dive. He'll have every roto on the works snoring drunk by Sunday."

John Rhew turned a tormented face. "Don't I know it?" he asked wearily. "But what can I do? When stuff doesn't come north, what do I get? Reprimands! Collect cables from Baltimore! What good does it do to complain?"

"None at all," conceded his daughter. "*Perdonar*—poor, harassed, precious old pop! Where did you park this soggy gentleman? Maybe I can sober him up."

"All the ice water in Hudson's Bay wouldn't sober him up. He's been drunk a month, I told you. I loaded him on a cot in the company house. Probably he's on the floor by this time." Rhew sighed.

"Have you finished?" she inquired icily. "You may go home now," he replied. "The anguish is ended."

Ann Rhew went out into the blue sunlight that burns and shimmers ceaselessly over the nitrate deserts of northern Chile. To the east lifted the hard, wind-bitten, savage outline of the Andes, shouldering up like a hostile wall to keep the trade winds from bearing any moisture into that dusty expanse of desolation, the Atacama.

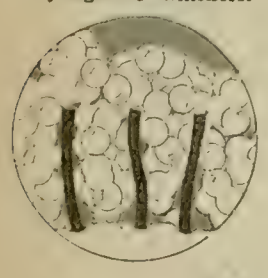
BACK in the mills the grinders snarled all day, pulverizing the gray caliche, the ore from which the precious nitrate is precipitated. The heavy, hot steam of the vats curled from beneath the lintels of sheet-iron doors.

This was iodine year in the mines. Every sixth year, by agreement, iodine, the precious by-product of the *salitre* solution, was precipitated and stored. To utilize it oftener was to overstock the market. Iodine year meant

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

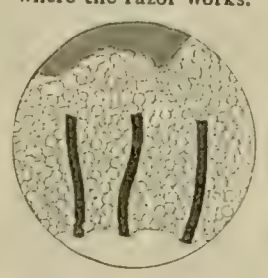
ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.



This "small-bubble" lather

softens every whisker

LATHERS that pile up thick at the top of the beard do not always penetrate to the base of the beard—and it's at the base that the razor does its work. Naturally that's where the softening should take place. The softening does take place close down at the base of the beard when you shave with Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream.

The radical difference between Colgate lather and other lathers is in the bubbles. Colgate bubbles are far smaller. Their tiny size permits them to penetrate closer to the skin, where larger bubbles cannot get. They contain more water—much less air, as the lather-pictures shown above prove. And science has said that it is the water in the lather that really softens beards.

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard.

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Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

[IODINE YEAR Continued from Page Twenty-five]

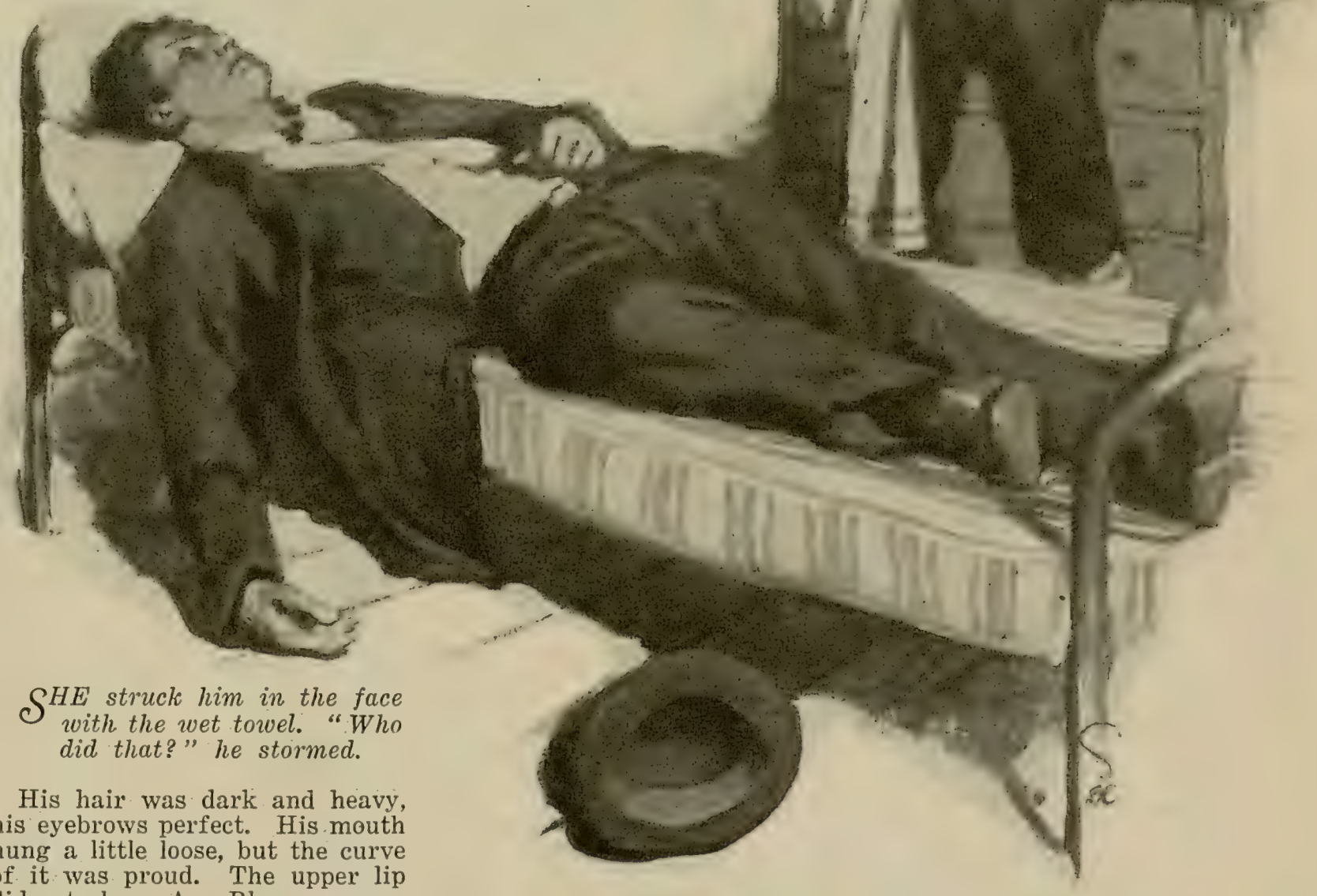
double labor, double responsibility, nerve-racking strain. And now the company had sent down this boy—good for nothing, probably; raw and bumptious from an engineering school—to help her father, already worn thin and on edge from his battle with a trying climate and an arduous job.

Ann Rhew marched to the "company house," so called because it was used to domicile officials when they made rare visits to this ash heap that produced their dividends.

Wyatt Kilgore lay loosely on an unmade cot. His long arms hung down, his clothes were rumpled and disordered. But, even with the blurred flush of intoxication on his face, he was rather handsome, Ann Rhew conceded. She observed his hands. Uncalloused, white, no stain of iodinized ore on them; no bruises or broken nails there. She regarded her own brown paws—horny-palmed from wrestling with stubborn desert flivvers, blunt-fingered, strong. Nothing ladylike about them.

THIS elegant young man had come down to Chile, undoubtedly, expecting to ride a horse around the place, dressed in varnished leggings and soft-collared shirts; ride around and give orders.

"We'll let him wrestle rawhide kegs awhile," she thought grimly. "After he's knocked a few lazy *aucca* flat, and jumped in to shovel, himself, he won't be so dainty."



SHE struck him in the face with the wet towel. "Who did that?" he stormed.

His hair was dark and heavy, his eyebrows perfect. His mouth hung a little loose, but the curve of it was proud. The upper lip did not please Ann Rhew: a sneer there; and, between the brows, a cynical, bitten line.

She wet a thin, ashy-looking towel in the precious inch of water in the basin, and, folding it, remorselessly dealt the new assistant manager a smart blow in the face.

Instantly his eyes flew open. "What the hell?" he demanded.

Ann Rhew stood unperturbed. "Eventually," she said coolly, "but not now!"

"Who did that?" he stormed.

"I did it." Ann Rhew's wide hat was tilted at an angle of bravado. The poise of her slim body was militant. "This"—she fingered the towel—"is my personal first-aid invention for drunken nitrate engineers."

WYATT KILGORE sat up, straightened his coat nervously, his lips jerking.

"Very interesting," he said, with a faintly blurred tongue. "However, I don't happen to be intoxicated."

"I see." Her voice was dry. "You're wearing your vest wrong side out because this is the second Sunday in Ramadan."

He snatched vaguely at the garment, regarding it with a perplexed frown.

"I don't know how it happened," he said, with stiff dignity. "Have I been introduced to you?"

Ann Rhew could be stiff also. "I happened to be present when they unloaded you off the truck," she said. "You were engaged in making an address on the deficiencies of the Chilean longitudinal railway. Being gently reared, I did not interrupt."

"I remember that rotten railroad." He rubbed the blur from his eyes with a long white hand. "Never imagined so much dust could be crowded into one country."

"You're in the Atacama now, Mr. Kilgore," she told him rudely; "the dust heap of creation. Did they tell you they were sending you to a watering place? We mine caliche here—and boil salitre. And this is iodine year. Did they tell you that? Or didn't you come down here to work?"

His face grew a little bitter. The line between his brows deepened.

"I'm to assist a man named Rhew. I haven't met him yet."

"Social error," drawled Ann. "Perhaps he's waiting to get into his tux. This will be your apartment—or didn't they tell you?"

"This?"

He looked around in indignant consternation.

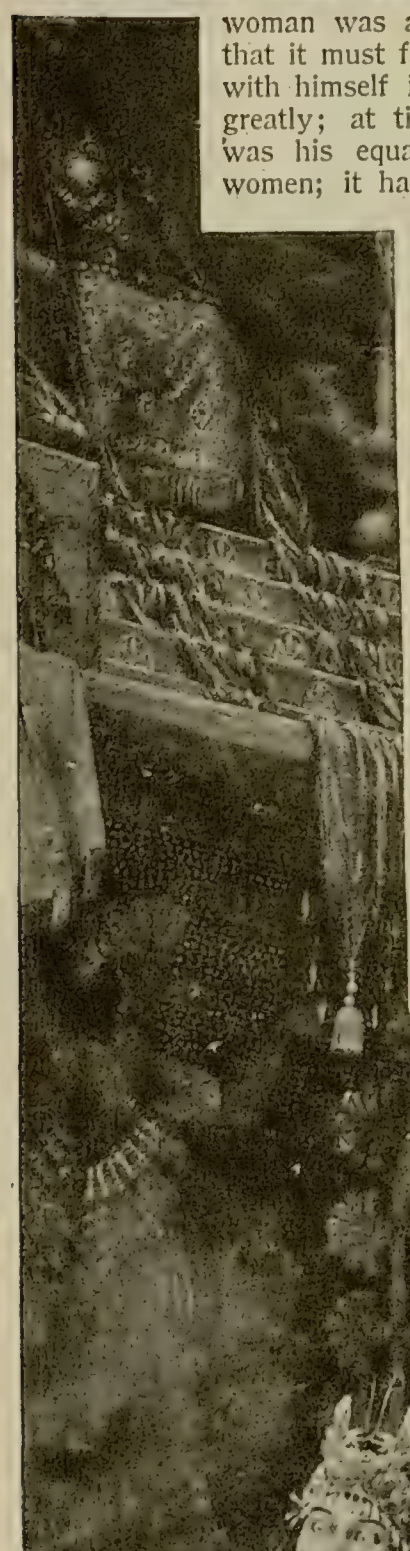
The hot ramshackle building was thrown together of roofing tin, wood being too precious in that verdureless wilderness to waste it on mere sleeping quarters for officials. Earthquakes had shaken the door lopsided and every shelf and line was canted. The bare floor heaved up in one corner, so that the old oak bureau stood at a drunken angle, its mildewed mirror swinging outward. There was no luxury; there was not even comfort; and over everything lay the per-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

A necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill, *St. Chrysostom.* Earth's noblest thing, *Lowell.*

IN THE TIME OF SARDANAPALUS

Every phase of woman's work, achievements, follies, wisdom, influence, power, has been written, but woman has had to wait until this twentieth century before man has dared to devote a monumental encyclopædic work just to her. *New York World.*



woman was a mere chattel—when Nineveh was besieged and he saw that it must fall he collected his wives and treasures and burned them with himself in his palace. Since then the status of woman has varied greatly; at times man bought and sold her; under the Cæsars she was his equal before the law. Christianity did much to emancipate women; it has remained for twentieth century America to make her a fetish. To-day she dominates; her preëminence is undisputed. She is the *motif* of most discussions. Our newspapers, magazines, and novels show how great is the place she occupies in the thoughts of all, and how powerful her influence for good or evil in every relationship of life. Of all subjects that have interested mankind throughout the ages, the greatest of all still—as it was in the Garden of Eden—is

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This great subject has never been adequately treated. Of course we all know a little about Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, Messalina, Theodora, Helen of Troy, Poppæa, Elizabeth of England, Catherine of Russia, Mme. Pompadour, and perhaps a few other prominent women, but few have any idea of what sort of women they really were. Many pages are necessary to make Cleopatra live before our eyes, to tell the many strange and interesting things about her. And there have been thousands of other women whose stories are just as interesting.

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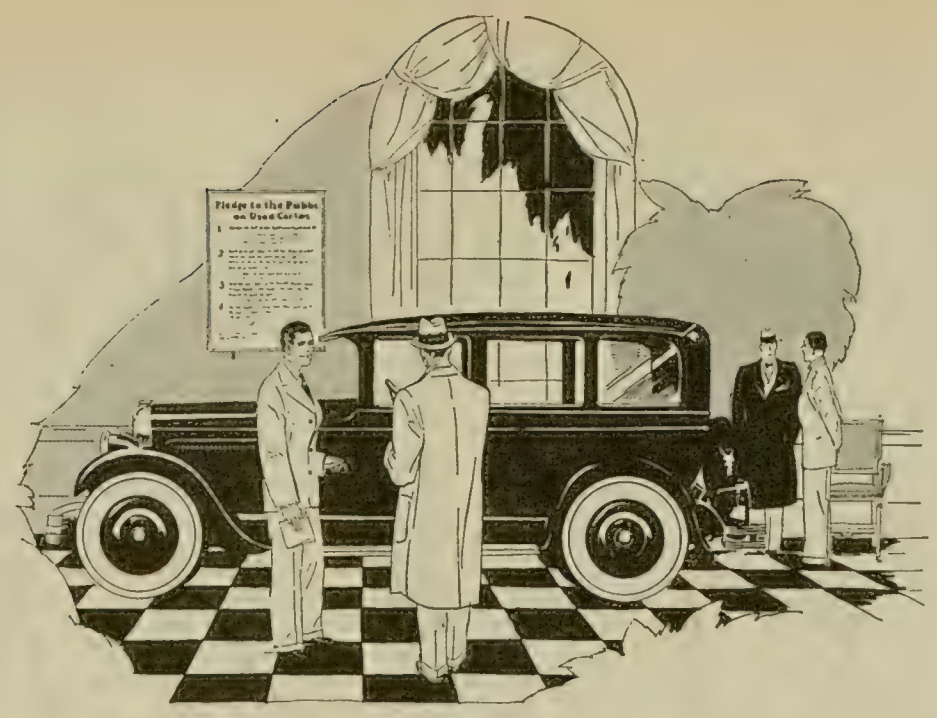

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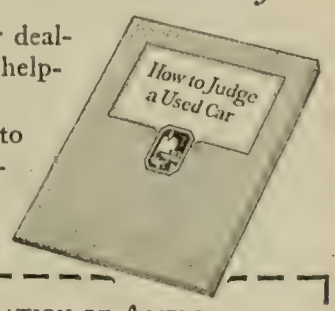

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S T U D E B A K E R

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]
sisting pearl-gray layer of nitrate dust.

"I'm to live—here?" he demanded.

"You're to live here," repeated the girl coldly. "When we have steel laid in to the mines, so that everything doesn't have to be hauled in on one-ton trucks through the sand, perhaps we can have carpets and rocking-chairs and chiffoniers. You might suggest that to the I. N. C.—building us a spur in from the copper tracks."

"So— If you'll excuse me now, I think I'll wash up."

"So—" she mimicked. "Once a month we go down to Copiapo just to see it rain. We swim in the sea and soak our dried-out bodies limber again. We eat raw ice and drink gallons of limeade and let faucets run all night, laughing foolishly. But there's no water to waste in the Atacama—not with the ore vats drinking it by barrelfuls!"

HE turned a sickly yellow. But there was spirit in him, the girl could see. Under the weakening of dissipation, beneath the temporary revolt at his situation, lay a grim kind of grit.

"On the whole," he said dryly, "this is a merry dump! Where is this Rhew? If he's been here twenty years he needs help!"

"So nice you came," said Ann sweetly. "He'll be grateful, I'm sure!"

And thereupon she marched away, militant. A flea-bitten Chilean pony was tied to a stake near by, snorting at the steamy insistence of a vat. Ann hopped on his back, pounding off into the dusty, arid dimness of the open desert. A mile to the east, lost in the vastness, moved a rackety little automobile without tires. Ann located it by its individual pillar of dust; whirled the pony after it.

She overtook the coughing absurdity without trouble. Andy Macglyn let the engine die, which was easy to do, stopping in a spinning whirlpool of dust.

"What's cracked now?" he asked. "Or has your watch stopped again? I just had this rum old percolator boiling good!"

"I've just been talking to the assistant manager," said Ann, "so I'm on the verge of exploding. He thinks I'm a pest, that my neck needs washing, and that a manicure would improve me immensely."

"The devil he does! Did he say so?"

"No need for words, Andrew Mackintosh Macglyn. All his two hundred and eight bones are eloquent. He wants a mahogany bed and a shower bath, a Persian rug—a valet to shine up his putts—"

"That *huaso* is riding to a sad crash. Get that white-eye out of my way, will you? I've got to start this corn sheller, and she back-fires in several directions."

"I was telling you," reiterated Ann patiently, "about the Honorable Wyatt Kilgore."

"Why? I'll get enough of him by the time I've dragged him over the works. Turn over, you coffee grinder! Got a lungful of grit in her—hear her wheeze!"

But Ann Rhew was gone. Far up on the ash-colored slope, where the blue shades of the Andes lay at sunset, Andy could see her flying, dust drifting from the pony's heels like smoke. He watched her anxiously. She ought not to ride too far from the *officina*. Down the road to Copiapo, in a mud house with a red door, was Heinie Kruhg, German-Chilean, the fat yellow spider of the Atacama. And in Heinie's dive there lurked of late dark, bitter, smiling men—men who looked like huasa, but who were not Chilean cowmen or anything else that was honorable. Lean, quick, dangerous men, whose trade could only be surmised.

Heinie's brandy was bad also and played the devil with the rotoes in the mines. Andy drove his flivver as far up the slope as he could; but the dust-covered cylinders refused to function on the grade, and he had to roll backward down to the road again. Ann Rhew was out of sight. Andy worried a little as he went back to the ore working. A handful, that girl! Aucca—a rebel! But an adorable rebel. Eyes like wood pools, a laugh like a brook tumbling over rocks, a smile as blessed as rain falling—all Andy's similes ran to water in this parched ash heap of the world.

Andy was grateful to this young assistant manager for arriving drunk and arrogant. Had Kilgore appeared in the gallant pride of adventuring youth, things might have been less happy for Andy Macglyn.

NOW, very promptly it was apparent on the I. N. that the entire conduct of the enterprise, official and otherwise—from the remotest corner of the mining to the little drawer where the stamps were kept, from Pablo's black toes to the paddles in the vats—was under the disapproval of the new assistant manager.

Andy and the young Australian who was in charge in the diggings, even quiet old John Rhew himself, looked at him at times, it must be admitted, with musings on murder in the depths of their eyes.

John Rhew

As for Ann, she went about like a pillar of flame. Kilgore regarded her as he regarded old Pablo—with cool ignoring. And he went on, loftily trying to put modern efficiency into the hopelessly unmodern workings of International Nitrate.

"You're worms!" Ann Rhew stormed at her father and Andy. "You're boss of this officina, dad—why don't you put this person in his place? We've been boiling salitre a long time."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

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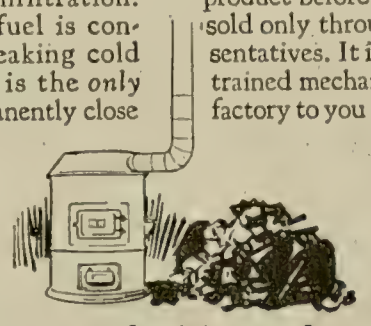

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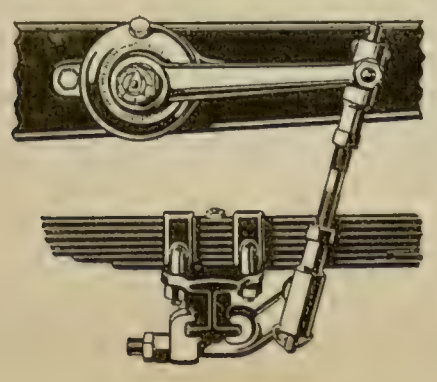

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

John Rhew pursed his patient mouth. "For one thing, he knows what he's doing," he answered. "Even if we don't like it—he's right."

"Right? To treat you like an idiot? Worse than that—he's horribly respectful, as though you were a pathetic old failure!"

"He gets things done," argued Andy, "and he doesn't give you any of that I-told-you-so stuff—give him credit for that!"

"You're both weak-minded," sighed Ann. "Don't come to me for sympathy when he pulls your jobs out from under you!"

"I've been trying to get the British up here—you know that," her father said, "to talk about laying some steel into this locality. Kilgore finally talked 'em into coming. They'll be here on the eighth."

Andy Macglyn

"The copper people?" asked Ann.

"The same. If they'll go in with us we'll get a railroad. Drag 'em up here in one of Andy's flivvers, show 'em the time it takes, and the easy grade up to their copper concessions and the cheap roll down for loads, and we'll get rails laid."

"Mr. Kilgore's idea, I suppose?"

"It's been in my mind a long time," admitted her father. "The I. N. won't put down track for me. They might co-operate with the British, though. It's worth trying."

"And after it's down the I. N. will say, 'Poor old Rhew! He struggled twenty years to get this spur, and Kilgore got it through in six months!'"

"It'll be worth it—to get steel down."

Ann Rhew flung out in disgust. To batter away the best of your life in desolation and then calmly to allow a young interloper with a cynical mouth to grab all the glory! It made her furious.

She dragged the white-eyed pony out of his shelter and tore down the flattened trail, where Pablo's water barrels rolled in procession, each one drawn by a languid Araucanian burro. Pablo headed the procession, beating the lead donkey patiently. He looked up and grinned at her, showing his white teeth.

THE barrels turned on spikes—driven in either end—with a hollow, drumming monotony. All her life Ann Rhew had been hearing that weird hollow drumming. When Wyatt Kilgore laid steel into the mines they would bring up tank cars, of course. Then Pablo could sleep all day in the shade, or lie about half drunk, relating what wonders the assistant manager had wrought.

Oh, she knew! Bitterness rode with her like a black falcon as she galloped down Pablo's flattened trail.

She did not notice the brown man, cowman's hat pulled low over evil eyes, who rode casually into the trail ahead. Not till he was squarely across her path.

Then, before she could flog him on, the white-eye, with the abominable sociability of Chilean ponies, had stopped. The stranger pulled off his wide hat.

"Perdonar, senorita!" he apologized, but did not move aside.

"Out of my way, pig of a pig!" ordered Ann Rhew, in belligerent Spanish.

The slim man quirked his long, cruel lip.

"So unkind, senorita?" His voice held a steely level. "A lady who rides alone should not be scornful of company. The senorita rides to Copiapo?"

"I ride where I please! Stand by and let me pass, swine!"

The fury in her voice masked the cold sinking of panic in Ann Rhew's heart. She knew these long-lipped, evil idlers who hung about Heinie Kruhg's. They were of the same outlaw stripe as the bandits who pillaged the iron mines in the Tofo.

In iodine year they did the nitrate companies the honor to move north. A month since Andy had oiled up an old black gun, and Ann Rhew had laughed at him. But now she did not laugh.

SHE dug her heels savagely into the pony's ribs, clouted him over the head with the reins, pulled his mouth ruthlessly, but he only sidled and bucked in a dancing circle.

Ann Rhew inventoried everything about her person, searching for a weapon. She had nothing—but her teeth. She would not admit, even to herself, that he would dare harm her. They might annoy her, harass her father, demand money perhaps—

"How much do you want?" she asked the smiling outlaw.

But he continued only to smile, dryly, cruelly. Ann Rhew's body froze slowly, while she fought the hard-mouthed pony. Danger did not bring dread so much as a cold, desperate fury.

The man might have been a mounted statue in the road, except for the flickering of his horse's nostrils. But the menace of him was taut about her, like a noose. She thought of Andy Macglyn, with his long, sad, faithful countenance; she thought of her father, so tired and patient, fighting the gray, dusty octopus of the Atacama. She died and lived a thousand years in that slow, sinister moment while the bandit sat smiling. And then the white-eyed pony came to earth with four feet, snorting.

Over the rim of the ash-colored slope jangled a rusty truck. A white man drove and four rotoes swung their bare legs from the rear. Kilgore. She knew his beautiful white hat.

The pony, foregoing his folly,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FOR MEN who want to become independent in the NEXT TEN YEARS

IN the spring of 1937 two men will be sitting in a down-town restaurant.

"I wonder what's going to happen next year," one of them will say. "Business is fine now—but the next few years are going to be hard ones, and we may as well face the facts."

The man across the table will laugh.

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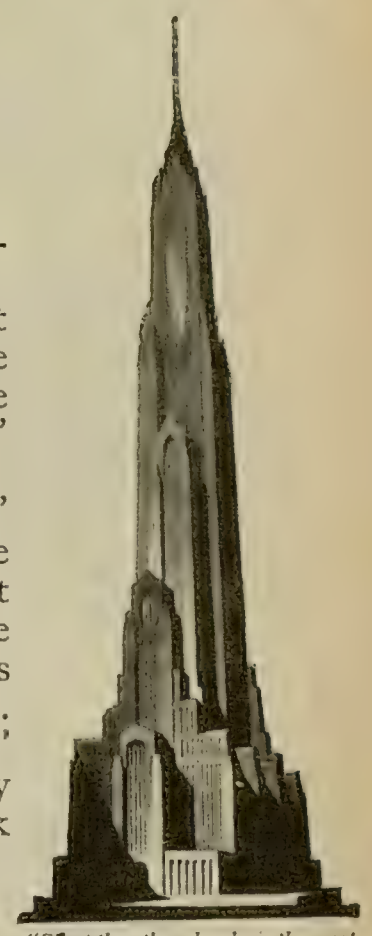
He will lean back in his chair with the easy confidence and poise that are the hallmark of real prosperity.

The older man will sit quiet a moment and then in a tone of infinite pathos:

"I wish I had those ten years back," he will say.



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And the other will answer:

"I wish I had those years back."

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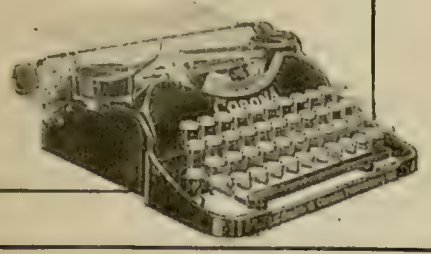

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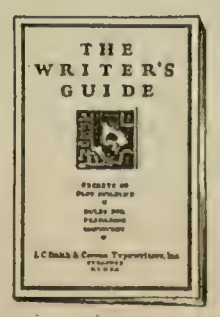

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[IODINE YEAR Continued from Page Thirty-one]

trotted off meekly toward the truck. Kilgore let the engine die of its own listlessness. He stared at her, then at the vanishing trail of dust that marked the departure of the bandit.

"What did that fellow want?" Kilgore asked her.

Ann Rhew fought the quaver out of her voice. "I asked him," she said. "He did not answer."

"Do you carry a gun?" Kilgore's manner was that of a martinet major flaying a quaking corporal. The girl turned stiff with resentment and lied callously:

"Certainly."

His eyes went over her from head to foot like a white light. "You haven't any," he said grimly; "and these fellows know it! Here"—he pulled a black, ugly pistol from his armpit—"see if you can hit that black rock over there!"

She kept her hands on her saddle horn. "No, thank you. This horse is gun-shy."

Their eyes met then with the sharp snick of swords. Ann Rhew saw, then, how good looking Kilgore would be if only the bitter line were gone from between his eyes. Because this momentary concession made her furious she proceeded to hate him more ruthlessly than ever.

He chose to set her in order, too, did he? Along with the other affairs of the I. N., she was to be regulated, brought to obedience? She owed him something, of course. Having been reared by a man's code, she had to discharge that obligation.

"You saved me some embarrassment by coming along," she said, without warmth. "I'm grateful, of course."

HE gave her a hard look. "I think I understand how grateful you are!"

Without another look or word he strode back to the little truck, and the roar of its engine shook the earth.

Ann Rhew went back to the camp, stiff-necked. It maddened her to discover how near she was to crying.

He had expected her to fall on his neck in palpitant relief, evidently! The cold-eyed beast! Heart of an adding machine and a soul like a hygrometer. And oh, she knew—she knew! Out there, fighting in the desert, intent on wounding each other—she had known how wistful and tender his eyes might have grown if only the bitter insolence had been distilled out of them.

If only— But there Ann Rhew caught folly between her hands and slew it remorselessly. And when it was dead a bitter aging look came into her eyes. She had been reared like a man, seeing clearly. She had a woman's war to fight—a war against herself. And women fight with craft and secret poisoned weapons which wound their own hands worst of all.

Now, night comes down on the Atacama with strange, breathless swiftness; like the frightened dip of a bird to the ground, to spread dark wings over her treasure. There is a molten opal glow abroad, and then instantly there is darkness. White men, though they live a lifetime there, never grow accustomed to it. Always they grope a little, laugh too loudly, and voices carry far and clearly through a hollow sort of tenseness, as though a bell had just stopped ringing.

The heat goes out of the air and a chill creeps down from the mountains, so that men who have been languid all day quicken with nervous urges, and men who have been content all day look into fires blankly and dream strange, restless dreams.

EVERY night Pablo made a fire of roots brought up from the river bed, and men sat about, their faces shadowed in high relief, their voices held to a dead level. Wyatt Kilgore was one of the group, but usually he sat silent, dragging at an old black pipe. The dry air was beginning to take toll of him: he had grown thinner, and a copper brown was creeping up into his skin. The desert was doing strange things to him also.

Values, injuries that had loomed large before, had somehow shrunk. The silver-gold girl, for instance, who had given him back his ring that day in New Orleans and told him that she couldn't possibly marry a man who insisted on running off to horrible places, had descended from an obsessing grievance to a merely amusing memory.

Fiery, cavalierly little Ann Rhew, with her passionate loyalty to her father's work, was beginning to trouble the soul of the assistant manager. Her contempt was getting under his skin. She had amused him at first, but now her eyes cut. The fury with which she defended every ancient, outworn tradition of the mines was somehow beautiful. A woman can deal a man no keener blow than to laugh at his work; nor do him greater homage than to respect it.

Ann Rhew

At night Ann Rhew took off the dusty khaki she had worn all day and put on faded lady dresses of pink or blue—just to be a lady for tired old John Rhew. The superintendent's cottage was almost as comfortless and drab as a section hand's shanty, but Ann Rhew lighted lamps and put river reeds in water jugs and made the place a little like a home. And of late she hummed little tunes and thumped chords from a battered ukulele, whereupon Andy Macglyn and a young Australian who

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

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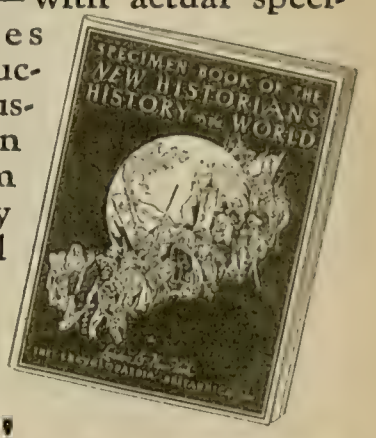

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

worked in the mines deserted Pablo's fire and came to sit and gloom on the doorstep. But after the first night Kilgore walked calmly into the house, put his empty keg in an advantageous position, and sat himself upon it.

"Let's have it a minute," he suggested, reaching for the frayed old ukulele. "Did you ever try this one?" His fingers moved skillfully over the strings. College songs. Heart-aching love songs, full of questioning of spring and youth. Chanteys from lumber camps. Old mountain ballads of the South. Negro spirituals full of haunting pathos.

Pablo woke from his doze and crept to the door, white-eyed rotoes huddling behind him. Andy Macglyn came inside and sat against the doorpost, looking very far away. John Rhew smoked tirelessly. But Ann ran out into the dark.

Far past the steaming salitre sheds she ran, to a dark place of steam and smells, where she sat on the tongue of a little bullock cart, careless of her pink frock, her cheeks burning under her palms. She knew that insidiously she was falling in love with this proud young Kilgore with the cynical lift to his lip. She fought with all the pride in her fiercely prideful soul. She fought it with self-contempt, slashingly cruel. And then he came, walking bareheaded through the dark, and she knew it was no use!

And, because the suffering thing within her was drowning in a deep, sweet sea, she lashed out like a serpent, all venom and shining scales.

"Have you finished?" she inquired icily.

He laughed a little, coolly. "You may go home now," he replied. "The anguish is ended."

She flung back her head. "Thank you," was all she said. All she said, because, oh, desolately, she wanted to cry!

HE came and sat on the cart tongue, pulling out his old black pipe. Her father liked him, and Andy reluctantly conceded that he was a decent sort; but Ann Rhew must bristle like a nut-brown porcupine and hate him with all her might. Hate him before he looked at her keenly and discovered what a fraud she was. Hate him because she had discovered that his eyes held a boyish hunger at times that made them sometimes tender.

She would not move. She would not move—any more than if a gnat had perched himself upon that bullock cart!

Kilgore talked about the mines. Talked to her as if she were a man—with a desert moon swimming over the rim of the Andes, laying a white cheek passionately against a sky of black velvet. A moon of dreams, and he talked of the time when he would have steel laid in from Antofagasta! The British copper people would come out day after tomorrow. They had promised, he said.

Ann Rhew's lip curled. A bird with a lost, eerie cry came wavering out of the dark and swung overhead, questioning the moon; but Kilgore talked on—of 8 per cent grades; steel in from the coast. All the things John Rhew had been struggling for all these years!

She saw so keenly how it would be. Kilgore assuming command, running things high-handedly in his assured fashion, her father sitting patiently by—her father, who had given his life to the Atacama!

It was this gripping loyalty to tired old John Rhew, perhaps, that made her do the thing she did, that next night. Or it might have been the aching pride in her that battled her heart so ruthlessly. She was falling in love with this Kilgore, and, somehow, she had to kill that folly. So she slew one folly with another cruel folly—the poisoned weapons of women!

PABLO had a brown bottle hidden—she knew where, as she knew everything else about the mines. And when Kilgore sat strumming the old ukulele on her father's doorstep, Ann Rhew slipped into the dark, hot little company house and left the bottle, lightly corked, on the tilted old bureau with the mildewed mirror.

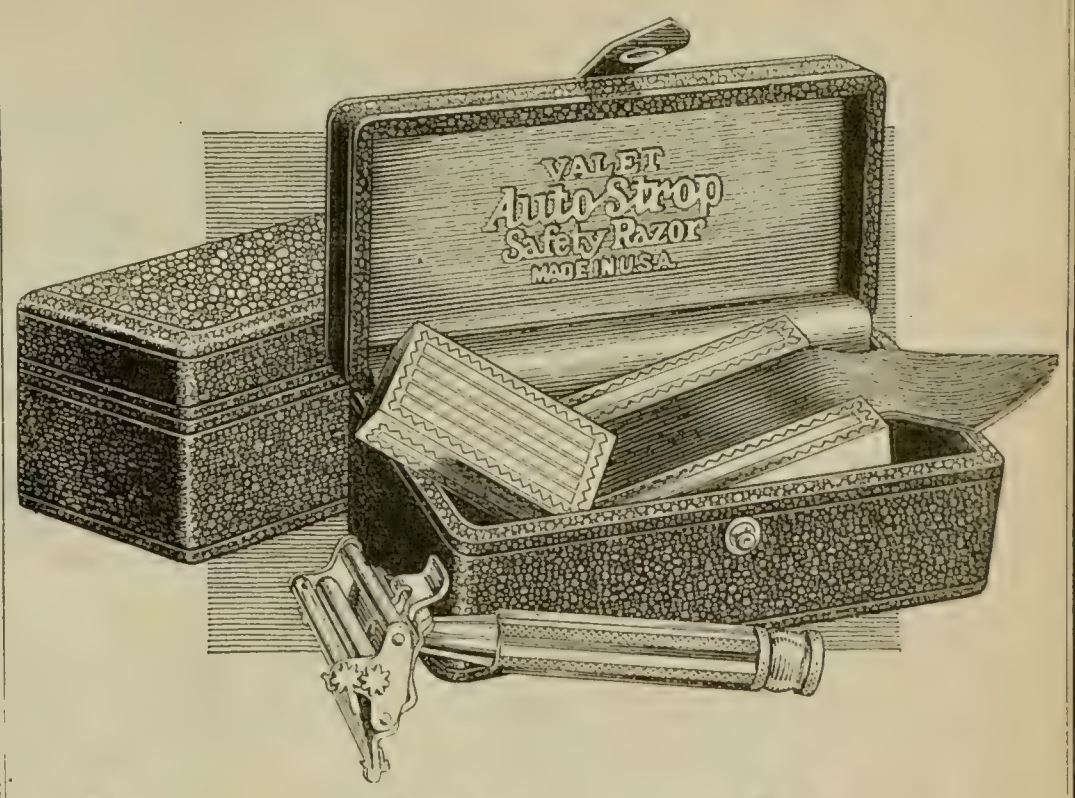
The close cubicle had already taken on a man-personality—the mingled odors of tobacco, shaving soap, and khaki. Ann Rhew's heart jerked painfully as she stole out. Under the sky again, a revulsion from the thing she had done went to the bottom of her square-hewn soul like a plummet. But she anæsthetized her conscience and flayed her wavering soul with steel rods of justification. She had done it for her father. And then, if she saw him again like that—swollen and dazed and utterly contemptible—that would be an end of her madness forever!

She told herself this grimly, over and over, as she went back to her own room. Her father still sat smoking. Andy had gone down to Copiapo at dusk to bring back the British copper men in the morning. The fire went out and a stillness that had something living and haunting in it came wandering down from the mountains, padding over the desert on soft, gray feet.

Ann Rhew lay stiff and tense, her imagination going on terrible explorations. Kilgore had found the bottle by this time. By morning he would be a wreck, and the British would regard him with cool amusement tinged with disgust.

She told herself fiercely that

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]



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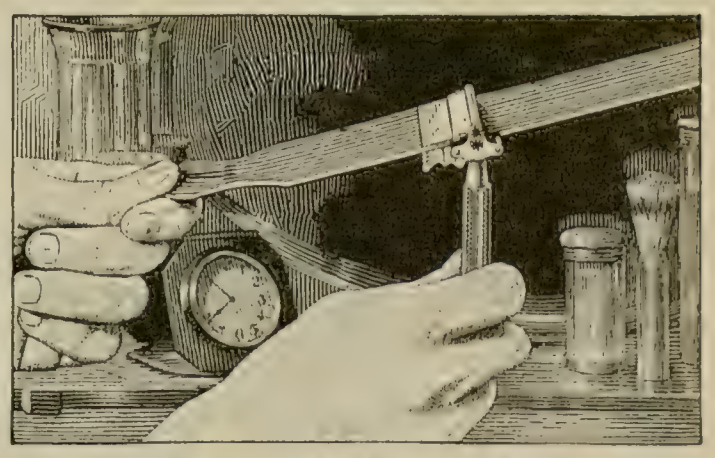

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HEALTH VALUE: *California Prunes belong in the well-balanced meal.*

4. Their minerals act as a tonic, for they check the "acidity" of other foods.
5. Doctors recommend them as a mild, effective fruit laxative.
6. Prunes contain health-giving vitamins.

Health and keener appetites—sure results from your prune cookery

THE day begins right when prunes are served for breakfast. No doubt you recognize this fact, for a well family, a well-fed family, is your responsibility. Put your knowledge of prune cookery into a letter. Tell *how* and *why* you serve prunes. Win one of the 141 cash prizes. Write and mail your letter today.

Remember that you can put welcome variety into *all* your winter menus by using California Prunes. Serve them at luncheon and dinner as well as breakfast. Prunes bring novelty, extra deliciousness to a surprising number of dishes.

Here, for instance, is Daisy Prune salad, just such an appetizing dish. Introduce it the next time you entertain at dinner.

Quarter large, steamed prunes and remove pits. Arrange on crisp inner leaves of lettuce, and in the center of each place a ball of cottage cheese mixed with a few chopped nut meats. Radiating from the cheese arrange the prune quarters like daisy petals. Serve with boiled or mayonnaise dressing.

Keep California Prunes on hand. They are without equal for flavor and plump tenderness. Graded as to size. Packed scientifically and shipped at once to your grocer.

How to enter Prune Contest

Everyone is eligible. Classes enable contestants to draw on their own fields of knowledge. Competition is cut down. Everyone has a better chance. Observe carefully the subject for your class.

HOUSEWIVES
"How and why I serve prunes"
58 prizes—total of $5000

First prize	$1500	4th	$225
2nd	500	5th to 14th	100
3rd	300	15th to 29th	50
		30th to 58th	25

TEACHERS, DIETICIANS, PHYSICIANS
"Why prunes should be in the ideal diet"
17 prizes—total of $1000

First prize	$250	4th	$75
2nd	150	5th to 8th	50
3rd	100	9th to 17th	25

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS
"Why I eat prunes"
17 prizes—total of $1000

First prize	$250	4th	$75
2nd	150	5th to 8th	50
3rd	100	9th to 17th	25

CHEFS, RESTAURANTS, COOKS, HOTELS
"How I serve prunes on the menu"
17 prizes—total of $1000

First prize	$250	4th	$75
2nd	150	5th to 8th	50
3rd	100	9th to 17th	25

GROCERS AND THEIR SALESMEN
"How I sell prunes"
32 prizes—total of $2000

First prize	$400	4th	$100
2nd	275	5th to 8th	75
3rd	175	9th to 14th	50
		15th to 32nd	25

RULES

1. No entry shall be more than 200 words in length. It may be, or include, recipes or may be a straight letter, just as you prefer.
2. Entries should be written on one side of paper. Either by hand or typewriter. Print your name and address in the upper right-hand corner of the page, together with the classification you are entering.
3. No entrant is required to purchase California Prunes to compete.
4. Entries will be judged by a suitable committee of five whose decision will be final.
5. Entries will be judged for informative value, originality, interest and news value.
6. In case of ties for any prize, the tying contestants will receive awards of equal and full amount.
7. All entries must be mailed by midnight of March 17, 1927. Entries bearing a postmark of later than that date will not be considered.
8. Winners will be announced in the regular advertising as soon as the judges can reach their decision—on or about May 5, 1927. At which time checks will be mailed to winners.
9. Mail your entry by midnight, March 17, 1927, to California Prune Producers, Contest Headquarters, 716 Matson Building, San Francisco, California.

CALIFORNIA PRUNES

OF COURSE YOU SERVE THEM FOR BREAKFAST

Soak prunes for a few hours in cold water. Then let them simmer gently until tender and full-flavored. . . . Never boil.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

this was what she wanted. If only the mad, lonely place in her would hush—the silly, aching thing that acccused her bitterly, "Liar! Liar!"

She had frozen to an aching length of misery when there was a shuffling outside and old Pablo half fell in at the door.

Ann caught his frightened message before her father did. Heinie Kruhg's lean, evil-smiling, vindictive riders had ambushed Andy Macglyn at the old Cavel Company's mine. A scared roto had run in, reporting much shooting in the dark.

"Get Kilgore!" John Rhew commanded, rummaging in his desk for his gun. But Ann Rhew was already out, buttoning her old khaki shirt.

"I'll get him."

There was a light still in the sheet-iron company house. And before she got to the door she breathed the hot, heavy reek of whisky. Now—when they needed him—she had laid him low! Now— She stopped still. He was standing there, in the hot lamplight, his shirt off, his hair rumpled, the empty bottle in his hand. She saw his face—furious with a betrayed anger. She saw too, then, where the liquor had gone.

At her feet—in the greedy desert sand—a round moist pool reeked.

HE looked at her. It was as if her soul were turned inside out and he saw all the cowardly folly bared there, burning pitifully to ashes in the straight flame of his look.

"You must have hated me pretty bad," he said slowly, cruelly slow, cruelly cold. "You must have hated me worse than I thought—to have done this!"

She had nothing to say. She felt small and yellow and revoltingly worthless.

He flung the bottle past her, out into the dark.

"I've had a fight of it," he said bitterly, "ever since the war; all through school—I've been fighting it. Fighting to save myself from being an utter rotten bum—as most of my family have been. A girl gave me a kick down—when I came down here; and now—you! And I thought—when I saw you —I thought you'd play fair—like a man."

Ann Rhew gave a choking little cry. Like a man! Play fair, like a man—when every suffering inch of her was a woman! Woman, quivering with the oldest wretchedness in the world! She turned to hide herself in the dark comforting loneliness of the night, when she remembered. Andy!

"Andy—they've penned him in the Cavel mine—Heinie Kruhg's gang! They're fighting—Pablo heard shots!"

With three swift turns Wyatt Kilgore was ready. He jammed two pistols into a belt, tucked a sawed-off shotgun under his arm. From the sheds beyond the mill they could hear the roar of starting flivvers. John Rhew and the rest were under way. Kilgore ran to the little rusty truck, heaved a dozen kegs of iodine overboard. Ann clambered up, hung on valiantly as the tumultuous little engine began its convulsions.

"I'm going!" she shouted. "I can drive!"

"Which way is it?" Kilgore yelled back, making room for her on the springless seat.

ANN screamed directions above the roar. The dust was a choking fog, the flivver's one sickly light making a thin, vague track in it, that revealed nothing.

"Is there a road?" Kilgore asked once.

"Mighty little," was Ann Rhew's answer.

"Then we won't bother with it. We'll just get there."

Ann hung on doggedly, keeping her tongue from between her teeth. Like a wild thing the little truck bounded and plunged, crashing over the gray, uneven waves of the desert floor, dipping down into washes, scrambling gustily up slopes, but holding on. Then suddenly there leaped across the wan trail of the light a mounted rider. Instantly there was a jar, a pungent streak of flame across Ann Rhew's face, and a dull roaring. Kilgore slumped a little, sagged against her, fumbled.

"Drive—" he gasped, bending so she could get the wheel. "He hit me—in the arm! Drive straight ahead and I'll get him."

Ann felt the clutch of terror and then white rage. She could feel Kilgore trembling against her body as she scrambled across him to hold the car in the track. The army pistol he held went off with a recoil that shook the car. Somewhere off in the haze of dust they heard a yell.

"Got him!" said Kilgore, his teeth clacking together. "Keep going!"

"No," gasped Ann, jamming on what brakes the sad little vehicle possessed. "We're—there!" With a jangling of glass and tin they plunged headlong into a rusty sheet-iron building. Out of the darkness appeared a sudden yellow face. Ann snatched at the pistol, but Kilgore intervened.

"Wait! Look out!" he warned. The face belonged to the young Australian who stood and grinned at them.

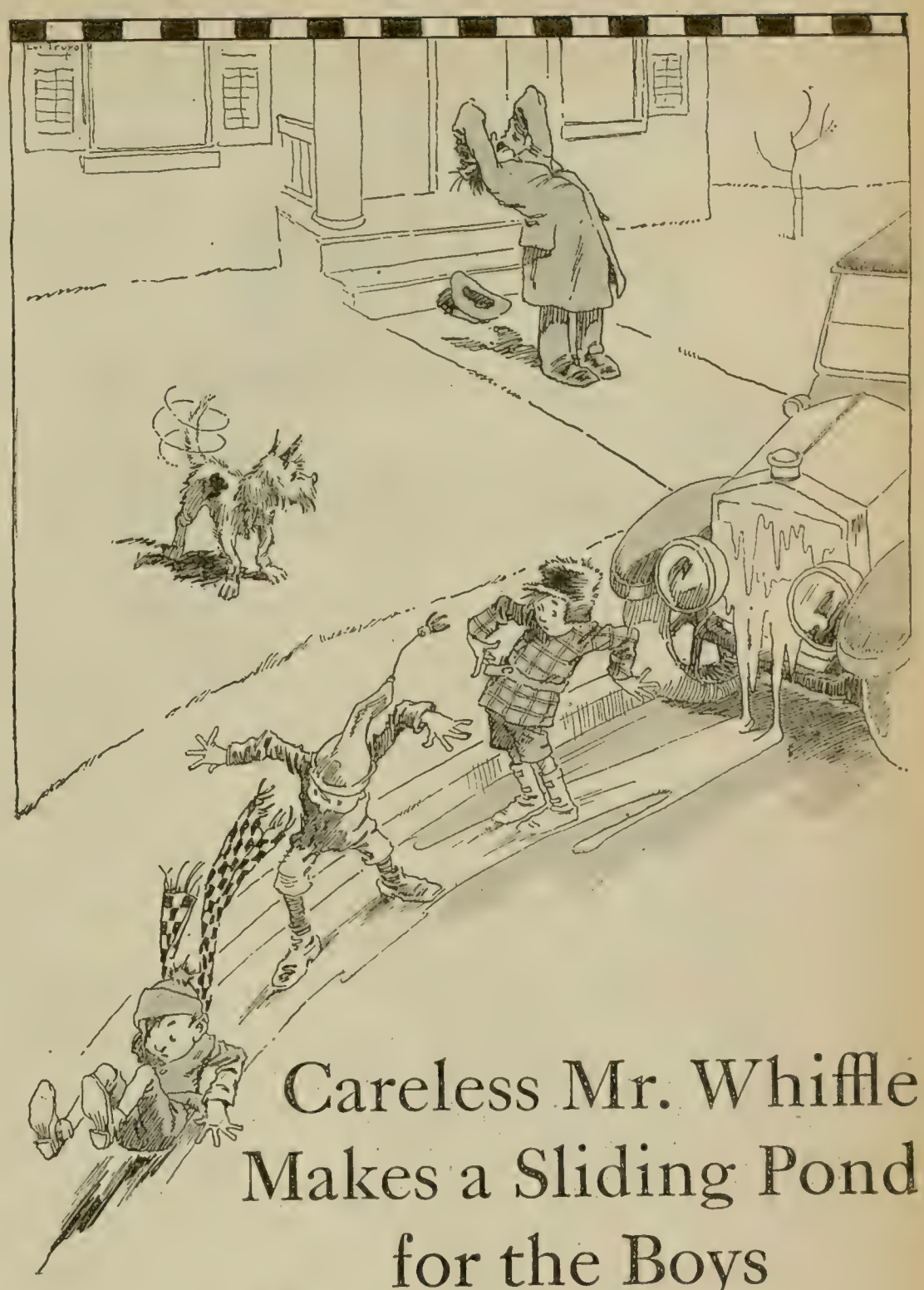
"We've run 'em off," he announced. "Killed a couple. Andy's got a ball in his shoulder. Hey—what the deuce!"

He had opened the door of the little car and Kilgore slid limply out on to the sand.

"He's hit!" Ann Rhew cried, jumping down beside him. "They shot at him—down the road. Straighten his legs, Barney. Any first aid anywhere on this expedition?"

She was a man again—cool,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Careless Mr. Whiffle Makes a Sliding Pond for the Boys

Tough on Mr. Whiffle. He waited for that radiator leak to get serious, and it did. They *always* do, unless "X" Liquid is used as soon as the first drip is discovered.

Put "X" Liquid in *your* car's radiator *now*. Alcohol is important. So is "X"—which not only finds and seals present leaks but prevents new ones from starting.

"X" is safe and sure. The radiator whose leaks it cures is made as sound and leak-tight as the day it left the factory. Merely pour it in the radiator. In ten minutes any leak is permanently repaired.

Ten million cans of "X" have been sold and used—and *praised*. Buy your can today. The nearest good dealer has been selling it for years.

"X" LIQUID can be poured through a cloth. Therefore it cannot clog. It is harmless to all metals, rubber and leather. "X" is just as important as alcohol—and mixes with it readily.

For Fords, Stars, Chevrolets, etc. Use 75c Size

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"X" LIQUID

Permanently repairs leaking auto radiators cracked cylinders and water jackets

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TO realize the complete beauty of your skin . . . use the beauty-magic of this powder and rouge. You will find a new joy in your complexion.

So perfectly do the shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom accord with the tints and tones of the natural skin, that their combined use gives fresh, youthful beauty — instantly.

This powder is soft and velvety to the touch — delicately perfumed — it spreads evenly, with an enchanting smoothness, and stays on for hours at a time.

Pompeian Bloom, a rouge with youthful tones, looks exactly like your own coloring. It remains on unusually long. It does not crumble or break, but keeps compact and usable — and comes off on the puff easily.

All shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom for sale at drug and toilet counters, 60c. (In Canada, slightly higher.) Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

Pompeian
Beauty Powder
and **Bloom**

Get New Panel and Samples

1927 Pompeian Art Panel, "The Bride," sent for only 10c. Painted by Rolf Armstrong. Store value easily 75c.

Also samples of Bloom and Powder with Mme. Jeannette's booklet of beauty hints.

TEAR OFF NOW!
You may forget

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Name_____
Street Address_____
City_____ State_____
Powder shade_____
Medium Bloom sent unless another shade requested

[IODINE YEAR
Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

fearless; tying up the ugly flesh wound, stopping the blood. She was a man—until Wyatt Kilgore opened his eyes and looked at her. And then she was woman—shaking all over, wanting miserably to cry. Kilgore lifted his good hand. It was white no longer, she noticed. There were calluses on it, stains of iodine, brown of sun.

The others were bringing Andy down from the cranny where he had barricaded himself. The two of them were alone in the dust and the dark, with only the drunken light of the jammed-up little truck playing feebly on them.

"I'm all right," he mumbled. "Knocked me out—for a minute. You'd better go now—to him!"

Ann Rhew drew back a little. "To—*Andy?*"

He lifted himself on an elbow. "Aren't you—they told me—you aren't—in love—with him?"

"With Andy?" her voice held a strained, amazed level. "In love—*with Andy!*" She laughed a little, nervously. "I do love Andy—the way I love dad! But not—*like that!*"

He was up suddenly, his hurt arm dangling in its improvised sling, something hungry and wistful in his eyes. He kissed Ann Rhew suddenly, savagely.

"Not—*like that?*" he demanded.

She shuddered against him, crying a little and laughing a little.

"Oh, no," she said in a thin little voice; "not a bit like that!"

Kilgore's voice was husky. He held her close.

"If you knew—all these weeks—I was so sure that you hated me—"

"Oh, I did," said Ann Rhew.

"If you knew how miserable I've been—remembering that first day. If you knew—"

"Oh, I know," murmured Ann Rhew.

SILLY to be so idiotically happy merely because your cheek is pressed against a khaki pocket studded with horrible buttons, the raw smell of bloody fabric in your nose, dust over you like fog. Silly—to be so happy. Yet she was!

"When I first saw you, little Ann—standing there cussing me—with that fiery look in your eye—"

"I know!"

"You do care a little, Ann? You do?"

"Oh, my dear—my dear!"

The sad little light of the crumpled-up flivver wavered and went out. Then the moon lifted up, over the Andes, leaning a passionate face against the dark shoulder of the sky. A wanton moon, with no shame about her. But the good old desert dust drifted up like a smoke screen and the people who carried Andy down to the truck saw nothing whatever.

"Guess Ann will get Kilgore home," said John Rhew.

"She's as good as a man. She'll take care of herself," commended the young Australian.

Andy Macglyn muttered a little. Nobody paid any attention to Andy. He was out of his head.

THE END

How to Select a Real Estate Bond

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AN OLD RESPONSIBLE HOUSE

Dough-Ray and Barthelmess

What Big Money Has Done to Charlie and Dick

An Article by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

RICHARD BARTHELMESS and Patsy Ruth Miller in The White Black Sheep.

TWO boys with golden names are at the bar. One, Charlie Ray, has seen the crash of his dreams; the other, Richard Barthelmess, is at the crossroads. Still in their early thirties, they are facing the problems of business men of sixty.

Both of these young men seem to have had the background necessary for combating the glamours of Hollywood. Barthelmess is both Puritan and Bavarian. Roger Williams was his ancestor. Among his relatives on his mother's side were bishops and missionaries who carried Christianity into China. On his father's side was at least one idealist, a fearless toymaker of Nuremberg who left Germany a political refugee. This ancestry would seem to be armor enough against the corrosion of film fame.

Barthelmess is the only strictly New York City star in filmdom. Dick was born in Manhattan in 1897. His mother, Caroline Harris, was an actress, and her long tours paid for her son's tuition at the Stamford (Connecticut) Manor School and started him at Trinity College in Hartford.

Dick's vacations always were spent with his mother backstage. As a child he knew most of the classic roles word for word. Little wonder that he quit Trinity after his third year, to try his luck on the stage.

By chance, Dick got the role of the younger son in Alla Nazimova's anti-war picture, War Brides, done in 1916, before America went into the war.

That part shaped the youthful Barthelmess' future. He played with Marguerite Clark and in old Vitagraph films with indifferent success. Dorothy Gish saw him on the screen and persuaded D. W. Griffith to sign him. Griffith made Dick into a star. The boy was sure of the electric signs after Broadway saw his dreaming *Yellow Man* in Broken Blossoms.

He did the hero of 'Way Down East for Griffith before a new film company, Inspiration Pictures, was formed to make him a star. Barthelmess started off with a resounding hit, Tol'able David. His stellar career with Inspiration, just terminated to begin an $8,000-a-week First National contract, ran pretty much along the line of stellar mediocrity.

Two films, directed by John Robertson, stood out of the ruck—The Enchanted Cottage and Classmates.

No actor had greater possibilities than Barthelmess. He is still a fine actor. But, like other Hollywood luminaries, he appears to be sacrificing a career for a fortune. He is playing one indifferent role after another. His latest film and his last Inspiration effort, The White Black Sheep, is exceedingly poor stuff. It is a sort of one-ring Beau Geste, having for its hero a young Englishman who takes another's blame for a crime. The last of the *Kincairns* enlists with the Mesopotamian forces, and falls in love with an Oriental dancer.

CHARLES RAY and May McAvoy (center) in The Fire Brigade.

RAY in his comeback role.

It always is painful to observe the collapse of ideals before the glamour and gold of Hollywood. An unhappy marriage, now terminating in a Paris divorce, contributed its bit; for Dick at heart is German and home-loving. It is almost impossible to maintain an equilibrium in the face of the tremendous adulation and immense salaries of the screen. No young actor started with higher ideals than Barthelmess. He still has his chance, although he appears to have joined the big Rolls-Royce parade of Hollywood.

IT is easier to discuss Charlie Ray, because Ray now is doing something of a comeback. As the young fire laddie of The Fire Brigade he does excellent work, his best since The Girl I Loved and The Old Swimmin' Hole.

Ray preceded Barthelmess to the screen. He was born in a small Illinois town—Jacksonville—in 1891. His parents were pioneers. Charlie considerably upset them by wanting to go on the stage. However, they had moved to Los Angeles in the pre-movie days, and when the films came their stand against art was a short one.

Charlie had gained a little experience in stock companies, and when he applied at Inceville, where the late Thomas H. Ince presided, he was a veteran of twenty-two.

The Ince lot then had Frank Keenan, Bessie Barriscale, Louise Glaum, and Dorothy Dalton for its stars. Ince gave Ray his chance in a film called The Coward, and the boy stole the picture from its star, Keenan. That hit lifted Ray to success.

One barefoot and bashful country-boy role after another came Ray's way as he grew in public favor. Ray's head was turned. He decided to star himself. He built his own studio. He would do bigger and better things.

Ray threw his entire fortune into one film, The Courtship of Miles Standish. It cost $700,000, and it was one of the six biggest flops in film history. Ray lost everything.

For two years Ray has been trying to get started again. The Fire Brigade gives him his first chance. It is hokum stuff, this story of a family of fire-fighters, but it has some remarkable thrills. The fires and the rescues have a terrific kick.

But the most human note of The Fire Brigade lies in Charlie's comeback.

Do you know that—

John Robertson is to direct Captain Salvation for Metro-Goldwyn? . . . Gardner James and Constance Blackton, daughter of J. Stuart Blackton, have been married? . . . Cecil de Mille's The King of Kings is to be released at Easter?

The Death-Dance of the HEAD-HUNTERS

A Famous Scientist Tells of a Thrilling Experience with the Wild Men of Borneo

An Article by
WILLIAM BEEBE

Pictures by C. B. FALLS

Photographs courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons

THE heads suspended from the ceiling seemed to move in some terrible rhythm, in time with Narok's dance.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second of two articles by William Beebe concerning his experiences among the head-hunting savages in the jungles of Borneo. Mr. Beebe has been connected with the New York Zoological Society for almost thirty years, and in 1925 won world-wide fame when he took the schooner Arcturus into the unexplored Sargasso Sea.]

I HAD established myself in the heart of the Borneo jungle.

My temporary zoo in camp, besides a flying lemur and an ant-eating pangolin, contained other beings quite as strange. I gathered many specimens of the pheasants, including the almost unknown white-tailed wattled, as well as exquisite little wood partridges, giant cuckoos, and brilliant, rainbow-hued pittas. At one time we were the rather embarrassed owners of a leopard, and there was mutual relief when he escaped during a nocturnal storm.

In other cages were zebra civet cats, tupaias or tree shrews, mouse deer, spiny rats, and porcupines. A white moon rat was one of the most astonishing specimens, and when this escaped the excitement rose to boiling pitch. The native Dyaks were proud of this capture and determined that it should not get away.

A dozen naked brown men leaped and ran and yelled, splashing into the shallows or squdging through the mud to head off the poor creature, others waving blowpipes and swords from the jungle side, until at last the moon rat, in uttermost despair, ran back into its cage.

When I acquired my first live argus the Dyaks never tired of watching and feeding it and showing it off to visiting savages. Again and again they begged me not to go near it at night with my electric flash, for they believed it would die if it ever saw a light at night. When I disobeyed them and it lived I was accredited with mysterious powers.

The most delightful of all pets was a tiny sun-bear cub not more than six inches high, black as jet, with a perfect orange circle on its chest. We named it Kapit, and even when canned milk became scarce in camp, my Dyaks always saw that it got a saucerful.

When I returned to Singapore, Kapit had gained one whole inch in stature. One day an admiral, in full uniform, called to see my collections. In spite of his glittering dress, the infant mite of a bear flew at the tall naval officer and fiercely mouthed the end of his scabbard. Taken up in the hand, its fury changed at once to resentment at having its ferocious attack spoiled, and thereafter it ceased not to suck its paws and sing dismally to itself. If ever there was a flesh-and-blood

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

H A V E A C A M E L

The happiest words in the world

A SAYING becomes universally popular if its expression recalls an experience of pleasure. "Have a Camel!" are the three happiest smoke words ever uttered because no other cigarette ever gave the world so much enjoyment. To millions of experienced smokers, Camels are contentment realized.

Camel has become the most popular smoke of all time because of quality. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos that nature grows. Then these superb tobaccos are given a blending that can be found in no other cigarette. The largest tobacco organization in the world puts its all and its best into Camels. You could smoke, end to end, a mile of Camels—they will never tire the taste, never leave a cigaretty after-taste.

We invite you now to introduce yourself to the finest made.

Millions of friendly voices are calling you to the mildest, mellowest fragrance that ever came from a cigarette. Once you know what they mean, no words can compare with

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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You give a shabby chair a new coat of brilliant color. Thirty minutes later it is back in the living room *ready for use*

Like a fairy wand, your brush of Rogers Brushing Lacquer works magical transformations. Shabby things become works of art *before your eyes.*

Irksome preparatory work is gone. Experience is unnecessary. Merely dip the brush deep into the rich "Rogers" color. Apply it freely *right over the old finish.* "Rogers" covers perfectly. Flows together in a smooth, lustrous coating. And then it—

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DRIES WHILE YOU WAIT

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Completely armored and shielded with "unified control" in a beautiful full walnut cabinet, this new Bosch Imperial Cruiser completed with the Library Ambotone Reproducer is but $147.50

A new excellence and an outstanding value has been attained in the new Bosch Radio Creation — the Bosch Imperial Cruiser.

All the precision of the Bosch tradition is embodied in this new receiver; its beautifully designed cabinet is of the finest matched grain walnut. Far-reaching, powerful, selective five-tube receiver with the "unified control" station selector, completed with the Library Ambotone Reproducer at the amazing price of $147.50

The Royal Cruiser is another Bosch achievement, a powerful five-tube, table-type receiver of remarkable selectivity, and operating simplicity in a handsomely grained walnut cabinet at $110.00

These new Bosch Receiving Sets establish a new standard of radio excellence in appearance, performance and permanence. Examine these unusual Bosch values before purchasing any radio. Bosch dealers have them on display now.

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THE ROYAL CRUISER

For those who prefer the table type, the Royal Cruiser with its power, selectivity, and beauty presents a new standard of value in radio at $110.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

Winnie the Pooh, it was Kapit. It steamed safely to New York and lived long and happily in the Zoological Park.

Some of the dead argus pheasants brought in were in perfect condition except for having their throats cut, and later I learned how these birds were taken. During the season of courtship the male clears and keeps free of all leaves a circular dancing arena in the heart of the woods, where he displays his gorgeous feathers to his prospective mates.

Into the center of this arena the savages drive a piece of split bamboo, with its characteristic razor-like edges. Along comes the argus, hurrying up the path that leads to his ballroom, with his heart full of the joy of mere physical existence and of the bliss of dancing before his lady. He pauses suddenly at seeing his sanctum defiled by the piece of bamboo, and postpones his loud summons to any hens within hearing until he has cleared the ground. Sooner or later in his struggles with the offending bamboo the poor bird executes himself, committing jugular hari-kari with the sharp edges of the upright splinter.

I have spoken of ants in a previous article, and I had to think of them many times before I left these jungles. In one spot I had the Dyaks dig me a carefully concealed pit in the ground close to a used dancing arena, and here I waited patiently for the owner. I heard the bird call near at hand, and finally a rustle in the underbrush drew my attention, and I was prepared to see the splendid bird step forth and claim his jungle playground, when the fire ants found me out.

These villains work almost wholly at night, and when they discovered my dark hiding place, it must have seemed some wonderful dispensation of the god of ants.

Three or four ant scouts located this manna simultaneously and proceeded to take possession at once in approved fire-ant fashion. The great sharp jaws take the firmest kind of a bulldog grip, and close fast, giving a splendid purchase for striking full force with the poisonous sting at the opposite end of the ant's body.

I am a trained ornithologist. To learn a new fact, to ferret out some hidden habit, I would undergo much pain and cramping of body and limb. But I am also a human being.

When one is crouched underground, tense with excitement, with one's whole being concentrated on the external world, and a lighted match is applied simultaneously to several portions of one's anatomy, I doubt if the enthusiast lives who could avoid rising from such a grave without dignity or delay. I think I broke the world's standing-high-jump record, and, as far as I know, the argus pheasant is running yet.

A FINAL note about ants: I had promised a friend to bring him whatever jungle mice I could secure, so every evening at camp I would set out a dozen traps or more. Later I would hear the snap of a trap, and, rushing to it, I would find it sprung but empty. I solved the mystery by a patient watch one night, when I saw two of the huge black fire ants pull and haul on the bait until they actually sprang the trap. These ants never bothered us in camp.

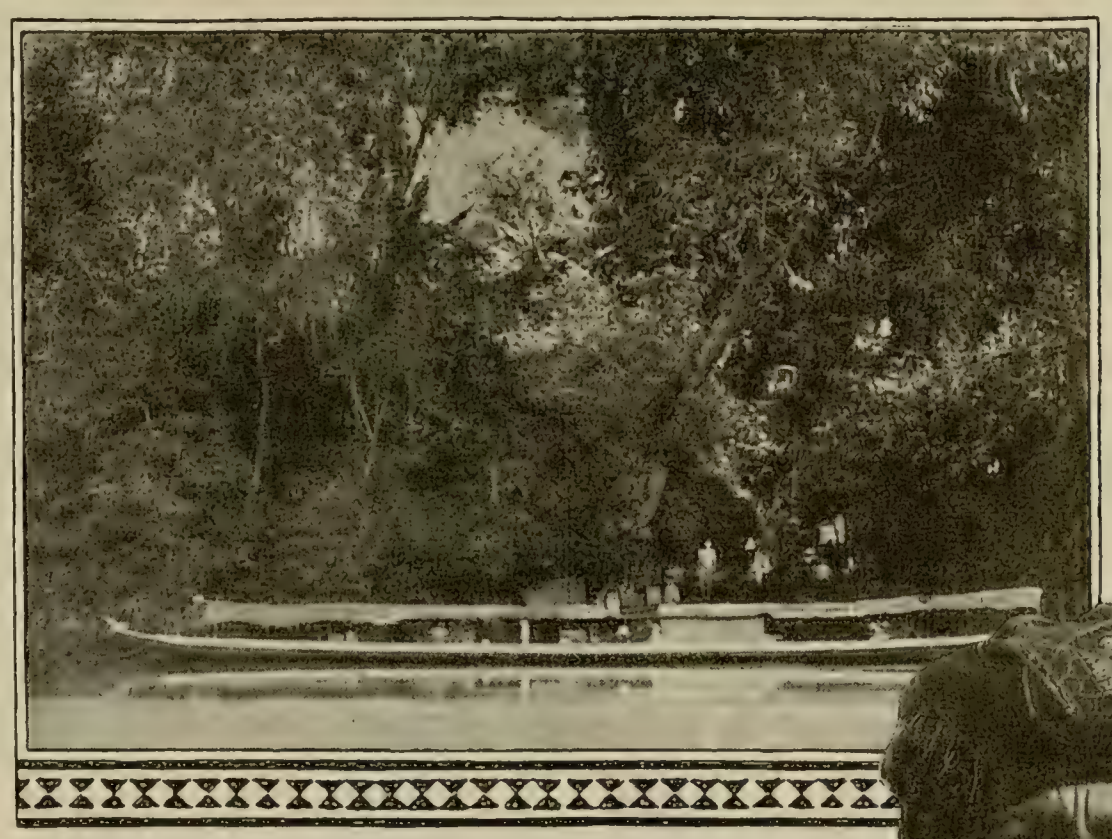
At every Dyak house to which I paid a visit I was received with the greatest courtesy. There was but one tribal house that did not make some advance and offer some friendly salutation. This particular communal dwelling of hostile Dyaks was built at the foot of a steep hill, so that trees overhung the roof, and gave the structure a fictitiously peaceful air.

We had been warned against them, and so passed them by within a discreet radius. My own Dyaks were not wholly at ease as we paddled by on the opposite side of the river. I had them stop for a while and drift, while I rested my most powerful glasses on the gunwale and raked the whole building. In a score of places I could see armed Dyaks peering through the chinks at us, and near one end were the rifle-like muzzles of three blowpipes, with whose poisoned arrows I was already acquainted, pointing our way.

THIS inhospitality was more than made up for at other villages, where often an orderly program of events was presented in my honor, and the chief and his wives would wear their most precious decorations.

I remember with great vividness the day we landed at the home of Narok, one of the younger men of my crew, who had earned considerable distinction among his people as a dancer. On this particular day two men had gone ahead in a fast canoe to give word that a war canoe manned by thirteen paddlers, and carrying various gifts as well as a white man, would appear in the early evening at an appointed time.

At dusk, therefore, when our boat grated against the pebbly beach bordering the jungle where Narok lived, a crowd of men, women, and children, and a still greater host of mongrel dogs, rushed down to greet us. These men and women were like very polite boys and girls at some great celebration. I do not believe that they had ever seen more than one white person, and certainly every article included in my equipment, even to the pots and pans, as well as the most minute detail of my clothing, filled them with unparalleled curiosity. I even think that secretly they were a little amused. But they made no sign. Instead, those of the proper caste came forward silently and gravely to greet us.



BEEBE'S large canoe and camp on the Balleh River, Borneo (above); and an intelligent type of Dyak (right).

This Dyak greeting holds true to the old primitive ideal that a guest must be welcomed with a gift. This gift is a very modest one, but it is also very valuable. It is an egg. Throughout the whole country, if you find favor in the eyes of a tribe, you are formally presented with an egg on the day of your arrival in a village. And in the heart of Borneo, where food is, in the nature of things, a more or less undetermined quantity, the possession of an egg is a matter for profound congratulation. Particularly a fresh, or proper, egg, as Mutt would call it, because at times the Dyaks show a marked preference for high game and preserved eggs—an instinctive, almost racial, preference not easily acquired by a more sophisticated taste.

There is always the chance, however, that the gift egg will be a good egg. So the presents of Narok's tribesmen found great favor with us when they were ceremoniously pressed into our left hands, and in exchange we offered our small supply of scissors, mirrors, beads, and flat chocolate wafers wrapped in tin foil.

These wafers did not fail to bring forth sounds of delight, but at the same time they did not fail to provoke a great indecision in the minds of those who had fallen sudden heir to them, because nobody could bring himself to destroy the beautiful smooth shining contour of his silver disk, in spite of the chocolate within. It was remarkable to see how momentous this question was to them.

Narok's home was like all other Dyak communal houses—a wide covered veranda, with an open porch in front and a series of single rooms extending all along the back, the whole raised on poles from ten to twenty feet above the ground, to guard against sudden attacks. Each room sheltered a family, and the chief of any village, as we must call these horizontal apartment houses, was known as the Chief of Twenty or of Sixty Doors, as the case might be.

WHEN the ceremony of landing was properly completed, Narok led me to his tribal house, where, one by one, we all climbed the steep notched pole that formed the sole roadway between the earth and the lofty veranda, about twelve feet up. I felt exactly like a chicken going to roost.

The bamboo-floored porch gave directly upon a low-roofed corridor, which ran the full length of the dwelling. At intervals resinous fires burned in shallow bowls before a long row of barred doors. Behind these doors the individual members of the tribe lived out the daily routine of their lives in some semblance of seclusion.

I should like to have seen the personal possessions gathered in these rooms, but I was conducted to a seat of honor in the direct center of the long corridor, where I sat down on some spotlessly clean mats and awaited the program that was to welcome us. Directly above me, suspended from the roof by slender strips of bamboo fiber, hung a circle of dried human heads, each equally distant from its neighbor.

White wooden eyes had been placed in the eye sockets of these heads—white eyes unnaturally large and distended. The expression was a bewildered, quizzical one. They were all staring at something hidden in the dark shadows of the inner roof; something inside those mysterious, barred rooms.

Immediately a huge circle formed about us. From first one door and then another, and from the shadows of the gallery, beautiful bronze figures like shining, polished statues, great and small, moved with the noiseless tread of the savage, and came and squatted about me, until the circle grew, ring upon ring, like the section of some giant tree. Every eye was fixed upon me in curious, fascinated gaze, and every tongue was busily discussing me in the deep, guttural language of which I understood a word here and there.

The young girls of the tribe put before me all the paraphernalia of betel-nut chewing and a bowl of native tobacco, which they proceeded to roll into plantain-leaf cigarettes. I chose the lesser of the two evils and found the to-

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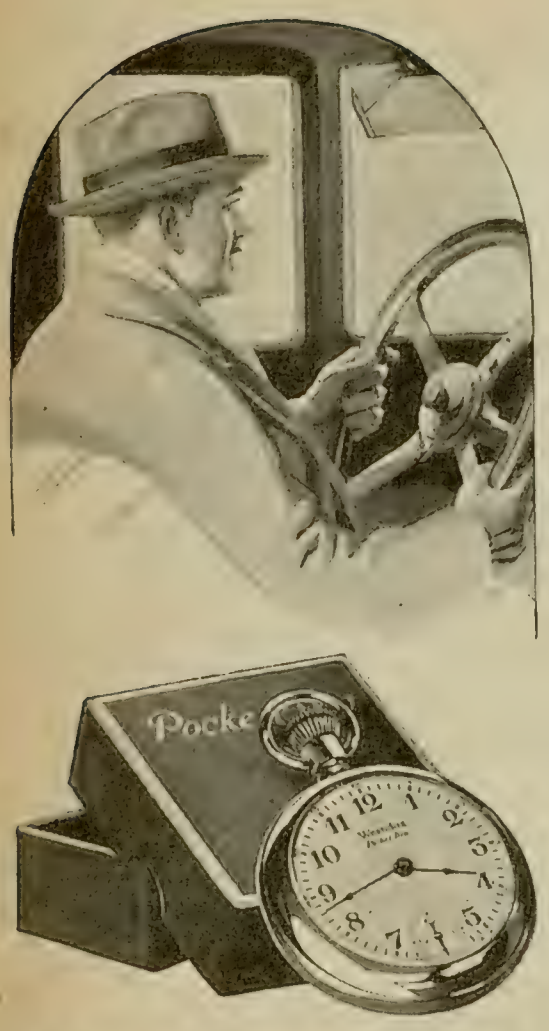

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[THE DEATH-DANCE OF THE HEAD-HUNTERS
Continued from Page Forty-five]

bacco not at all strong or rank.

The circle of which I was the hub had become so vast that I could not have left if I had desired to do so. And now I closed my eyes for a moment, playing my usual game of what I might call intensifying an experience, and said over and over to myself that this was not any make-believe or abnormal, temporary Dahomey or Dyak village in some world's fair, but the real thing; the only real Borneo; the actual, wild, savage Sea Dyaks. And also, as usual when I closed my eyes, my other senses became dominant, and the smells reinforced my assertions—the heavy, not unpleasant, and not negroid odor of the Dyaks themselves and, sifting through all, the aromatic fragrance of the burning resin.

An overwhelming realization of alien, primitive man, of the elemental vitality of exotic savagery, possessed me. For a while the veil was lifted between the present and the far-distant past, and I sensed keenly the life of my savage ancestors.

WITHOUT my knowing when it began I became aware of two low throbbing tom-toms, the beat faint and often drowned by other sounds, made by the tapping of fingers on the stretched skins. Then three men struck up the mournful, monotonous music of the native reed flutes, and two little boys strutted in, dressed in all the war regalia of grown-up Dyaks. Never was anything more stately and serious than the bearing of these children. The instinct for war is born in them, and from boyhood they are taught to revere it as they do nothing else.

Taking from the children the war coat of bearskin and hornbill feathers and the cap of red and gold beadwork, with its long, ocellated plumes of the argus pheasant, Narok began to dance. Heretofore I had known him only as one bare back among the other paddlers; now I realized that in his profession he was a great man in his race.

The tom-toms rose to a deeper and stronger tone, the flute music increased and was as intricate and exact as it was alien to my ears. A rooster among the rafters overhead stirred and crowed sleepily, and this drew my eyes upward.

There was no wind, no slightest breeze; but there, close above me, the heads were swaying at the ends of their tethers, and to my startled eyes they seemed to be moving in some terrible rhythm, in time with Narok's war dance.

The tattooed coppery body of the dancer took a hundred difficult and graceful poses, the spots of light on the hornbill feathers of his coat dancing before my eyes until all my being was concentrated on his swaying, sinuous figure. The great circle ceased to exist for me. Nothing seemed to have any reality save the dancer, the sobbing music, and the heavy, alien odor—and always those eternally waving white spots.

Above my head—I did not need to look up to see them now; I could *feel* their presence—swung the dried and blackened human heads, one of which, I imagined at my last glance, had shifted to stare vacantly down upon us through white wooden eyes.

The dancer now sank almost to the ground, his body leaning so far back that the long argus feathers swept the floor. Never ceasing for a moment the swaying, swinging rhythm, with an almost imperceptible movement he picked up his great wooden shield and drew his gleaming sword from the carved sheath at his side. Circling on one foot, the other drawn up above the knee, he spun round and round—faster and faster—until, with a resounding blow of sword on shield, and then a straight outward thrust, he sank to the floor.

This was the beginning of a terrific battle with an invisible adversary, and the dancer had just parried a fatal blow. Gradually rising, he circled like a great bird with outstretched wings, and the bird was a bird of prey, whirling about a victim for whom there was no escape. The dancing figure whirled and swayed eternally, drawing near and retreating, sinking low to the earth, only to rise again with renewed clashes of sword and shield.

I felt a strange drowsiness creeping over me. I knew exactly how *Kim* felt when he gazed at the water-filled shards of *Lurgan Sahib*. What was it about which the dancer hovered, whose shape was so illusive that I knew not whether it lay desperately wounded, with knife and shield fallen useless beside it, or whether it stood bound to a post? But always its eyes—wooden and white—were fixed upon the swaying figure, and always the white feather spots danced before me, and deep within my brain the blood pounded in tune with the tom-toms.

I had a weird sense of feeling all that the shadow figure might have felt. Always it seemed motionless, stunned, fascinated, with a vague gratitude for the hypnotic dance that made the dread end so much easier; the dance that dulled every sense, even the hope that the sword was sharp and the wielder skillful.

AND then, suddenly, its face seemed to grow black and shrunken—even as that of the swaying head above me. The dancer sank exhausted to the floor. The music ceased.

I glanced sideways at the mass of faces and all were staring open-mouthed at the heaving back of the fallen dancer.

A wretched Dyak cur yelped as he was kicked out of the circle and we were all crying "*Bagus! Bagus! Najak!*"

Only the grim heads above me remained a reality of my strange fantasy, to make me wonder how large a part hypnotism may play in what to us seems a horrible, savage practice—the head-hunting of this people. I was told later that a Dyak is sometimes quite mad for days after taking a head. I realized the infinite tact and strength with which the two English Rajahs of Sarawak—Sir James and Sir Charles Brooke—have striven to abolish this practice, the greatest passion of the Dyaks, having its roots in courtship and in their ideas of immortality and filial affection.

It was late, for the moon had dropped down below the topmost branches of the jungle, when I went back to the canoe, which was no more than a long, black shadow on the little beach. The men took up their paddles and pushed off, because we had a good distance to cover before morning, and the Dyaks wished to be well down river from the village of hostile savages which we had passed earlier. I stood up amidships and watched the lights of Narok's house become smaller and smaller, until they were no more than pin points of flame in the darkness. I remembered the tribesmen and women who had given of their best of hospitality and entertainment to please me. I thought of their simplicity, their utter unsophistication. For some reason the simplicity seemed enviable.

I looked with deep sadness at the dim figures of these savage friends, for we were on our homeward journey and in a few days we should separate.

MY mood brought home to me the tragedy of this part of all my expeditions: the meeting with people alien and strange; the passing through stages perhaps of suspicion, of readjustment, of appreciation, often to real affection; their lives and mine bound closely together for a brief space by ties of interest, respect, and danger—to part soon afterward and live out the remainder of our lives with the round earth between.

In civilization friends may go and come again, but when the jungle reaches out and reclaims its people, the whole delicate fabric is unraveled and cannot be woven again.

One never can return and find these relations unchanged. Life moves swiftly and inevitably, with no sentimental repetition of its successes or failures.

As if in proof of this, I looked back and saw the lights in Narok's house go out suddenly—all of them at once, as if a gust of wind had blown them out, while the sudden blackness there seemed to spread slowly toward us, over the trees, and then close down, darker even than night, over the purple stretch of river behind me.

THE END

Hush-Me-Dear

A Short Story of a Man and His Wife and Another Woman

By SOPHIE KERR

Pictures by T. K. HANNA

ALL the women on the porch crowded round to look at the new chain Justine Evans was wearing.

"I never saw anything like it! It might be very new or very old—Persian or Chinese," said Mrs. Somerton.

"It's very new. Hugh brought it to me when he came back from the coast."

Ellen Somerton burst out laughing. "Oh, it's a hush-me-dear," she said. "I know. George brings me one every now and then, to ease his conscience."

Then Midgy Rivers, Justine's cousin, spoke up: "For heaven's sake, don't put ideas like that into Justine's head."

"It's not original with me," shrugged Ellen, and she gave Midgy an odd, sharp look. "As far as my observation goes, every husband who steps out when he's away from home brings his wife a nice little present to square himself."

"Well, Hugh's not that sort," said Justine, "even if George is."

The flare of anger under Ellen Somerton's careful pink make-up turned it purple-red.

"All men are that sort," she snapped. "Your precious Hugh is no exception—only perhaps he's a bit more sly."

It might have turned into a war, but Pauline Baldwin intervened.

"Don't take Ellen seriously, Justine," she said. "Your chain's lovely, and I only wish it belonged to me."

George Somerton drove around to the club steps and Ellen had to go.

Pauline looked at her watch. "Good heavens—I'm having company for dinner!" she said, and rushed off to her own car.

"We ought to push off too, I suppose," said Justine to Midgy. "It's after six."

On the way home the two women said little. They were not especially congenial, though Justine "gave Midgy a home," as the phrase goes, and took her about conscientiously. But there was between them the slight antagonism that often accompanies a tie of blood.

Midgy had a good room in the Evans house, and the use of either car when no one else required them. She sat at the Evans table, and went to parties with Hugh and Justine; and now and then Justine gave her a dress or a hat or a pair of slippers. A small income of her own did the rest.

"You'll give it to nobody," he said. "And you'll stop dramatizing yourself."

There was a fiction in the family that Midgy was a companion for Justine when Hugh was forced to go away on his business trips; but Midgy usually chose the same time to pay short visits of her own, and Justine didn't mind.

When she was there, Midgy fixed the flowers, made an occasional dessert, took care of the children in an emergency—none of it very willingly, but because Justine asked her to do it, sweetly and firmly. Justine thought Midgy ought to do something for her board and keep, and secretly she hoped and prayed that she would get married and leave—the sooner the better.

For Midgy was not a malleable person. She was very slight, though not fragile, and her face was almost square, with a dent drawn in an aggressive chin. Her features were done in horizontal lines—straight eyebrows, straight, narrow dark eyes, a straight, very red mouth—and her black hair was bobbed, with a straight deep bang across her forehead. The whole effect was cubistic, and she planned her clothes to make it more so.

All this Justine did not like, and she was sure that it was this exotic appearance of Midgy's that put the men off. Marrying men, that is. Justine herself was deliciously blonde and just curved enough to make every masculine arm hanker to go around her, and she dressed in a smart, conservative, suburban way.

Usually Justine told Midgy little or nothing of how she felt about things. But today she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HUSH-ME-DEAR
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

was ruffled out of her usual serenity by the implication Ellen had given about her necklace. So she said: "Ellen Somerton is more of a cat all the time. The idea of calling Hugh's thoughtfulness for me a hush-me-dear! So vulgar! Common!"

"Yes; Ellen's a trifle inclined toward the low," assented Midgy. "But remember that she has to live with George Somerton, and that would spoil any disposition."

Having fed Justine that consoling sop, Midgy was silent; kept her head turned away, smiling. And Justine was silent, too. Midgy was right—it must be terrible to have George Somerton for a husband. It would justify any bitterness, almost any vulgarity. George Somerton—ugh!

Then, too, Ellen doubtless remembered that George had been in love with her, Justine, before either of them had married, and that on Justine's wedding day George got blind drunk and, it had been flatteringly whispered about, had tried to commit suicide. Naturally, Ellen would hold a grudge against Justine. Even so, she needn't throw mud at Hugh.

Justine Evans put an excessive value on everything that was hers; she resented any slur on her complete possession.

Out of her thoughts, not remembering that Midgy could not possibly have followed them, just as they reached the door she spoke again:

"I'd kill any woman who came between Hugh and me, and I'd *like* doing it!"

Because the car had stopped and they had to get out, she did not see how strangely blank and guarded Midgy's face had become, nor her one glance of almost fearful surmise. Justine didn't even know that she had spoken aloud. It was merely the climax of her own emotion.

She went into the house. The parlor maid said that Mr. Evans was upstairs. The children were in the nursery having their supper. So Justine went upstairs too. She didn't even look around to see what had become of Midgy. She never did, unless she had thought up some little chore for her. Justine paused at the nursery door, and the children raised a chorus of welcome. There were three, two little girls and the sturdy boy she had longed for to bear Hugh's name. They were all rosy and a little overplump. They were all dressed in the picturesque modern fashion. Their Scotch nurse and the modern equipment of the nursery completed a picture that had a certain disciplined charm, but nothing of piquancy or individuality.

Not that Justine thought so. To her the nursery and its occupants were exactly, perfectly right and a constant tribute to her maternal taste and judgment.

She kissed them all round, and hurried on. Tonight the children were not vital to her. She wanted her husband's reassuring presence.

WELL, there he was. He had bathed and shaved and flung himself on her own chaise-longue, in the midst of the cool sea greens and daffodil yellows that she affected for the room they shared. Justine thought it a bad thing for a man and his wife to have separate rooms.

"Darling," she exclaimed, dropping to her knees and burying her face in his shoulder, both arms around his neck. "Darling Hugh!"

"What's the matter? What's the idea?" He knew her moods of disturbance perfectly, and recognized in that close embrace nerves rather than affection. He was a good-looking man; dark and with a close-cropped mustache.

At his question she poured out her grievance against Ellen Somerton.

"She's too horrid! You always bring me a present every time you go away, and everybody knows you have to go away—that it's business; that it's your job to make the rounds of the different plants. You're not a pig like George Somerton, though I don't blame him; really I don't, for getting away from Ellen—but for her to pretend that your gifts to me mean that you—oh, Hugh, I'd die if you were unfaithful to me! I'd know it, I'd know it the instant it happened. I'd feel it!"

Hugh Evans squirmed himself straight, pulled his wife up to sit beside him.

"Now, look here; you're working yourself into hysterics. And for what? Because poor, silly Ellen Somerton is jealous of you and can't hide it. She's jealous of your looks and of your sense and of your happiness, because she's got none of any of 'em, and she knows it. Instead of getting so sore at her, you ought to be sorry for her."

He stroked her hair, let her lean against him.

"I suppose I am foolish. It made me so angry——"

"You're awfully foolish. Next time I go away I won't bring you anything, and you can tell Ellen, so that she'll know my morals are O. K.——"

"Hugh, stop making fun of me!"

"Oh, you'd rather I'd bring you a present all the same, turpitude included. You're a greedy little gimme—you love your presents!"

"I do love presents from you, because you've got such wonderful taste, and it's so sweet to have you thinking about me all the time."

"I give myself a hundred for taste when I picked you, old sweetie. Come along, snap out of it! We've got to get ready for dinner."

She was radiant now. While they dressed she gave him bits of gossip from her afternoon at the club, told him what the children had been doing, reported an invitation they had received for next week—to all of which he gave very little attention. He was ready before she was.

"I'll run on down," he said. "I want to see about that transplanting in the garden. After dinner it will be too dark."

But she stopped him, twined herself around him again.

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Justine went up to him and put her arms around his neck and kissed him. Over her shoulder he stared at Midgy's smiling slits of eyes.

"Tell me, Hugh—you wouldn't—you couldn't—you know—be like George Somerton?"

"Good heavens, are we back in that mess?"

"Well, I want to hear you say it—I want to hear you say that my presents aren't hush-me-dears; that you love me just as truly when you're away as when you're at home."

He disengaged himself from her firmly. His voice was calm and stern.

"You're behaving in a cheap way. I shan't answer you, except to say that if you think that sort of stuff about me, you care very little about my self-respect or your own."

With that he was gone. Downstairs he went, through the living-room, Justine's prize room of old walnut and *toile de Jouy*, out into the garden.

Midgy was on the terrace, smoking.

"H'lo, Hugh."

"H'lo, Midge."

She rose and walked down the garden with him, and when they were well out of ear range of the house, she moved a shoulder in the slightest backward gesture.

"She tell you?"

"In full."

"Funny stuff, what?"

"Not so damned funny."

"But she doesn't know anything."

"Suspicion is the first step toward knowing."

"Well, you know what you can do."

"Shut up; here she is."

Justine came down the path and put a possessive hand on Hugh's arm, ignoring Midgy.

"It's all right, don't you think? I like the blues and purples all together like this."

"Yes; he's done a good job."

The waitress summoned them to dinner. Justine and Hugh, arm in arm, turned back to the house, and Midgy followed, like a waiting, stalking cat.

Her dark eyes, as they rested on the couple before her, were filled with serene, detached malice. She noted that Justine still wore the necklace.

THERE was no sign of the recent storm in the atmosphere. Justine and Hugh talked during dinner, and Midgy said nothing—only got up at Justine's request and turned on the radio so that they could have music with dessert.

But afterward, when they had gone into the living-room for coffee, Hugh was not able to settle down with the evening papers as usual, and Justine was fidgety. Midgy, curled on the davenport with a copy of Some Do Not, was the only calm member of the trio. Her imperturbability finally roused Justine to an arbitrary command.

"I wish, if you don't mind," she said, "that you'd go up into your own room to read. I've got some private and personal things to discuss with Hugh."

She said it nastily, as she occasionally spoke to the servants; but Midgy made no sign of irritation.

"Certainly, old thing—why didn't you say so sooner?" she said, and drifted out deliberately.

"I get so tired of Midgy," said Justine, as soon as she had gone. "She's so queer."

Hugh Evans looked at his wife thoughtfully. He didn't want to talk about Midgy and he didn't want Justine to be cranky. It occurred to him that when he had called suspicion the first step toward knowledge he had enunciated a dangerous truth.

"Let's go out somewhere," he suggested.

"I don't want to go out."

"We could ask the Baldwins over."

"I don't want company."

"My dear, what is it that you do want?"

She came and stood before him.

"I want security," she said. "Ever since Ellen Somerton said that nasty thing this afternoon I've felt worried. And when I asked you, upstairs—you know—you deliberately evaded me."

He sighed. "You're unreasonable. We've been married for eleven years, and I've tried to be as good a husband as I know how to be. But because a sharp-tongued woman says something to you about one of the trinkets I've brought you, you work up a scene, demand assurances, want me to humiliate myself with all sorts of petty confessions and promises—No, Justine, it won't do. It's pretty small of you."

"If you loved me you'd not mind telling me that I'm the only woman you could ever have anything to do with."

"If you loved me, and had any respect for the dignity and decency of our marriage, you'd not ask me such a question."

They were both fully roused now. "I think it's mean of you, Hugh. I think it's rotten!" She began to cry. "How do I know what you do when you're away from home?"

"As far as that is concerned, how do I know what you do? You may be playing around with a dozen different men. But I don't come

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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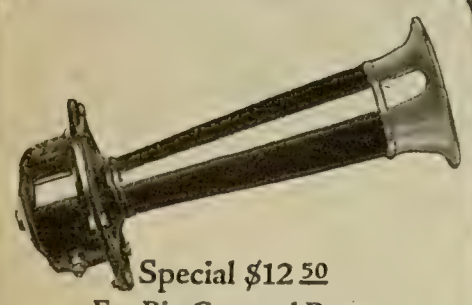

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[HUSH-ME-DEAR
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

home and put you through the third degree. And you might as well stop crying—it won't get you a thing." He felt that his temper was taking him too far. "Come, now, Justine. Look at it a little from my point of view. How do you suppose such a question makes me feel? Don't you trust me at all?"

Justine's temper felt no check. "I believe you *are* interested in some other woman! I believe this—thing"—she clutched the chain—"*is* a hush-me-dear! I don't believe you're f-faithful to m-me."

Her sobs overcame her. She sank down on the sofa and frankly bawled.

"The servants are probably all listening in and having a treat," said Hugh. "What's the matter with you tonight, anyway?"

She sat up and mopped her eyes. "Well, I'll s-show you! I'll show you if I stand it! The very first time I find out anything about you for sure, I'll leave you, and take the children, and I'll s-smear your name all over the headlines of every newspaper in the country——"

He started out of the room. "I'm going over to the Baldwins'," he said. "Better come to your senses while I'm gone."

He went round the house to the garage, and at the end of the garden a little figure wrapped in a dark cape slipped out beside him. It was Midgy, and she was laughing.

"Oh, Hugh, you were so funny!"

"Where were you?"

"Outside—I came down the back stairs. Hugh, you shouldn't have been so proud and noble. It's the wrong tack to take with Justine. I know. You should have been hurt—hurt to the quick at such base suspicion on her part." She began to laugh again. Her long slits of eyes gleamed in the dark. "Then she'd have melted and you could have staged a touching reconciliation."

"You women are the devil!"

HE flung away from her, and she did not follow. He went to the garage, and she slipped back into the shadow; but she was watching and smiling as he drove furiously down the lane. Then she walked carefully back to the house and up the back stairs to her room.

She heard Justine come up to bed, sniffling with tears. Two hours later, she heard the roadster driven in and Hugh come home.

She opened her door and listened to find out whether he and Justine were going to continue their quarrel. But there was no sound. Midgy slipped back silently, still smiling. It was all very amusing!

In the morning Justine and Hugh each assumed the air of a person with a grievance, wronged and abused. They could not ignore each other, for some sort of front had to be put up before the servants and the children; but the atmosphere of the house was thick with unspoken recrimination.

In a few days, though, this gradually wore away. Hugh was not sulky by nature, and he was the first to be conciliatory. And Justine outwardly was calm again, too. But she did not forget, even if she said nothing more.

It was a matter of only a couple of weeks when Hugh had to go away again—not a long trip this time. When he came back he offered Justine a package.

"I don't know," he said, smiling with a little mockery, "whether it's safe to give you this, but I saw it and I thought you'd like it. It will go with that pansy-colored dress you have."

It was a buckle pin of amethysts and kunzite, marvelously set in pierced gold.

JUSTINE had not answered the smile, but at the sight of the trinket she flushed with pleasure.

"Oh, but it's lovely—lovely!" she exclaimed. "But, Hugh"—she held it in her fingers and looked up at him calculatingly—"but, Hugh—it isn't——"

"No, it isn't, and you know it. But don't let Ellen Somerton see it and get you all worked up again."

"But I couldn't help it—and you wouldn't be fair. You wouldn't tell me——"

"Are you beginning all over again?"

Justine's lips began to quiver. "You're very hard on me, Hugh. You don't understand how a woman feels. She wants all of her husband or none. I couldn't bear to be under your roof, living on your money, living *with* you, if I knew you were with some other woman too——"

"Oh, Lord! Justine, once and for all, cut out this stuff. And if you don't want that buckle—if you, in some twisted feminine fashion of your own, consider every little gift I bring you a confession that I'm a rotten hound—well, throw it away, or give it to one of the servants."

"I might give it to Midgy."

Justine did not know why she said it, but the words were a stab. He snatched the buckle out of her hand.

"You'll give it to nobody," he said. "And you'll stop dramatizing yourself — getting a thrill out of your—your wicked imagination. One more spree like this and I'll take you to an alienist."

He was white and shaken, and, though he tried to be stern, he was secretly scared. But Justine did not see this. Indeed, she saw nothing more than that she was in danger of losing a very delightful accessory to her appearance.

"I'm sorry, Hugh. I didn't mean it. Give me back the buckle. It's sweet, and I'll love wearing it."

He handed it to her without a word. She was recovering herself now. The outburst had eased her tension, and she certainly did not

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

mean to lose her gift. At this moment Midgy came in, and Justine held it out to her to see.

"Look at this adorable thing Hugh has brought me."

Midgy came closer. "Hugh has very accurate taste," she said.

"He certainly has." Justine became arch, glancing coquettishly at Hugh. "But I teased him a little—remember what Ellen Somerton said about my chain?—and he got awfully cross at me—quite barked, didn't you, dear? I was all fwightened!"

"I wish you wouldn't talk baby talk," he said. "You know how I hate it."

Justine went up to him and put her arms around his neck and kissed him. Over her shoulder he stared at Midgy's smiling slits of eyes—stared at her as a man in prison might stare out at freedom, hopelessly, hungrily. Midgy shrugged her shoulders and turned away.

"Hugh's right, Justine," she said. "Baby talk's out. A present like that ought to buy him immunity from it and a lot of other things."

Justine flared again, swinging round from her husband.

"What d'you mean by that, Midgy Rivers?"

"Not a thing. I was only trying to talk like a modern play. Evidently I foozled it." Her voice was calm, low, casual.

"Oh, well—" It was impossible to make another fuss. Justine subsided.

PRESENTLY she went upstairs, still fingering her buckle, to try it with her pansy dress. Midgy had gone into the garden. Hugh sat down and mopped his forehead.

"My God!" he said aloud, and presently, "My God!" again.

In this unsatisfactory manner the world of the Evanses was again adjusted to spin at its customary even pace. Justine wore her buckle effectively and accompanied its wearing with a certain complacency.

She'd let Hugh know that she hadn't forgotten—that it wasn't all smoothed over. She'd told him what she'd do in case she ever found any loose traits in *him*. Just as well to keep him reminded what a high-minded, superior sort of wife he had. She wasn't going to stand any nonsense. It was certainly easy to discipline him—but then, everyone knew that men are nothing but children in their emotions!

She said these things to herself over and over, and most of the time was convinced of their truth. Only, now and then—and, strangely enough, always in the presence of Midgy—she found a chilly little doubt thrusting itself across the smooth warmth of her self-congratulation.

She began to find the presence of Midgy more irksome than ever, and she wondered if it wouldn't be wise to make a real effort to marry her off to someone. The little girls would soon be at an age when Midgy would be anything but a good example for them—she smoked too much, she read advanced books, she talked in such an irresponsible way. It was impossible to use vigorous simplicity and push Midgy out of the house, though if she had the least bit of sensitiveness Midgy would have gone of her own impulse.

There was another good reason, too. Justine wanted a seamstress three days in the week, to do the mending and to sew for the children; and that meant a sewing-room. Midgy's room was the perfect place. It wasn't to be expected

that Justine could sacrifice either of the two guest-rooms, and she couldn't have a seamstress in the nursery, nor on the third floor! But Midgy's room— The only solution seemed to be to hunt out a husband for Midgy.

With this idea in mind, she began to do considerably more entertaining, with emphasis on eligible young men and young men not so eligible, and a few widowers who were not hopeless. And she bought some new evening frocks for Midgy, a soft beige lace with a turquoise sash, a silver crepe with a scarlet scarf, and a shaded peach chiffon—exactly the sort of clothes men like to see women wear. Midgy wasn't consulted—if Midgy chose the frocks they would be raw green and orange and henna! And no man worth marrying looks for a wife dressed to look like a Greenwich Village folly.

Midgy was grateful enough—for the frocks; though she did say, "Aren't they rather ingenue?"

To which Justine replied, "Well, don't, for heaven's sake, wait until you are fifty to be ingenue, as so many women are doing nowadays."

Whereupon Midgy yelled with laughter. "Justine, you're becoming absolutely clever!"

IT cheered Justine immensely to see how well the men took to Midgy when she was dressed like a human being. They crowded around and were attentive. Justine began to point out the social merits of some of them, and Midgy listened in her usual calm silence. All Justine could hope was that her words sank in, and that Midgy reflected on them later. Certainly she was having a better time.

If Hugh Evans saw what was going on, he made no sign. Justine's bridges and dinners and week-end parties had the merit of keeping her busy, too busy to stage any more domestic dramas. He didn't mind spending the money, for he was making plenty—money had never worried him.

The time was coming very close for another of his trips away from home—the longest of the business year. He would be gone almost three weeks. It was an annual thing. Justine knew about it, and it was his custom when he came back each year from this long trip to bring her something specially handsome and desirable. Usually he asked her what she wanted before he left, and they joked about it more or less.

But this time he said nothing, nor did she, for they were both afraid of digging up the bloody hatchet of their last two encounters. By mutual tacit consent, they let sleeping rows lie. Justine was certain that she had intimidated Hugh into good behavior, if, indeed, he had ever offended. She wasn't sure but that she might have been unfair to Hugh—her doctor had told her over and over again that high-strung women of her type had too active imaginations!

They parted amicably—a model good-by of kisses, solicitous admonitions to be careful of health and safety, assurances of letters or telegrams every day. The children hugged daddy obediently, and, with their mother and nurse, convoyed him to the train and flapped fat hands in long farewells. Any artist might have painted the scene for a perfect modern parents' farewell.

JUSTINE had not asked Midgy to go with her to the train; indeed, at the moment of Hugh's leaving, Midgy was out sailing with a well-to-do young man, one Barry Lowden, from whose attentions Justine had high hopes. He would be an excellent catch for Midgy, and there was no use minding that his ears stuck out from his head like large sudden candle shields! As long as they are not deaf, no husband's ears really matter.

All things considered, Justine felt rather complacent as she and the children and the nurse drove home. She instructed the parlor maid to tell her the instant Midgy and her escort came in, because she meant to urge Barry Lowden to come back to dinner. And then she went and looked over Midgy's room speculatively.

Here she would have a connection for the electric iron; there she would have a folding pressing-board; and maybe it would be better to arrange a hinged cutting-shelf that could stand flat against the wall when not in use, than to put in a regular cutting-table. The light was good—it would make an ideal sewing-room.

Justine wondered whether she might go so far as speak to Pauline Baldwin about hiring her seamstress the three days she wasn't at the Baldwins. The girl put that in at various places by the day—surely she'd rather have her week filled by two responsible employers than go about! Reluctantly Justine decided not to say anything about the seamstress until Midgy actually announced her engagement.

The first week of Hugh's absence passed quickly and agreeably enough in a spasm of late summer parties, and the increasing certainty on Justine's part

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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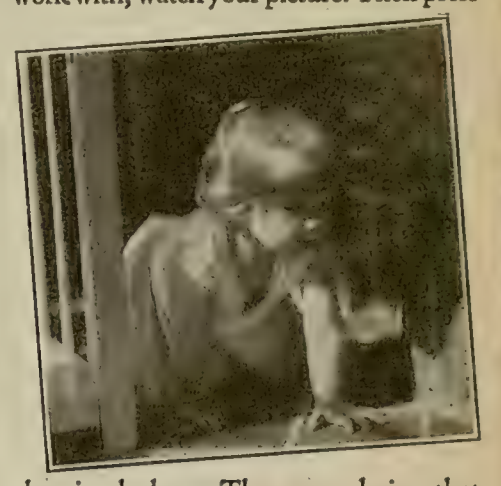

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[HUSH-ME-DEAR
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

that Barry Lowden's intentions toward Midgy were serious.

He was always underfoot. His ears became a constant part of the immediate landscape. Justine encouraged him tactfully, trying hard not to overdo it. If only Midgy would say something! But she was inscrutable, and Justine wouldn't question her, because that might make her jib and break up the whole thing.

She could have shouted for joy, though, when Midgy, after a fit of restlessness, said abruptly that she was going to run off for a few days—that there was something she wanted to think out! It was as plain as Barry Lowden's ears! He had proposed, and Midgy wanted a little time for reflection.

Justine longed to tell her to grab him; that delays are dangerous. Instead she merely said pleasantly: "I'll miss you, Midgy. When will you be back, d'you think?"

Midgy answered, not at all pleasantly in her turn, "I don't know. Pretty soon."

"Where are you going?" Justine was still pleasant.

"Home."

"Home" meant the dull and dingy little city where both Midgy and Justine had spent their childhood. Justine had long ago cut every tie that had bound her to it; but Midgy owned a bit of property there from which her income came. Instantly Justine surmised that Midgy, her engagement in view, intended to sell her two or three old houses and use the money to make a little nuptial splurge before Barry Lowden's family—a very sensible plan, for his mother and sisters were snobbish and difficult. So Justine asked nothing more.

It was delightful to have the house all to herself. Everything was working out so beautifully! She sent off her daily letter to Hugh; she went over the children's fall clothes, and supervised the gardener's bulb order; she selected some new upholsteries and curtains for the living-room; and she thought out in detail just what sort of wedding she would give Midgy and Barry and how much she would entertain for them beforehand. And when she wasn't doing any of these things, she was over at the country club for golf and luncheon, or someone asked her to dinner, or Pauline Baldwin came to take her to drive out to a country auction with a flavor of antiques.

She was almost sorry when the day came for Hugh's return; yet there was compensation in Midgy being still away.

HUGH looked a little worn. He said that it had been a tiresome trip and that he was glad it was over. When he began to unpack his luggage, he took out a tied-up box and handed it to Justine.

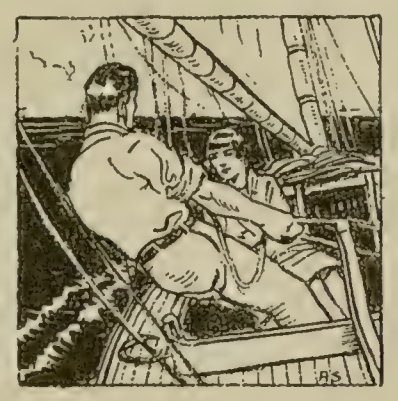
"I hope you'll like them," he said.

She ripped off the paper and string, to find in her hands a jeweler's case of brocade, betokening something valuable. She slipped the catch, holding the case carefully level, and there lay the thing she had longed for for years—a small string of pearls, not very large, but so excellent in quality that even an ignoramus must know, looking at them, that they were real.

"Oh, Hugh!" she exclaimed. "I could die with joy! Oh, they are beautiful! They are wonderful! They are *exactly* what I wanted—*exactly* the size, the color, everything! Oh, how perfectly darling of you! I shan't even scold you for being extravagant, they make me so happy——"

She went on talking while he stood, arms folded, watching her. She took the pearls out carefully, ran them through her fingers, fastened them around her throat, turned her head this way and that to get the effect.

"They are just too lovely! They are just *right!*"



The gift rounded out her confidence that her life was at last in a fixed orbit, with no uncomfortable tangents possible. She had been mad for a string of pearls, but she hadn't expected to get it, for Hugh was the sort of man who felt that any jewelry above five or six hundred dollars was a ridiculous extravagance. These pearls must have cost five or six thousand! Maybe ten; for, though they were not large, they were certainly good.

"Sit down," she told him, her gratification moving her to unusual effort. "I'll unpack the rest of your things."

SHE hung up his suits, set his shoes on the shelf of his closet. She tumbled out his soiled linen in a heap on the floor.

"Careless old thing!" she scolded. "Left your studs and links in that dirty shirt." She began to take them out. "And, look, one stud's gone."

"Prob'ly dropped in that bag."

But, though she searched, she couldn't find it. Hugh got up and helped her hunt; turned the bag upside down and shook it, ran his fingers into the pockets. The stud wasn't there.

"That's a nuisance," he said. "I liked those studs, though they're not specially valuable. Let me see—I had that shirt on at dinner in Chicago night before last, and I took it off and stuffed it in the bag. I'll wire out to the hotel tomorrow and see if it might have been picked up."

They bothered about it no further. Justine didn't care; it seemed such a small matter, and she was so taken up with her pearls. Even a telegram from Midgy announcing her return the next evening didn't dim her radiance. Midgy had to come back some time, and the sooner she came and announced her engagement to Barry Lowden, and went through the wedding, why, the more Justine would be pleased. She told Hugh about Midgy.

"I don't believe she'll marry

Barry Lowden," he said, as if he didn't like it.

"For heaven's sake, why not? Of course, his ears are bad, but otherwise he's plenty good enough for her, and she might get him to go to one of these new facial surgeons."

"Well, Midgy never seemed to me the marrying kind."

"All girls are the marrying kind if they can only find a man. You don't realize that very few men have ever shown a serious interest in Midgy."

Hugh didn't go on with the subject, so Justine didn't argue further. She reflected that men know very little about women, and that this ignorance is not undesirable. Time would inevitably prove her right about Midgy, as she had been right about so many other things.

The next morning she called up Barry Lowden and told him Midgy was coming back and that he must come to dinner on Thursday. Having fixed that, she felt so pleased with herself that she met Midgy quite affectionately, and went up with her to her room — so soon to be the sewing-room.

While Midgy unpacked, she sat and talked —she did not offer to help Midgy, as she had done for Hugh. First she showed her the pearls. And Midgy exclaimed for a moment, then went on with her work. So characteristically selfish of Midgy to be more interested in getting her dresses out than to admire Justine's pearls!

Without a word, Justine held the stud toward Midgy on her open palm. Midgy did not move.

MIDGY lifted out the tray of her big week-end case and started to put away the small articles it contained. Justine, sitting beside the open case, could see the contents. On top was the lace evening dress she had bought for Midgy, none too carefully folded.

Her eyes caught the gleam of a small bright object caught in the meshes of the lace. She leaned forward—looked again.

Her world—her renovated, peaceful, satisfactory world—exploded with the sudden completeness of a bomb.

She was looking at Hugh's missing stud.

She reached out to disentangle it from the lace, and Midgy turned from the open dresser and saw her.

Without a word, Justine held the stud toward her on her open palm. Midgy did not move.

After a moment of heavy silence, she said in a low voice, "Well, what are you going to do?"

Justine's hand dropped to her lap. Now she knew why she had always hated Midgy. Now she knew—everything! And she had known it all the time. Somehow she had known that Midgy was cold and treacherous and bad, and that she had wanted Hugh—and that Hugh had responded to that wanting.

How often Midgy had gone away when Hugh was on one of his trips! They had met, lovers for years.

Justine was trembling. She thought she was going to faint—she thought she was going to die.

The gifts, the precious pretty things Hugh had brought her, were, as Ellen Somerton had said, no more than sops to his conscience. Hush-me-dears indeed! Her jewel box was full of them, and now—these pearls——

She sat still, looking at Midgy, because she had not strength enough to move. But her thoughts did not falter. They were not weak. They were steady and straight. She remembered what she had said to Hugh, threatening him:

"I'll smear your name in the headlines of all the papers in the country. I'll take the children and leave you. I wouldn't stay under your roof, living on your money, one more day!"

SHE had thought she meant these things. But now that the moment had come, she knew they were all lies—empty, swaggering lies. If she smeared his name in the headlines, she would also be smearing her own and her children's. What would she live on if she left him? There would be alimony, maybe, but she had heard plenty of divorced women declaim on the difficulty of collecting it.

She would have to give up her house—her cherished, lovely house with the furnishings and fittings she had assembled with such pride and care. She would have to give up her garden, her competent servants, her cars, all the easy, well ordered, well arranged social life in which she played such a capable part. She would have to see lawyers and reporters, and go into a horrible courtroom day after day while horrible photographers took pictures in which she would look a perfect hag!

And what would there be to repay her for all the mess and fuss and trouble?

REVENGE, certainly! Vindication of her self-respect! Try as hard as she could, she didn't seem to be able to find anything more. And there was a thinness and flatness about any revenge and vindication that cost the innocent party so dear. Another overwhelming idea came to her: Suppose Hugh should then marry Midgy!

Then Midgy spoke again, eagerly, passionately:

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm not going to do anything," said Justine, at last. "I suppose you think I'll fling my pearls in your face and drive you from the house, shrieking reproaches. I wouldn't give you that much satisfaction, my dear. Perhaps you imagine I'll divorce Hugh and hand him over to you. If that's what you're waiting for, you'll have quite a wait.

"Why, you little fool, what do you get out of this? Nothing! Nothing but a—a furtive satisfaction, a furtive *animal* satisfaction. I've got the things that count—Hugh's name, his children, the house, the place in the community. You're nothing! And because you've been running an affair with Hugh I'm to throw away all this, and in time see it transferred over to you? That's almost comical."

"I knew it," said Midgy. "I knew it all the time! You're one of the women who want to be kept and live soft, even if there isn't a scrap of decency left in your relations with your husband. You're the typical good woman with a wedding ring—hard as nails, selfish as hell, your marriage a farce, but ready to smile sweetly and pretend everything's all right as long as you get *yours*."

"It'll do you no good to say nasty things to me, Midgy. It only shows the weakness of your own

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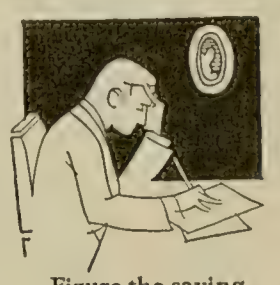

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[HUSH-ME-DEAR
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

position. I've got the upper hand."

Midgy clasped her hands above her head and bent backward in a gesture more significant of grief and despair than of any humility.

"I love Hugh!" she said. "I love him. He's all I have in the world. I don't care whether you get a divorce or not—I won't let him go."

"I never heard anything so utterly shameless in my life. As for letting him go—we'll see about that. I'm not going to permit this sort of thing to continue, you can be sure. You'd better marry Barry Lowden before he finds out about you."

"You've been working hard for that," muttered Midgy.

It was delightful to Justine to vent the pent-up venom of years.

"I should say I have. You've been nothing but a blight in this house from the first moment you came—a regular blight! As for your loving Hugh—I'm perfectly certain he's not half so crazy over you as you are over him. I bet you dragged him into this thing."

Midgy winced. "You have an infernal intuition," she said honestly. "I do care more for Hugh than he does for me. He's got a complex about appearances, which I have not. But I love him so much that doesn't matter. Nothing matters!"

"There you are—just as I suspected. Now you can see how much better it would be all round if you got married and went off quietly. I want to use this room as a sewing-room, too——"

Midgy burst into a loud, strange laugh.

"Justine—you're superb! If you didn't need this room for a sewing-room, I don't believe you'd bother about anything else."

A maid appeared at the door. "Mr. Lowden is on the telephone, asking for you, Miss Rivers," she said.

"There," said Justine. "You can get him."

Midgy threw up her arms in a gesture in which there was despair and surrender. She could not fight a jellyfish. She knew that Justine would keep her word about what she would and wouldn't do. She went out to the telephone without another word.

Justine rose and walked down the hall to her own room, and began to dress for dinner. She was shaken but elated.

"A good woman," she reflected—"a really good woman like me is always protected by Providence."

When Hugh came in, she said to him: "I found your lost stud."

"Where was it?"

"In among some things. I put it with your others."

She looked in the glass and clasped her new pearls around her neck. They were adorable.

"The next time you go away, Hugh," she said, "I hope you'll bring me some earrings to wear with this."

THE END

For the Love o' Lil

"I Arise from Dreams of Thee"

A New Chapter in LIBERTY'S Famous Cover Continuity

By LESLIE THRASHER

BRRR! Click-click-click! Whang! Tied by a speckled necktie to the head of the bed, the alarm clock rattled out its tinny reveille.

Sandy opened his eyes, one at a time. An athletic leap and he tackled the day with a rush. He ran out into the hall, to beat his neighbors to the bathroom. Inside, he turned on the hot water in basin and tub. Then, opening his shaving kit, and thinking of Lil, he waxed musical.

"'My bonnie lies over the o-shun,'" he kept time with the swishing flap-flap of his brush; "'My bonnie lies over the sea.'" Each note grew louder than its operatic predecessor. "'My bonnie lies over the o-shun.'" He screwed his lathered jaw horizontally to port. "'Oh, bring back my bonnie to me!'" This last line was hummed through lips rounded tightly over his teeth.

Several roomers tossed in their sleep.

Wiping off his face, he vaulted into the tub and began to yodel The Stars and Stripes Forever. He slid from trembling head tones to trombone chest vibrations. These tremolo notes would have awakened all the echoes in the Alps. Now, from the first floor to the attic, they awakened every sleeper in the rooming-house.

Somebody began to pound violently on the hot-water pipe.

"Par-*sley!* Not par-*snips!*" At the foot of the stairs the landlady was screaming into the phone.

"'Got no time for blues or anything.'" Thinking of Lil, Sandy wielded a partly bald long-handled brush that had traveled up and down many a bather's back. "'I'm so happy I just want to sing—'"

"I just want to say a few words," his landlady puffed, coming up the stairs.

A wild splashing of foam-dappled water and an avalanche of snowy soapsuds accompanied the resonant finale:

"'Hello, Bluebird!'"

Mrs. Perkins' heavy step. A dramatic summons on the door. With wide-open mouth and rolling eyes, Sandy suddenly completed his bathtub solo.

(To be continued next week)

ALMOST the first thing a man notices about a woman is her hair. It is, indeed, as much discussed these days as prohibition! And as heatedly! But NOT unfavorably *unless it is* DULL *and* LIFELESS.

One remembers, too, that all the great beauties of history were extolled for the loveliness of their lustrous tresses.

Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Ninon, Sappho, to say nothing of the Lady Godiva!

And most of them had reddish tints imprisoned within those silken tresses.

Certainly one never hears them described as drab or sandy blondes!

For these women knew the value of gleaming tresses, and one may be sure that if they hadn't come by them naturally, they would have quickly acquired them, when they found how unfailing was their charm.

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Portrait of a LADY With Red Hair

The Record of a Flaming Life, Written in Fire

An Autobiography by

Mrs. Leslie Carter

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Leslie Carter's triumphs in The Heart of Maryland and Zaza established her as one of the foremost stars of the day.

The Heart of Maryland received enthusiastic acclaim in New York. Chicago, where Mrs. Carter and her manager, David Belasco, had feared failure, gave her one of the greatest ovations of her career when she appeared there in Zaza. Society, which frowned upon Mrs. Leslie Carter the divorcee, eagerly accorded the laurel crown to Mrs. Leslie Carter the actress.

Following a successful tour of the country in Zaza, Belasco took the play to London—and another triumph. Then came a long and painstaking search for a new vehicle and a new role fitting the genius of Mrs. Carter. Belasco went to the most colorful period of the history of France for his inspiration—and found it in Madame du Barry.

In this installment of her autobiography Mrs. Carter tells of Belasco's arduous search to recreate the character that was to raise her to even higher peaks of fame.]

Mrs. Leslie Carter in the character of Du Barry.

Photos from the Albert Davis Collection

Mrs. Carter as Du Barry *and Hamilton Revelle as* Cossé-Brissac, Du Barry's *lover.*

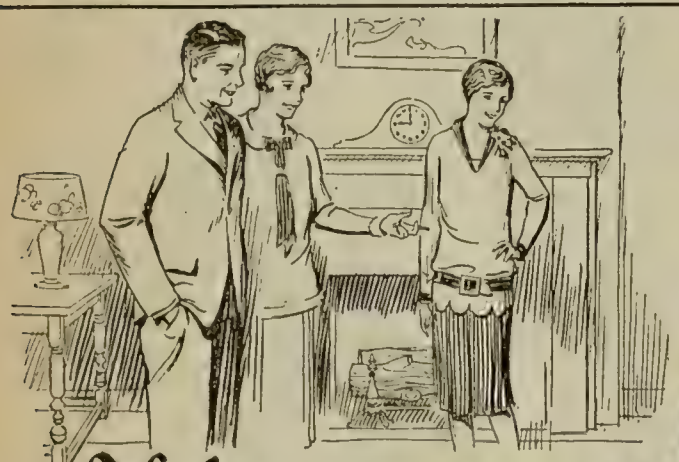
PART SIX

AFTER I had ended my engagement in Zaza I also closed my establishment in Queens Gate, and the following week saw us all in Paris—amusing, fascinating, interesting, magical, but best of all informing Paris.

In attempting to take the power of her enchantment to pieces, I found myself trying to catalogue her seductions.

One thing and foremost: one always feels, while in Paris, bathed in an extra intense, radiant love of life. Then one is filled with her art, her literature, her sense of what is beautiful, whether in a new style, an

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

exquisite face, a triumphant arch, or another boulevard. We are in debt to her for the fashion of dining under the trees to watch the world go by.

Paris can be tragically impressive as no other city in the world can. It was on my last visit there before the one I am speaking of that I saw what she could do when one of her Titans died. It was the funeral of Victor Hugo.

All night his body, with its dark pall, lay under the Arc de Triomphe. All night long this Frenchman, whose greatness was the mightiness of France, rested serenely still, guarded by cordons of soldiers, who stood there only as symbols of honor.

Enormous flambeaus lighted the scene as during the whole twenty-four hours thousands passed, a steady, solemn vigil beside the coffin of one of the sons of France.

Victor Hugo had expressed a wish that his funeral should be very simple. And now one saw how Paris could be profoundly, mournfully, impressively simple.

The last hour arrived. Great guns from Mont-Valérien saluted the illustrious dead. The drums rolled. From the Arc de Triomphe the plain hearse, unpretentious—the pauper's hearse he had asked for—drawn by two black horses, began its dignified march along the great boulevards of Paris.

The Garde Républicaine played the Marseillaise, then swung into the melancholy grandeur of Beethoven's Funeral March, pacing this to the accompaniment of muffled drums. I never knew the world could be so hushed.

FOUR of Hugo's nearest friends held the cords of the pall, while, dramatically alone, behind it walked his only living son, George Hugo. Back of him, also on foot, came his widow, his daughter, and intimates of his household. Then the French and foreign journalists, the Society of Dramatic Authors, delegates from the national and other theaters.

Not a horse or a carriage marred the unbroken line. Thousands upon thousands followed it. Men in blue blouses, whose cause he had made his own—peasants, sculptors, poets, writers, workers; women from every class of life—all carrying wreaths.

On they came, and still on. Not a sound broke the tense stillness except the muffled tramping of this grave, reverent army. It was as if, in some remote morning of creation, giants were burying their primordial dead.

I watched it from a window in the Champs Elysées. Crowds of people were there—in windows, balconies, even on the house roofs. The procession took hours to pass a given point.

Through the streets where for years Victor Hugo had found his special subjects, through those streets that had inspired him by their vividness and fullness of human life, they bore him like a monarch to his resting-place. France said: "We are not celebrating a funeral, but a coronation." So, like an immortal king too great for trappings or pomp, they laid him in the Pantheon. They unchurched it for the occasion, taking from it the relics of the patron saint of Paris, so that he who had done more for her glory than any saint might rest there.

AND this man who loved and understood the heart of the world, august, majestic, in profound simplicity, rode forward on his last great adventure.

One more significant picture of Victor Hugo's funeral:

On an iron balcony, in a house of gray stone, I saw a young woman in black. She had thrown back her sable veil as she gazed down on the passing cortege. The folds of the drapery from which came the grave, pale head, the gesture of that high raised arm shadowing that still undisturbed face, that immense calm, brooding and melancholy—all this grasped the immobile figure, making it stand there as an emblem of Mourning Victory.

Alexandre Dumas wrote: "The history of France is the history of the world." Where better could you go searching for a heroine than in the brilliance of her background? In her intrigue, her romance, her drama, she bewildered you by the many dazzling ladies you had to choose from.

Mr. Belasco had at his finger tips a hundred romances of history. One in particular held an intense lure for him—Mary Stuart. But I never flared to this queenly trollop as did he.

She seemed just a lovely puppet whom the dukes of Lorraine could stuff with sawdust. Then the Scottish lords would come along and pull that out to fill her with a brand of their own. Someone else would empty that, fill her, truss her up again.

Photo from the Albert Davis Collection
An old picture of Elsie de Wolfe.

I never could see clearly to the end of the picture. If there is no directness of vision there will be no directness of speech. She had no continuity; she confused me. As my little boy, Dudley, once said about his toy soldier, we "leave her lay."

Oscar Wilde once said: "They do not understand that I can think in no other way save in stories. The sculptor does not translate his thought into marble; he *thinks* in marble."

Mr. Belasco could think in no other way except in terms of drama. Everything that appeared was immediately transformed into plot. So we went hunting for a plot in odd historical corners of Paris, hoping that somewhere in their hidden depths the germ of an old idea would volunteer for a

new dress. Near the Place du Carrousel, over by the Louvre, we were told we would find all that was left of the Hotel de Longueville.

Mr. Dave thought the character of the Duchesse de Longueville, celebrated for her support of the Fronde, a brilliant subject. But it wasn't long before he had to bury the beauty, on discovering in her only an arrogant pride and many gallantries.

It is impossible to say how many places we haunted, among them the last home of Mme. Récamier, which still looked out on its same square of green with its small fountain, just as it did in the days when Chateaubriand climbed the steps to his friend.

"Too tame," he said of her. After which estimate, Julie Récamier tripped back to her grave.

THEN to the Place Dauphine, where Mme. Roland once lived.

"Too cold!" So the protagonist of equality and liberty returned to the shadow where she belonged for both of us.

Paulette Bonaparte—Josephine de Beauharnais—to each one he reacted with a weary indifference.

We made the rounds of the Louvre and the Versailles museums. Everywhere the air about us was heavy with splendor, intrigue, and passion. There they hung, the dear dead women of France who helped to rule, to build, and to devastate her.

We paused for some time before the picture of Marie Antoinette by Mme. Lebrun at Versailles. She gazed out on us from that lofty face of hers, so passionless and indistinct. I have never seen a portrait of her that was touched with any warmth. With all her tragedy, her life left me cold. Events made her—she never made events.

In the Louvre, among the Davids and Bouchers and Nattiers, there wasn't among them all a splendid ghost that interested Belasco. But yes, just one—Francoise-Athenais, Marquise de Montespan. We halted a long while before the portrait of her by Jean Petitot. How he must have loved her beauty, so to have perpetuated it: the grave, faultless mouth; the superb questioning eyes, with their expression of faint surprise. You would have thought, looking into them, they housed only the supreme fact of a great love.

Magnificent plunderer! She had nothing to justify Belasco's making her into a play.

"All I can find of her was that she was indiscreet enough to reproduce in her children the features of a Bourbon king." With this summing up of the lady, Mr. Dave dismissed her.

It is a well known fact that David Belasco is absorbed with the indignities of humanity, rather than with its dignity. The women who interested him most, who lassoed his imagination, never shocked or disgusted him; he was not ashamed of their weaknesses. Adjusted to their sex was the undeniable fact that in human nature there is duality. He saw in them just as much good as bad. To be honest, I don't think he ever recognized the bad. There was life, and it pulsed to the human soul that drove it. Whether the story rounded itself off in the properly approved way was entirely outside of his concern.

Brown Brothers photo

Photo from Harold Seton

A portrait of Madame du Barry (above), and the gate of her home (below), from which she was dragged to the guillotine.

AT Paillard's Restaurant, where the wheel is seen in full circle, one night dining near us was the Maharajah of Kapurthala, with his brown-faced suite. Weary, satiated, sybaritic. What a study! At his table was a frail young French girl not more than eighteen, like an ornament of white jade, with sultry eyes, around her neck enormous strands of heavy pearls.

"There!" Mr. Dave nodded his head toward the picture. "If I could once seek out the motive for that, I would find the excuse. For the excuse is always there."

"Turn your head from her as one may," he would say of a woman of the half-world, "she cannot be eliminated in that way. She is behind thrones; she sits under the chair of the political leader; she is powerful in the lives of men. As long as she is the force she is, plays like mine can never be useless."

He wished to find a character when Destiny had taken her to its culminating point—"that hot and dazzling hour of midday, the moment when there is the least shade and the most possible light."

In the variety of splendor and shadow of Jeannette Vaubernier's life, he came upon his heroine. It was this way:

WE had been dining at Versailles with Elisabeth Marbury and Elsie de Wolfe. To amble back a moment to the days when he coached the lovely young amateurs of society—Miss de Wolfe had been a pupil of his for eight years; she had been under his guiding hand, and he prepared her carefully when she made her stage début in Sardou's Thermidor. She was a beautiful girl, to me, with a certain amount of talent, but not enough fire to light the torch within. She suggested the boudoir or the salon, but never the woods or the fields.

A biography is like a Wagner score—a piece with a theme strict only in form, but which treats, colors, and fires events according to the imagination back of it. As far as my memory—and it is a good one—serves me, this was the beginning of the character in a play that stands forth as David Belasco's most pictorial and successful drama and my own as well.

At this time Bessie Marbury and Miss de Wolfe occupied a small villa at Versailles belonging to Lady Anglesey. Americans as they both were, I have never known anyone to fit so perfectly their background as did these two women.

Next door to them stood the famous historical pavilion known as the Hermitage, once the property of Madame de Pompadour. At that time it, with most of its exquisite contents, was in the possession of a community of nuns. It had been given them after the Revolution. There's the French for you! Archangels singing in the choir of a courtesan!

Mr. Belasco told Bessie Marbury he was looking for a play for me. He was dissatisfied with the heroines he had in mind. None of them seemed to clutch at his imagination or to *drive* him. They had to possess him entirely and ride him, or he could not *see* them.

He seemed very tired and dejected as we sat at the table and talked. Elisabeth Marbury, who has the smallest feet and the largest mind of any woman I know, who can keep a roomful of people like quiet mice, began to tell us what France meant to her.

Victorien Sardou lived in a chateau jammed full of history at

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

Marly-le-Roi, near them, and had driven her over a few kilometers away to the pavilion at Louveciennes that had once belonged to the Countess du Barry.

"You know," went on Miss Marbury, "Sardou says, when history makes a drama she makes a good one." She paused, turned to both of us, clapped her hand on the table in that emphatic way she has. "There, David Belasco! There's your drama fullborn, complete, with all its scenes."

The next day we drove to Louveciennes. It has always seemed an interesting and curious thing that this chateau of Du Barry stands today, in view of the fact that, when Mr. Dave sought for authentic relics belonging to her, there was none to be found. In their mad dance macabre, the revolutionists had destroyed everything remotely suggesting Du Barry, attributing to her the fearful calamities that overtook France.

What was left of the exquisite mementos of a king's friendship were all sold and scattered for the upkeep of the revolutionary army. Even the beautiful portrait of her by Drouais went to Russia, and was, the last I knew of it, in the palace of Prince Youssoupoff.

WHO asks why Fate, for her inscrutable purposes, preserves some records of her eternal dramas? What mystery saves a villa of Du Barry, to destroy a Tuileries? Or cares for an ivory Christ in an obscure country church to demolish a Louvain Cathedral? Or—or—one could go on indefinitely. But there the chateau itself stood like a challenge to my questioning.

The owner was an American woman. I will let Bessie Marbury tell, in her own inimitable way, how this came into the lady's hands:

"Unlike the women in Philadelphia, where she was born, the Countess of X—— was given a great spirit of adventure. This urge took her to Paris under the Second Empire. On the voyage over, it was her fate to meet and form an alliance—left-handed, to be sure—with a very distinguished Frenchman *avec une fortune*. He made of her a great lady, surrounded her with groups of interesting personalities, established her with an unexcelled chef, stocked her cellar with vintage wines, then, with one last grand adieu, gave to her in marriage his best friend with a title, presenting her as a wedding gift the Chateau of Louveciennes. *Alors!*"

I should not have liked living in this memory-burdened villa.

Our hostess, now grown old and demure, showed us where once had rested the famous Fragonards, painted by order of the King for Du Barry.

The story of them is well known, but always worth hearing. After the young artist had placed them in the spaces made to receive them, the *maîtresse en titre* had them taken down, returning them to him in a great rage. In the delicate imagery of M. Frago-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"It's just as good today as when I was a girl. It soothes the throat and stops the tickle that makes you cough."
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All styles call for slenderness, short skirts in particular. And most women, as you see, are meeting that requirement.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

nard's goddesses she thought she found counterparts of herself and the King, especially in the fifth panel, which represented a *Penelope* disconsolately leaning against a marble column—alone. It was too fateful an augury of what had happened to those that "put their trust in princes." Perhaps we owe to her fury their preservation, for now they hang, in all their wonder, in Henry Frick's private gallery on Fifth Avenue, New York.

One recognized the fact, on standing in the enormous courtyard before the villa, that it had been built for the mood of a great monarch. It was 80 per cent the size of the chateau, and had been conceived for the accommodation of the many great personages in their sedan chairs, coaches, falbalas, and hoopskirts that daily crowded it.

Here was the door from which they dragged her, step by step, on knees that had never bent to anyone save her France. Here to these very gates clung her frail hands, which had to be torn away. I cannot tell how profoundly she moved me. Here, at last, was the woman of purple, color, and high noon.

AT this time Mr. Belasco had starring under his management Blanche Bates and David Warfield. He was going through the hardest battle in theatrical history — the war known as the Theatrical Syndicate Fight, which I am going to speak of at length—yes, at many lengths —later.

He was harassed to death—nervously exhausted. He had promised, in fact committed himself, to write a new play for Miss Bates. When at last the magnitude of outfitting me in this new venture really presented itself, with all its attendant historical research, it seemed beyond his present strength.

"Very well," said Miss Marbury, on hearing his protests on the labor of it, "let me speak to Jean Richepin. He is a poet with an idealist's mind, also a feeling for the theater. If he accepts, I will arrange for you all to meet."

Jean Richepin was a man who had the reputation that all women said to him, "If you were coming in the fall, I'd brush the summer by." On meeting him, one could understand how his fantastic personality and temperament had absorbed Bernhardt to the extent of their forming a passionate friendship. To this day I can bring to my recollection no one more electrical than Richepin. Daring, original, brutally delicate and delicately brutal, he was called by his confreres, because of his way of sweeping women off their feet, the Fatal Man.

Around Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo or the Tunisian bazaars, in those thin, lithe, superb spahis, those Algerian officers that once served France, with their long, pale blue, rippling cloaks, you could find a dozen Richepins—the same unmasked eyes, the same light staccato walk. Most of the writers and playwrights I met in France might be classed with what I call the "natural exotics"—Richepin, Pierre Loti, Henri Bataille, De Courcelle. They never, by any chance, betrayed their type by ventures into opposite fields.

Brown Brothers photo

A Fragonard panel in the Frick Collection, ordered for Du Barry by the King of France.

The blood that ran pell-mell, helter-skelter, through Richepin, at no time came into conflict with his astonishing mind, which was like a chalice filled with rare beauty.

On driving with him through Paris, he once said:

"See, madame, they call her the 'Holy Courtesan.' Is she not rightly named? She is a great phallic temple set down like a huge trull in the midst of her Notre Dames, her Madeleines, and her St. Roches. She can burn like some white candle in a holy place, or blaze like Venus before the fires of Vulcan."

I WAS present at some of the interviews between Richepin and Mr. Belasco, acting as interpreter —the former speaking no English, the latter no French. Now, this is another illustration of that curious faculty of Mr. Dave's which made the mere drapery of speech unnecessary for understanding or making himself understood.

When Mr. Belasco, in his impatience, not waiting for my translation, would gesticulate his material in outline, talking quickly the while, I would turn to Richepin, saying, "Mr. Belasco says thus and so," and he would as impatiently answer:

"Yes, yes—I understand him perfectly."

Richepin became very enthusiastic. Once, in that charming Gallic way, I thought he was going to embrace Mr. Dave and kiss him on both cheeks. Perhaps he did; I don't remember. We were all in high spirits. The next few short weeks were filled with a feverish activity. Through a French friend of Mr. Belasco's, he was presented to the scenic artist of the Comedie Francaise, who received the order to build all the scene models. Percy Anderson was commissioned for the costume plates.

Now we began to ransack Paris for anything authentic of Du Barry's period. There is no special place to hunt for antiques. Like women's eyes, Paris was filled with them. In out-of-the-way streets you would stumble on them; in *impasses*, near all the *ponts*.

THE French have a solemn way of decorating with plaques the houses of those that have added to her glory.

One afternoon, walking through a little street that was for pedestrians only, I stumbled on the sign:

ALFRED DE MUSSET
Est Mort dans cette Maison

And just beyond, in the Place du Vosges, another small plate that told us Rachel had once lived there. It was numbered 13. Of what vistas of human effort through unnumbered years were these plaques the record! Behind these conventional symbols of words, what steps, what gifts, what ironies of life!

The hotel in which I stayed was an unfashionable one in a charming old Paris street, crowded round by sloping roofs and tall white houses. Visible through my long French window was the one in which Jeannette Vaubernier, afterward Du Barry, once lived. It brought to my mind all the tragic, desperate, passionate scenes, all the concentrated fury of movement, and made a certain intensity of value in her character to me to think I was so near it all.

Near the Petit Pont were many small, dirty shops filled with saucepans, porcelain vases, musical instruments, old clothes, old iron —shops where Mr. Belasco spent many hours digging, where I spent none. I liked best the boulevards, the thrilling meditative palaces, which Madame Pierre Berton and I used to haunt, and where you will find exemplified best these lines:

All passes. Art alone
Enduring stays to us:
The Bust outlasts the throne,—
The Coin, Tiberius.

I once met the writer of those lines, Austin Dobson, in England. To think he could write verse like that, and resemble the scared *White Rabbit* in Alice in Wonderland!

Lady Meuse, Cora Potter, and I were in my hotel on an afternoon when Mr. Belasco entered with an enormous package, which he set before us with much satisfaction. He had been to the Morgue in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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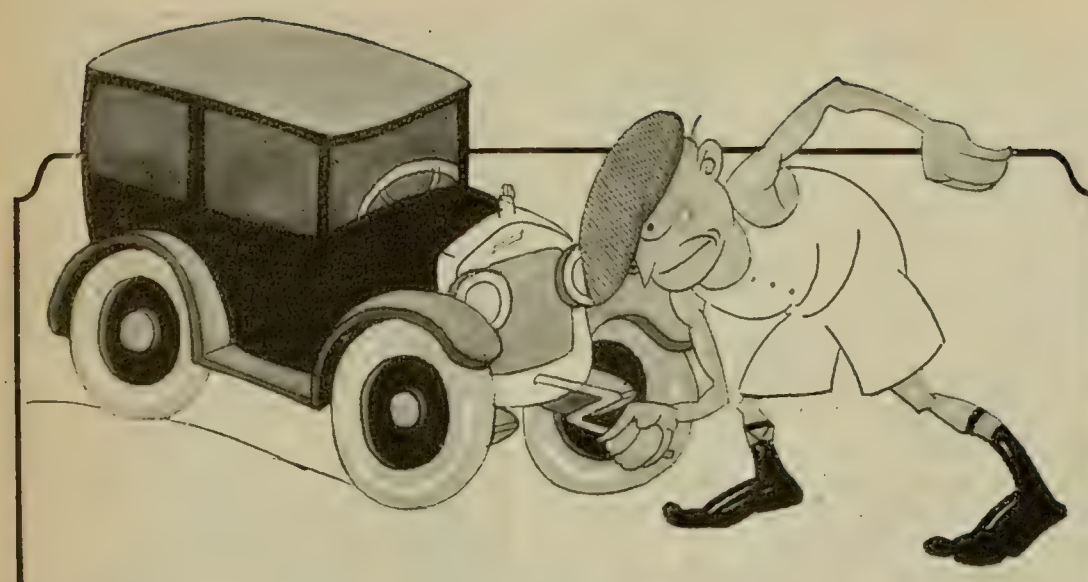

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[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

old part of Paris. In his graphic and dramatic way he began to describe those melancholy forms that lay behind glass in the city of death, the little jet of water playing over each forlorn body, the only sign of life in that house of decay. We put our hands over our ears to silence him, when he unwrapped his parcel.

"You see, somehow, someway, death always repays one. I have never known it to fail."

Walking by the Seine, he had rambled up a dirty, ancient, narrow street whose very name he did not know, and had come upon an old shop, a jumbled mass of cast-off clothing and much dilapidated furniture. Hunting among the debris, he found nothing. He was about to leave when, in a corner, his eye was caught by a curious piece. With that inner prescience of attracting to him things dramatic and tragic in atmosphere, it turned out to be what is now one of the valuables of his rare collection, which we used at every performance of Du Barry—a viol; in other words, a sort of medieval hurdy-gurdy.

It is strapped around the neck of the player, and rested, when not in use, on four pegs. It is the instrument from which developed the violin, and was formerly employed at fairs, weddings, and festivals; but later, and more horribly, it was invariably in back of the tumbrel, as an escort to the guillotine.

THIS particular viol was covered with bloodspots that had turned into rust and had eaten into the wood. By much patient research in after years, with the assistance of Stanford White, it was definitely established to have been used as an accompaniment to the furies in their carmagnoles as they danced around the melancholy freight in the tumbrels.

In the Boulevard des Italiens, one day at noon, my carriage halted a moment in the crush, coming face to face with what seemed a giant figure standing on a *place de sûreté.* I looked at it with concentration, perceiving somewhere in this unwieldy mass an enormous caricature of something once faintly known—and recognized the heavy mouth that had said to me, "I shall call you the woman from yonder." Yes, it was Oscar Wilde—but a Wilde out of purgatory.

There comes at some time a look in the human countenance that presages the severance of spirit and body, when the soul stands aside in mysterious, rapt isolation, waiting the discontinuance of its shell. The traitorous and disobedient flesh takes fright; the whole air of the face is veiled with an expression of fearful waiting. It was here in Wilde's face now. He did not see me; his eyes were fixed above me, as if, somewhere far beyond where he looked, was an oblivion denied him here.

That face was the most terrible human tragedy I have ever seen. All of the elements of satiety and degradation and a kind of awful humbleness had taken its features into custody. He reminded me of one of those gigantic and monstrous figures from the Apocalypse, those apparitions in whose features were the records of doom.

I SAILED for America in August, continuing to play in Zaza. The movement in the home of an actress who has arrived at some small definite stage of success is vociferous. So mother, Susan, and I, with two maids, gave up housekeeping and removed to spacious quarters in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, then at Twenty-fourth Street and Broadway, where all our activities could center around the theater. Here, when able, I rested; and here, catapulting through the door at one of these periods, rushed Mr. Belasco, waving a package in the air. It was the manuscript of Du Barry, just received from Jean Richepin.

When we finished reading where he drove his laureled plow, the furrow he made was so faint that I laid my head on my arms and wept. What he gave us were many loosely hung clothes on a moribund carcass. You could only wonder that the author of that splendid Le Chemineau could have played on a flame like Du Barry such an attenuated, gutless stream. He later sat among that sacred society known as the Immortals of France; he was a fine poet; but he had woven into a tapestry of episodical events a lyrical, poetic dream, exquisitely, inflictingly, painfully dull.

With great reluctance it was returned to him; also the sacrifice of $3,500 in advance royalties. The Richepin version was played later in England by Cora Potter, and ignominiously failed, thereby justifying Mr. Belasco's refusal to produce it.

Brown Brothers photo

The old Fifth Avenue Hotel at Twenty-fourth Street and Broadway.

Since Du Barry was a matter of historical record, Belasco decided to dramatize her himself. It took him fourteen months to write it. He bought every book ever written that gave the faintest reference to her or the times in which she lived. He used the Mackay-Bennett cable as if it were a telephone.

The canvas he had to cover was immense, the very prodigality of the material to choose from making it a herculean task. No one but Voltaire had a bone to throw at her.

"For the first time in my life," said Mr. Dave facetiously, "I find myself in the hands of a thoroughly bad woman. I tell you what I intend doing: I am going to take the lady down to the colonial atmosphere of Fredericksburg and

there let her show me whatever of good she has. Bad men I have met; but a bad woman—never!"

Part of the drama was written at the same little hotel in Oakland, above Fredericksburg, where he wrote The Heart of Maryland. Now began once more the same exciting game. The only dramatic license taken was with the character of *Cossé-Brissac,* whom he made young; he also transferred their love affair into an earlier period. Hamilton Revelle strode through this part with a distinction and a fine understanding of the gallantry of the time. Beauty of the flesh is half the battle in the theater; in looks he might have stepped from the antechamber of the Grand Monarch.

Photo from the Albert Davis Collection

David Belasco.

It was the most stimulating thing in the world to watch David Belasco playbuilding. He guided every character like an officer in a field of artillery. But sometimes, acting on a sudden impulse particularly fine, they would escape out of his hands and run away with a scene. The story he told was direct, clear, and thrilling from the first.

With that matchless skill and unerring instinct for construction and fine, breathless moments shown in his early La Belle Russe, The Girl I Left Behind Me, and The Wife, there swept into reproduction a turbulent, stormy, frightened girl.

With her growth, I would sit and listen to his interminable "Mrs. C., Mrs. C.," while with clear, cold logic he would watch me as he read me her unfoldment day by day. If my face was sterile of emotion he eliminated it. He would rewrite it again and again until, focusing it to the right perspective, just as a photographer does to a subject, I would react to it.

Do you wonder that I claimed Du Barry as my very own? I was the instrument from which he struck his resonances. The play represented a period in civilization in which the senses ruled; the whole of it swung on a great drive of passion, sex, intrigue, and color —every scene roared with an undying, torrential beating of human emotions.

I HAVE no doubt that many incidents in plays are brought about by just such happenings as that which pivoted one of the most characteristic scenes.

I am cursed by a prenatal mark of fear of electrical storms. This fear has been my torment—so much so that, in any house I have ever lived in, my bed rested on those cups of glass used as nonconductors on telegraph poles.

When a storm began its ominous rumbling, I would make for my bed. I have known it to hold mother, Mr. Roeder, Susan, myself, and other friends, all bearing me company.

In my Shelter Island home, with a drawing-room full of guests, one of these terrific storms started on its mad fit of anger. I made one dash for the stairs, arriving on my bed simultaneously with a peal of dreadful thunder. After me, laughingly, came my guests — Stanford White, Roosevelt Schuyler, Blakely Hall, my women friends, mother—all perched like hens to quiet me—when the bed, with this unusual weight, quietly and gently rolled off its glass supports.

I have never forgotten Stanford White with his knees under him like a contemplative Buddha.

He was an astonishing man to me — so unequally wrought. There lived in him two souls— the one that could choose the figures carved on the facade of his Fifth Avenue arch in New York and the pagan soul of Pan.

All thunderstorms are terrible to me, but there was one while we were in Fredericksburg that was the most dreadful of my experience.

Mr. Dave began the reading of the tremendous third scene, which begins with *Du Barry* in bed, her heart stricken with panic for her lover. She must hold her *petite levee* from her golden bed; but she must show no sign of distress.

RACINE, in some old tragedy, speaks of thunder as the anger of Jove. Each peal sent me into a convulsive crying.

"Stop it at once!" said Mr. Dave. "Maryland is full of thunderstorms. Now, Mrs. C.—now, Mrs. C., listen! 'The Duc d'Orleans, madame'"—

Crashing bang of thunder. Strangled sob from Mrs. C.

"'— and the papal nuncio are—'"

Another reverberation of all the sounds in the universe.

"'—the ambassador of the King of England.'"

Muffled, indrawn breath.

"Good! Keep it up! Splendid!" he cried exultingly. "I'll put it in. The whole thing is an avowal in itself of coming events."

So the whimpering *Du Barry* received her court just as the scene was born on the stride of a Maryland storm. Certain lines were incorporated in the play, exactly as they were brought forth on the occasion of being scolded for the magnitude of my bills. The only thing I really lower my head with regret to in my life has been my extravagance; and I said: "I'm so sorry. I always am sorry for things, but I always become sorry too late. I love pretty things. They are my curse. I get a touch of madness when I go to buy."

They were part of her apologia, and some day may be part of mine.

In next week's installment of Mrs. Carter's autobiography, she tells of the theatrical war which threatened to keep Du Barry off the stage and of the play's subsequent success.

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Thousands of motorists have discovered an amazing new way to get gasoline free, according to their reports. J. R. Wood of St. Louis reports a saving amounting to about 77 gallons. B. O. Finch reports that on a Marmon car, half the gasoline was free on a 492 mile trip. Thousands of other car owners report increased mileage and power and a saving of gasoline through an amazing simple little device now installed on over a million automobiles. Read the full details below. Then test it at the inventor's risk.

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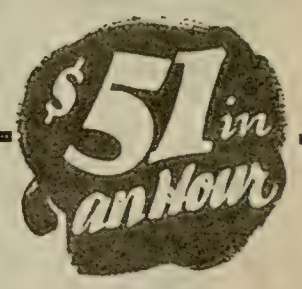

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How many of these can you answer?

1—What has been the longest successful forward pass in a football game?—*B. O. Conn, Hancock, Md.*

2—Who was the first person to be deported from America?—*Mrs. Minnie F. Comstock, Troy, N. Y.*

3—What criminal offense is taken directly to the Supreme Court of the United States?—*Paul Baker, Philadelphia, Pa.*

4—What country, by law, compels its workers to take an annual vacation of fifteen days?—*E. A. Gallet, Marshfield, Wis.*

5—What animal uses both lungs and gills to breathe with?—*Mrs. A. M. McNeel, San Antonio, Tex.*

6—Does the United States own the strip of land through which the Panama Canal runs?—*Elmer Whittaker, Segregansett, Mass.*

7—Which girls' basket-ball team holds the world's championship title?—*Clifford T. Paulson, Bilby, Alberta, Canada.*

8—Which two Presidents were signers of the Constitution of the United States?—*Violet Smith, Natchez, Miss.*

9—How many Pilgrims landed from the Mayflower, and when?—*William B. England, Philadelphia, Pa.*

10—How many immigrants are permitted to enter the United States this year?—*Mrs. C. P. Williams, Chattanooga, Tenn.*

11—Which is the only State (of the U. S.) whose law is not based on the English Common Law?—*Genevieve R. McLeod, Dayton, Ohio.*

12—What war hero is buried under his monument in New York City?—*Charles N. Lurie, New York City.*

13—What is the average weight of the human brain?—*H. Latane Lewis, Jr., Bethesda, Md.*

14—On what date was Christmas first celebrated, and by what church was it first observed?—*Mark E. Taylor, Springfield, Mass.*

15—What is the official status of Cuba in regard to government control?—*Simon S. Hershkowitz, New York City.*

16—What is the sole restriction upon the President's pardoning power?—*Professor M. A. Weber, St. Louis, Mo.*

17—How was the largest diamond field in the world discovered?—*Mrs. L. L. Roark, Denton, Tex.*

18—What is the smallest number of individuals allowed to form a corporation?—*Wanda Craig, Mansfield, Mo.*

19—May Frenchwomen vote?—*George Kervin, Washington, Pa.*

20—What substance burns when exposed to the air?—*Mrs. Earl G. Kulp, Norristown, Pa.*

See Answers in Next Week's LIBERTY

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—How much does the field outfit of an American infantryman weigh?—*Mrs. E. H. Wells, Sycamore, Ill.*
A.—Forty-eight pounds.

2—What was Paul Revere noted for besides his famous ride?—*Kate Rosenberg, Atlantic City, N. J.*
A.—He was one of the most skillful silversmiths this country ever had.

3—What is "fool's gold"?—*H. J. Blumhart, Battle Creek, Mich.*
A.—Iron pyrites, or crystallized iron sulphide, a mineral resembling gold in color.

4—Who is the author of the phrase, "It is much easier to be critical than correct"?—*Jo Edward Raiser, Galion, Ohio.*
A.—Disraeli.

5—How does the American Sam Browne belt differ from the British?—*James B. Healy, San Francisco, Calif.*
A.—The strap of the American belt passes over the right shoulder, while the British passes over the left.

6—Did President Wilson sign the Volstead Act?—*W. A. Gillespie, Memphis, Tenn.*
A.—No. He vetoed it on October 27, 1919, and Congress passed it over his veto.

7—Does Hawaii send a representative to Congress?—*Mrs. Ben C. Rogers, Des Moines, Ia.*
A.—Yes, but he has no vote.

8—What stone is harder than the transparent white diamond?—*Leonard J. Aue, Toledo, Ohio.*
A.—The black diamond. It is so hard that it cannot be polished.

9—What President never made an address in public during his term of office?—*M. Sandman, Huntington, N. Y.*
A.—U. S. Grant.

10—What is the number of officers and men in a war-strength United States infantry regiment?—*Thomas D. Temple, Scotland Neck, N. C.*
A.—One hundred and three officers, one warrant officer, and 2,950 enlisted men, plus attached chaplains and medical personnel, making 3,154 officers and men.

11—What famous painter and sculptor was the first to master some of the principles of mechanical flight?—*R. T. Daniel, Cincinnati, Ohio.*
A.—Leonardo da Vinci.

12—Who was the only President that served in Congress after his administration?—*Curtis S. Jarvis, Virginia Beach, Va.*
A.—John Quincy Adams.

13—What woman has her likeness on a postage stamp, although not a citizen of the country thus honoring her?—*Louise Wheeler, Washington, D. C.*
A.—Madame Curie, whose likeness appears on Polish stamps.

14—What animal's fur is known as "ermine"?—*W. J. Logan, San Francisco, Calif.*
A.—The weasel's.

15—Who was the first woman Governor in the United States?—*Mrs. A. L. Brawdy, Wilkinsburg, Pa.*
A.—Nellie T. Ross of Wyoming.

16—When was the ice patrol of the North Atlantic begun?—*George L. Newton, Oxford, Mass.*
A.—Immediately after the loss of the Titanic from collision with a berg, April 15, 1912.

17—What famous prison used during the Civil War was made from a tobacco warehouse?—*Clara R. Leedy, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.*
A.—Libby Prison.

18—With how many nations has the United States a treaty giving the right of search for liquor?—*Frank Gillen, Bangor, Me.*
A.—Twelve.

19—What country recently enacted a law taxing bachelors?—*William K. Schwab, Atlantic City, N. J.*
A.—Italy imposes a tax up to five dollars a year on bachelors between twenty-five and forty-five years of age.

20—Where are the stone forests of America?—*Mercer O. Clark, Moseley, Va.*
A.—In the canyon of the East Fork of the Yellowstone River in the Yellowstone National Park.

LIBERTY publishes the answers, believing them to be correct. But no one can know everything.

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SCIENCE now finds that hair can be restored to natural shade. No tell-tale, crude dyes that endanger hair health. No mess . . . but instead a clear, colorless liquid is used that gives the hair its youthful shade and lustre. Faded hair sparkles with girlhood color. Gray streaks disappear entirely.

Hair fades and turns gray when color pigment is lacking. This scientific method supplies certain necessary elements that take its place and give natural shade. If auburn, hair reverts to auburn. If black, black it will be. Nothing whatsoever to wash or rub off.

It is recommended widely because it's **safe** and quick. Do not gamble on old-time dyes when your hair is at stake. Some 10,000,000 women have used it. This proves its safety.

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Or go to any drug store and get a bottle. It's called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. If it fails to restore natural shade you get every penny back.

Test Free

Mary T. Goldman, 1336-B Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black . . . dark brown . . . medium brown . . . auburn (dark red) . . . . light brown . . . . light auburn (light red) . . . . blonde . . . .

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Do you pamper your stomach and go without the things you'd like to eat? Perhaps you needn't! Did you ever try a Stuart tablet to overcome distress from over-eating—for that unpleasant gas?

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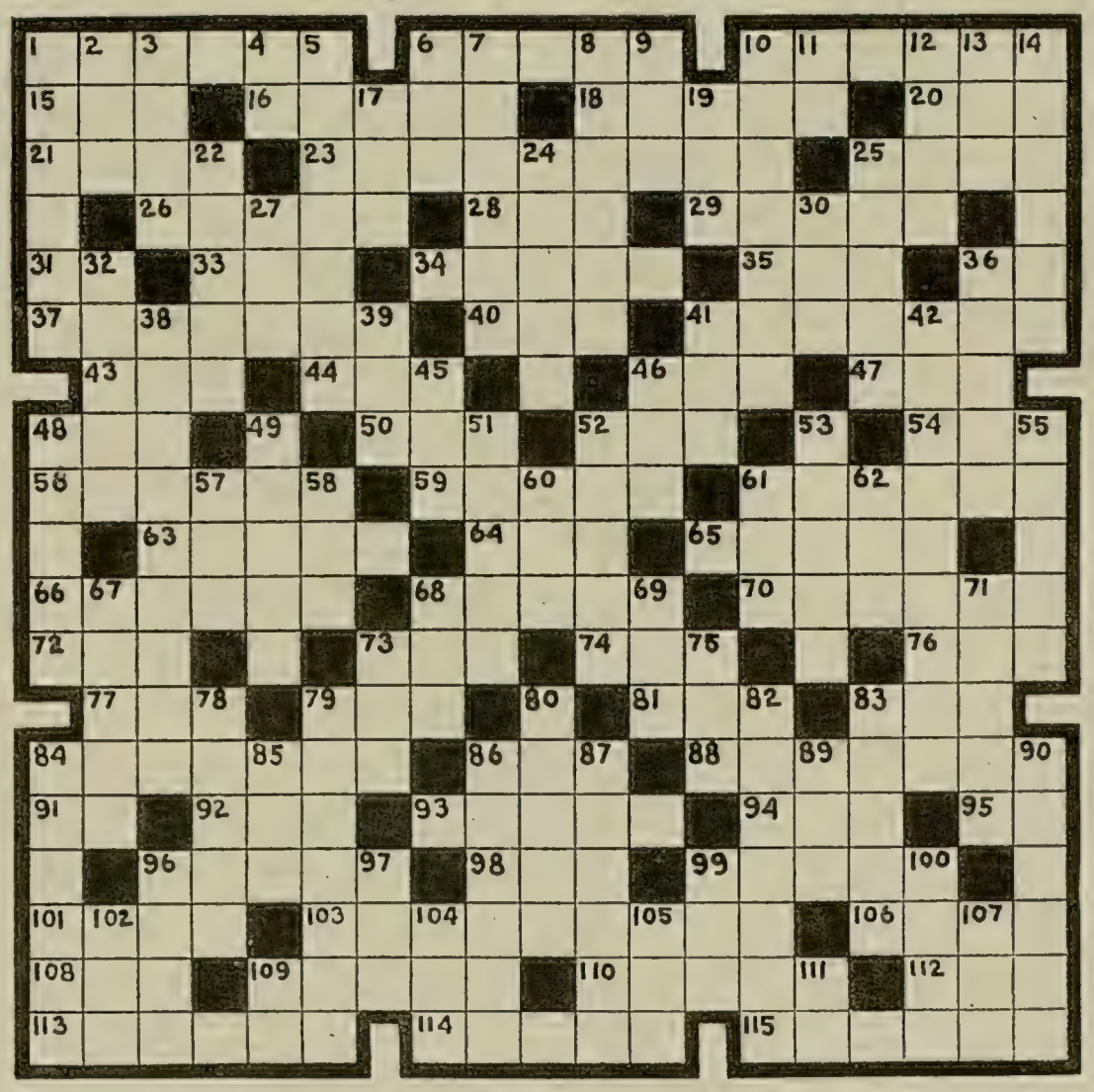
$25 *for* Cross Words

READERS of LIBERTY already are taking advantage of our offer to help them win the $25 awarded each week for the best original cross-word puzzle. Ask any question you like, but don't forget to inclose a self-addressed envelope, stamped, for the reply. Under the same conditions you may send for rules for making puzzles. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City. Be sure to write "Cross Words," otherwise a letter is delayed before reaching the Cross-Word Editor's desk.



Prize Puzzle No. 24

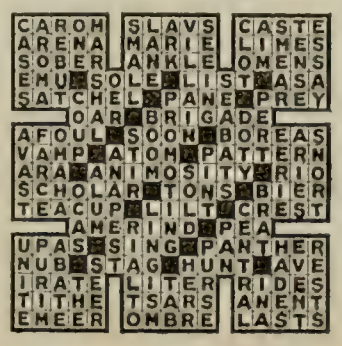
By H. L. BURMESTER, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

HORIZONTAL

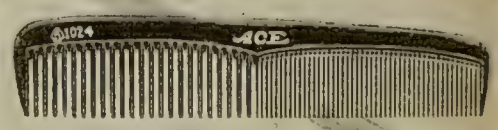
1 Having a rank smell or taste
6 A flower
10 A form of verse
15 A pronoun
16 Wild beast of the cat family
18 Browned bread
20 Commotion
21 American Indians
23 Vagrants
25 To pack away
26 Women of station or authority
28 Small compact mass
29 Victims of deceit
31 To execute
33 Sailor
34 Extensive
35 To suffer illness
36 A measure of area
37 Extraordinary
40 A clew
41 Affianced
43 A metal
44 Corrode
46 Craft
47 A swine
48 Espouse
50 A measure of length
52 Disclose to view (poetic)
54 Spirit
56 Musical instruments
59 State of calm
61 The consolidated curd of milk
63 To impede or bar (law)
64 Cereal grass
65 Cleaner
66 Undermined
68 Abreast of
70 Confined
72 A cardinal number
73 A layer or thickness
74 Drowse
76 Goddess of dawn
77 Entire
79 Part of a shoe
81 Boring tool
83 Equine quadruped
84 Managed in a particular manner
86 To weep convulsively
88 A woman's club
91 A pronoun
92 A sack
93 A dogma
94 Conflict
95 A negative
96 Spurious
98 Oath
99 Trim
101 Almost
103 Deliverer
106 An Egyptian deity
108 Clamor
109 Mother
110 A ruffian
112 Anger
113 A religious festival
114 Hinder
115 Unknown

VERTICAL

1 Steps of a ladder
2 Emmet
3 Want
4 A pronoun
5 Deviate
6 A pin
7 A South American Indian
8 Sticky
9 Yonder
10 Proceeding from
11 By
12 Flying mammals
13 An artificial language
14 A poltroon
17 Aeriform fluid
19 Augment
22 Belial
24 Stripped
25 Word of frequent occurrence in Psalms
27 Humanity in general
30 Mass of unforged metal
32 Fish-eating animal
36 A shield
38 Highest horizontal roof timber
39 Attention
41 Rather than
42 Instructress
45 Highest part
46 A simian
48 To defeat
49 Penetrate
51 A kind of hat
52 Sea
53 A termagant
55 Makes whole
57 Viper
58 Turf
60 Yes
61 Chalice
62 Even (poetic)
67 Cognizant
68 Malt liquor
69 Disorderly assemblage
71 A dyestuff
73 Seed vessel
75 An underworld deity in Roman religion
78 Arduous effort
79 Of tiles
80 Bestower
82 In the direction of
83 An artery
84 From that place
85 Label
86 Rigorous
87 Be cautious
89 A murine animal
90 A poem
96 Barks
97 Perch
99 Presently
100 Giant from whose body the world was created (Norse mythology)
102 Period
104 Small plot of cultivated ground
105 Rocky pinnacle
107 Native metal
109 A pronoun
111 You



Answer to Puzzle No. 23



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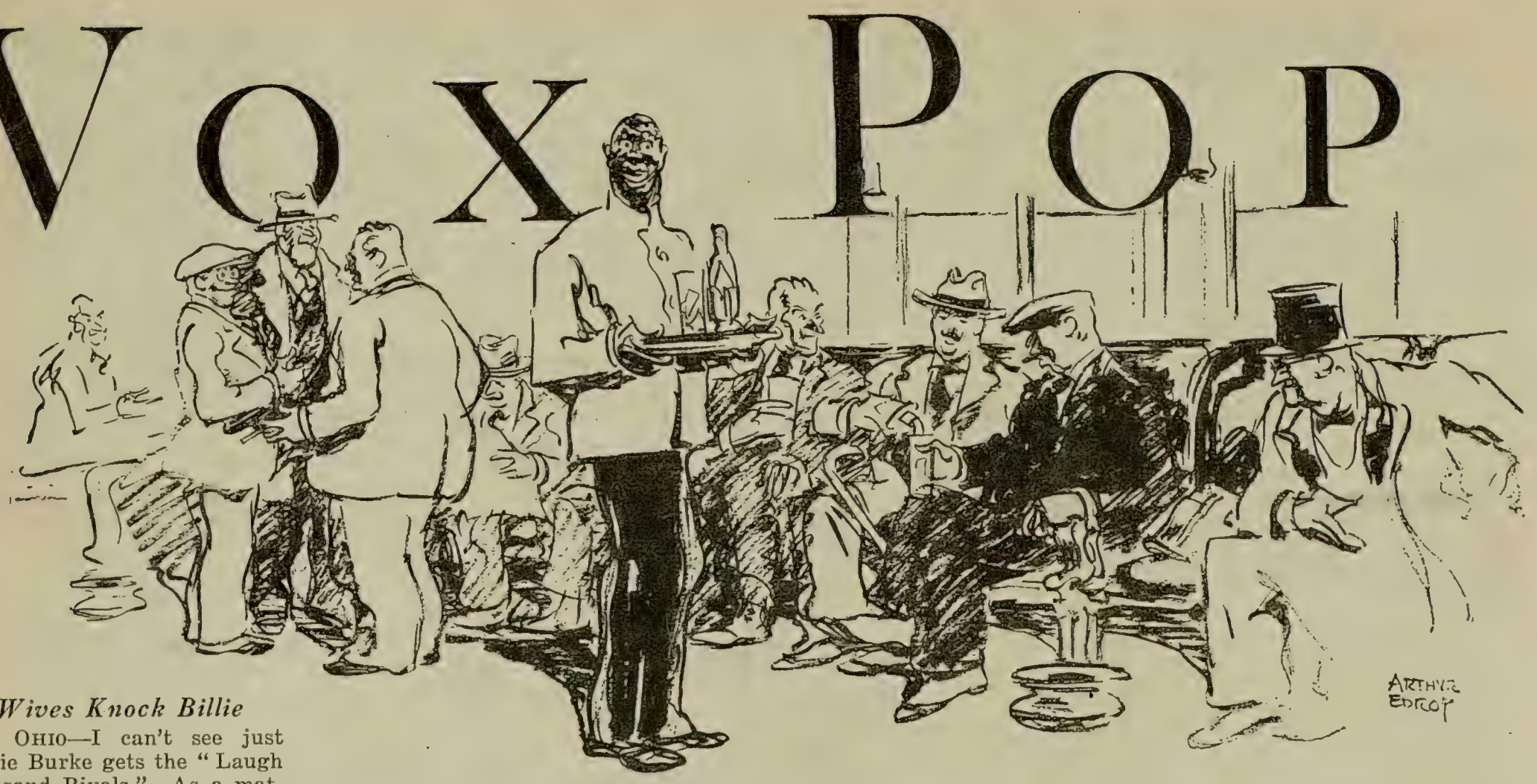

Why Wives Knock Billie

TOLEDO, OHIO—I can't see just where Billie Burke gets the "Laugh on a Thousand Rivals." As a matter of fact, she feels herself slipping and tries to "laugh that off."

Miss Burke's obvious inferiority complex must be a bad thing to own. Her statement that women should expect to "work like dogs" for marital happiness nearly caused me to burst—fifty-fifty is the fair percentage, seems to me. Who wants a Broadway connoisseur, anyhow?

Please, please print this for me. My husband has quoted Billie Burke to me for weeks. And some of her stuff is pretty hard to take.—*Le Verna Killian.*

From a Man or a Woman?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I certainly hope we won't have any more inane memoirs like those of Miss Burke inflicted upon us. No doubt her remarks are true of a woman such as she describes—the wife of a profligate; but there are women in this world who have moral consciousness, who are not flattered by any kind of masculine attention, to whom her generalities are inapplicable.—*R. Rich.*

Bootleg Stuff's Hard to Swallow

WILKES-BARRE, PA.—Your publication is both the best and the worst to be found on the news stands today.

The worst thing about it is your continual publication of every article tending to make a joke of the prohibition law. I refer to Confessions of a Bootlegger, and many others of a worse type. As a filthy subject, bootlegging is the worst. You have choked your magazine with it. You have done all possible to help people to think it's right to break laws. Can you deny this?

Now turn over a new leaf and publish the other, and right, side.—*E. Wells.*

Fargo's Frenzied Figuring

ST. PAUL, MINN.—In regard to an article headed What to Do with Your Old Razor Blades, I advise Mr. Franklin Fargo to go back to kindergarten and learn his multiplication tables before attempting to write any more articles for LIBERTY.

He stated that this year's output of 700,000,000 blades would, if laid side by side and end to end, cover a space 1,600 miles long by 900 miles wide.

Here you will see, according to Mr. Fargo's own figures, that he is all wrong.

Here are the figures: One mile equals 5,280 feet. One square mile equals 27,878,400 square feet. Assuming that each blade covers 1½ square inches, it would take 96 blades to cover one square foot. To cover one square mile it would take 96 times 27,878,400, which equals 2,676,326,400 blades.

To cover 900 miles by 1,600 miles—which would equal 1,440,000 square miles—it would take—well, figure it out yourself.—*Charles E. Krueger.*

Likes War Stuff

MIZPAH, MINN.—I think the stories by Captain Elliott White Springs are the most interesting I have ever read.—*G. E. M.*

If You're Bald, See Mr. Flagg!

MASSILLON, OHIO.—In the first part of P. G. Wodehouse's very funny serial, The Small Bachelor, the artist, James Montgomery Flagg, pictured the valet, *Mullett*, as an almost totally bald man, excepting a halo of a few fine hairs on his head and sideburns. Yet, in Part Fourteen, this same *Mullett* is pictured by Mr. Flagg with a very fine head of hair. Was *Mullett* trying hair restorer in the earlier parts of the story, which finally did the work and restored his hair, or did he just merely don a wig when *Fanny* decided to marry him?—*James A. Rasor.*

Hash, Hash, Hash!

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I came home from an eight-hour stretch of "hashing," and put on my house slippers to relieve my poor tired feet, and read Eleanor Knowles' article, Slinging It.

My compliments and also my sympathy, for I know from her writing that she is a *real* one. That was the best and truest story I ever remember reading.

I have been a hasher since 1912, in Detroit, Chi, New York, Los Angeles, and all cities in between. Came down here from Chi to get out of the snow, and, *boy!* I wish I had stayed in Chi and took a chance on freezing.

I fell from eighteen dollars per week and about five or six tips per day to seven dollars a week and one or two tips a day. But that all goes in with our experience, doesn't it?—*Eleanor's Sister in Hasherhood, Billie Coward.*

Eleanor Knows Her Stuff

SAND SPRINGS, OKLA.—Slingin' It, by Eleanor Knowles, was the real stuff. I have given fifteen years of my life to cooking and sewing and know she's right.

Let's hear from her again.—*Lyman Burge.*

Where's That Wastebasket?

ERIE, PA.—Your News of the World and For the Love o' Lil are nothing but trash!—*C. P. L.*

A Meal for the Mind

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I'd as soon go without my dinner as be without LIBERTY.—*Allis Cornelia.*

From a Contest Fan

ST. PAUL, MINN.—What has become of our good old Limerick Contests? Also the quite popular Cover Contests?

The Presidents Contest and States Contest were very popular, so popular that I have seen advertisements in our daily papers during those contests offering a reward of from one dollar to three dollars and fifty cents for certain issues of LIBERTY. The copies were terribly hard to get, and those fans who advertised were kept on the jump, looking for the missing link.

I know one man here in St. Paul who laid off work a half day to scour the city in his Lizzie, looking for a certain issue.

This man did not win the big prize (another St. Paul man did, however), but he was not discouraged—just said he would do better next time.

The fans would really welcome another contest—one that gets a fellow all "het up."—*Charles W. Lundahl.*

Ouch!

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Please pardon the suggestion, but I should think you folks would employ a reader to glance over the manuscripts of articles offered you for publication.—*Allitz K. Tyson.*

Anybody Agree?

TORONTO, CAN.—What possessed you to spoil your up-to-date little magazine by running that antiquated old three-decker novel of Robert W. Chambers' entitled The Fear of God?—*E. J. Clinton.*

Popping Off!

NEW LONDON, CONN.—I sure like the way you let anyone or anything "pop off" in Vox Pop!—*Joe H. M.*

A Skeptic Finds a "Bug"

LOUISVILLE, KY.—As a general thing I read LIBERTY from cover to cover and very seldom am I disappointed.

When I came across your story, She Loops to Conquer, I read it and enjoyed it; *but* when I reached the words: "When a Liberty motor and two propellers are roaring a foot or two in front of you"—I began to wonder, "How come?"

With the general public I reckon that sounds O. K., but since when has a Liberty motor been used for stunt work, and particularly with *two propellers?* If the author is a pilot and gets any enjoyment out of stunting a Liberty-motored plane for two or three hours at a stretch, I sure would like to get a good look at him. He likely has shoulders like a bull and arms like most men's "laigs."

Let's have more flying stories, even if they may have technical "bugs" that some of us pick up.—*An Air Corps Reserve Pilot.*

A Heavyweight Champion

DORCHESTER, MASS.—The only fault I find with your magazine is that you do not devote sufficient space to medicine, philosophy, psychology, sociology, evolution, etc. How about one article every week on some such subject?—*Morris Cohn.*

It picks you up and keeps you there

THE NEXT TIME you're crawling along in an endless rut—left behind by everyone with more speed and endurance—

Just drop in at the nearest soda fountain where the Diamond Sign is displayed—and hail the Borden Special.

This wonderful new malted milk drink picks you up on the instant—carries you along wherever you want to go. It picks up your spirits, your appetite, your whole pace—gives you all the go-ahead of youth and vitality.

For Borden's Malted Milk is just the perfectly balanced nourishment to build *extra* strength and energy. Yet light and quickly digested. Good to the very last drop in the glass.

Don't lag behind the procession. Get up front—and stay there—with the rest of the Borden fans.

EQUALLY good at home as at the fountain. Sold in convenient glass packages 7 and 15 oz. sizes.

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Borden's
THE IMPROVED
MALTED MILK
All flavors Delicious

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Borden's MALTED MILK

The ideal food-and-drink for you —*at your favorite fountain*

Eight New Ideas for Luncheon

SELECTED FROM

Ida Bailey Allen's New Book

"THE MODERN METHOD OF PREPARING DELIGHTFUL FOODS"

NOTE: To give every woman an idea of the unusual features in Mrs. Allen's New Book of 112 pages, containing over 275 recipes, eight luncheon suggestions are published on this page. It is the desire of the makers of Mazola that every woman have a copy of this book—therefore, it is offered, post paid, for 10 cents—a price which does not cover the cost of production even in large quantity lots. Please see coupon below.

NEW ideas for a change in the daily luncheon are welcomed by all housewives. Realizing this, the makers of Mazola requested Ida Bailey Allen to include over 65 luncheon recipes in her new book, "THE MODERN METHOD OF PREPARING DELIGHTFUL FOODS"—eight of which are given on this page.

Mrs. Allen, who has made cooking her life work, has left nothing undone to make these recipes perfect—and easy to follow. But to get desired results, the ingredients mentioned, particularly MAZOLA, must be accurately used.

In the panel on this page are a few brief remarks regarding Mazola which explain the desirability of using Mazola in these recipes.

MAZOLA is an ABSOLUTELY PURE vegetable oil—and by that we mean, Mazola is pressed from the hearts of fully-ripened golden corn kernels. If you like corn-on-the-cob, you can't help liking Mazola—for Mazola ITSELF is as good to eat as the corn from which it comes. This fact is one reason for the remarkable popularity of Mazola—for frying, for shortening, for all salad dressings. All three uses from a single can—meaning unusual economy and modern efficiency.

SPAGHETTI

1 pound spaghetti
1 can tomatoes
2 cloves garlic
½ cup Mazola
2 tablespoons Karo, Red Label
1 tablespoon Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch
Salt and pepper to taste

PUT the spaghetti on to cook in plenty of boiling salted water. Allow thirty minutes. In the meantime, cut the garlic in bits, fry till yellowed in the Mazola, add the tomato and Karo and cook until the spaghetti is done; then rub the sauce through a sieve, thicken with the cornstarch blended with one tablespoon cold water and season to taste with salt and pepper. Put the spaghetti in a flat bowl or on a deep platter, pour the sauce over, and serve with grated Parmesan or American cheese.

FISH LOAF

1 pound canned salmon or tuna fish or 2½ pounds flaked, boiled fish, any kind, or 1½ pounds any raw, white fleshed fish, chopped fine
¾ cup soft bread crumbs
1 tablespoon Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch
2 tablespoons Mazola
⅔ cup milk
1 egg
1 tablespoon onion minced
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon minced parsley (optional)

COMBINE the ingredients in the order given and set aside for twenty minutes. Rub a medium-sized baking pan with Mazola, dust with fine dry crumbs, pack in the fish mixture and bake until firm—about thirty-five minutes—in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F. Unmould and serve with White or Chopped Egg Sauce, Fried Tomatoes, Spanish Sauce or any creamed vegetable.

Do This NOW!

Mail this coupon with 10 cents and you will receive Mrs. Allen's remarkable New Book, splendidly bound in stiff covers, illustrated and brimming over with tempting suggestions for preparing delightful foods. If you don't feel that this book is worth several times the price you pay, we will gladly return your 10 cents.

VEGETABLE HASH

1 pint chopped cooked potato
1 pint mixed cooked vegetables
¾ cup white sauce
¼ cup Mazola
Tomato or chopped egg sauce

THE mixed vegetables may be any kind, as cooked carrots, turnips, cabbage, beets, peas, chopped string beans, lima beans, stewed corn, onions, etc. If cooked onion is not among the vegetables, a little raw, minced onion should be added. Combine the ingredients. Heat the Mazola in a medium-sized frying pan, pack in the hash an inch deep and fry until browned.

MOCK SCALLOPS

1½ pounds halibut steak or cod or haddock sliced ½ inch thick
Fine, dry bread crumbs
Dry Mustard
Salt and pepper
Mazola

REMOVE any skin and bones from the fish. Cut in pieces the size of scallops. Dip in Mazola, dust sparingly with the mustard, salt and pepper and put in a baking dish oiled with Mazola. Cover with the crumbs, pour in a little Mazola using that in which the fish was dipped, and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven, 375 degrees F. Serve with sliced lemon, a plain vegetable salad and French Fried or Shoe String Potatoes.

SALMON BISQUE

1½ cups, flaked, fresh, cooked or canned salmon
1 small green pepper, ground
1 tablespoon onion, ground
1 teaspoon parsley, minced
1 pint water
1½ pints milk
1 cup canned tomato, sifted
½ tablespoon Karo
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons Mazola
2 tablespoons Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch

COMBINE the salmon, ground pepper, onion, water and parsley and simmer fifteen minutes. Add one-eighth teaspoon baking soda. Thicken with the cornstarch and Mazola blended. Add the Karo and seasonings and thin with milk.

CHINESE ONION OMELET

3 cups chopped, raw onion
½ tablespoon Karo, Blue Label
¼ cup Mazola
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch
¾ teaspoon salt
4 eggs

PUT the Mazola in a medium-sized frying pan, add the Karo and onion and cook until the onion is yellowed and tender, stirring often. Add the salt, pepper and cornstarch. Beat the eggs light, pour in the hot onion mixture and drop by generous tablespoonfuls into a good-sized frying pan containing enough heated Mazola to barely cover the bottom. Fry first on one side, then the other, like pancakes, and serve.

SAVORY FISH FILLETS

2 fish fillets about 1½ pounds
1 medium sized green pepper, minced
1 small onion, sliced
1 teaspoon parsley, minced
Juice ½ lemon
¼ cup Mazola
¾ cup coarse white bread crumbs
Salt and pepper

BRUSH the fillets with Mazola and place in a pan oiled with it. Dust with salt and pepper, spread the onion, parsley and green pepper over and cover sparingly with the crumbs mixed with the Mazola. Bake fifteen to twenty minutes in a hot oven, 375 degrees F. and serve plain, with sliced lemon and water cress, Sauce Tartare, Bordelais or Bearnaise Sauce.

QUICK CELERY SOUP

1 pint cleaned celery stalks, ground
1 small onion, ground
1 quart boiling water or soup stock
1 pint milk
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon Karo
2 tablespoons Mazola
2 tablespoons Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch
1 egg (optional)

BOIL the celery in the water twenty-five minutes. Add the seasonings and milk and when boiling, thicken with the Mazola and cornstarch creamed together. Pour boiling hot onto a beaten egg and serve with croutons.

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APPLES—*A Year-Round Health Food*

By ETHEL SOMERS

PRESS the sliced apples in rows on the dough, and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon.

APPLES are a food, tonic, condiment, and cosmetic all in one. They supply appreciable protein and sugar calories. They provide a valuable source of B and C vitamins and tonic mineral, particularly iron. Their bulky cellulose stimulates and lubricates the digestive tract. Their pungent, fruity acids restore the body's chemical equilibrium. Eaten raw after meals, they act as a dentifrice, with specific cleansing qualities. They are a low-cost, all-year-round fruit. Why not attain more health via nature's healthful apple?

Dutch Apple Cake

3 or 4 apples
½ cup sugar, brown or white
1 to 2 teaspoons cinnamon
2 cups flour
4 tablespoons sugar
4 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons fat
1 cup milk
1 beaten egg, if desired

SIFT the dry ingredients together. Cut in the fat until the mixture is in granules similar to cornmeal. Add the beaten egg to the milk and lightly stir this into the dry ingredients. Spread thin in a greased pan and let stand while the apples are being prepared. The apples should be dry and firm, but of a kind that cooks quickly. Spys and Baldwins are the best. Greenings are excellent in flavor, but will be a little tough when cooked.

Pare, core, and cut the apples in wedge shapes about ⅛ to ½ inch thick on the outer edge. Arrange the apple slices on the dough in rectangular or parallel rows, pushing the thin edge of each a little into the dough and letting each slice overlap the other. Mix the sugar and cinnamon and sprinkle over the apples. Place in a 375° F. oven, covering with an inverted pan for the first 10 minutes so that the apples will cook more quickly. Uncover and bake until the cake has been in the oven from 20 to 25 minutes.

Baked apples are simply cooked and will be successful if carefully prepared.

Apple Fritters

1½ to 1¾ cups flour
¼ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon butter, melted
1 egg, beaten
2 or 3 sour apples

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Combine the liquids and mix these lightly into the dry ingredients. Chop the cored, unpeeled apples fine, or cut into rings ¼ inch thick. Add the chopped apple to the batter, or dip the rings until well coated with batter. Drop these or spoonfuls of the fritter batter into deep hot fat to brown.

Taffy Apples

6 small red apples
6 wooden skewers
1 cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons dark corn syrup
½ cup water
1 teaspoon vinegar
or
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar

REMOVE stems and blossom ends of apples and wipe dry. Put a skewer in each apple and chill. Stir the sugar, water, corn syrup, and vinegar until the mixture boils. Remove the spoon and cook the syrup slowly (this develops the amber color of the syrup), until brittle in cold water, or 270° F. Place syrup kettle in a pan of boiling water. Dip chilled apple in the syrup and spoon the mixture up on the apple until it is thoroughly coated with a thin layer. Remove and place on waxed paper to cool.

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2-19-27

Baked Apples in Variety

6 sour apples
1 cup sugar, white or brown, as desired
½ cup water
1 to 2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon nutmeg, or
⅓ teaspoon cinnamon

PEEL the apples one-third the way down and place in a buttered baking-dish that has a tight cover. Dissolve the sugar in water, with the discarded peelings, by stirring over a low flame, and pour over the apples. Sprinkle with seasonings and butter. Cover tightly and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) from 20 to 30 minutes, basting occasionally. The time depends upon the variety of apple. Remove the cover from the apples, put a teaspoon of sugar in each cavity, and sprinkle sugar over all. Place under a hot flame, basting several times until the apples are glazed. Serve with whipped cream.

Taffy apples may be made easily with the aid of an accurate thermometer.

Apple Health Salads

CHOPPED apple with the skins left on, and moistened with lemon juice to prevent discoloring—plus one or more of the following: Pineapple; marshmallows; celery and nuts; raisins; dates and coconut; banana, sprinkled with lemon or orange juice; orange and banana, moistened with orange juice; orange, dates, and coconut; pears, fresh or canned, cut in cubes.

SITTING PRETTY

An Article by
EILEEN BOURNE

Photos by
NICKOLAS MURAY

Posed by
MIRIAM HOPKINS

"WHEN you sit, your hands may have motion, but your feet may not," says Miss Miriam Hopkins, popular Broadway actress. "You may talk with your hands; but feet, like small children, are best seen but not heard from.

"Grace in hand poses is achieved by forgetting them entirely. But feet have to be remembered—and then forgotten. A certain amount of consciousness of feet placing comes before the period of forgetfulness. Otherwise, the symmetrical line of the body is broken at the knees when it should extend to the toes. When you sit down, think of your legs and feet as a part—a very vital part—of that lovely line of body from shoulder to heel. Practice sitting postures before a full-length mirror.

"You may find other positions than those illustrated here better adapted to your particular architecture. Hew to your own line, in other words, but don't let the feet fall where they may unless you are sure they will fall gracefully."

CROSSING the knees is correct if one guards against exposing the knee. The proper way is shown at the right.

ONE way to dispose of a pair of legs to excellent advantage. Sitting pretty is merely following the line of least resistance to grace (above).

THE legs shown in the oval are doing everything that no well-bred limbs would attempt. The floor is the only proper support for the feet.

IT is possible to achieve an ungainly effect even without draping the feet around chair legs or crossing the knees too high, as witness the picture of the staggering feet above.

EASE need not be sacrificed to appearance, as it is permissible to draw one foot gracefully behind the other.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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The Fear of God

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I FELT myself seized by a horseman and swung up into his saddle. And the next instant I was in my father's arms.

The Story of a Man Who Defied His King for a Woman's Honor

A Serial by

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of The Maid-at-Arms, The Fighting Chance, The Firing Line, The Girl Philippa, The Restless Sex, Slayer of Souls, etc.

IT was an Indian war whoop that rescued me from utter degradation. To save the life of the man I loved, I had married one I detested. He determined that the marriage should be more than one in name—then came the red man's battle cry!

A strange plight, mine. My father, a colonel under Louis XIV of France, had been forced to fly to Canada in the Huguenot persecutions. I, motherless, fled into England—fled from persecution and from Armand Gribouri's hateful attentions.

In an English pleasure garden, tipsy revelers insulted me. Sir Harry Quarles drew his sword and in the brawl that followed killed one and wounded another. The dead man was Louis de Frontenac, son of the fiery Governor of Quebec, and the wounded man—Gribouri!

Milord and I escaped into France, but the port of Dieppe was in a state of siege, and we without papers. We were thrown into prison, and pardoned only to be herded on to a ship and sent as emigrants to Canada. Who should be on the ship but Gribouri! He was to be Sub-Intendant under Frontenac. He licked his thick lips at the thought of reporting milord—the Englishman I loved. Holy Mary! I bought milord's freedom by marrying Gribouri, in Quebec. But the attack of the Iroquois and the English brought me respite.

My father's old regiment had been sent to Quebec, and with it had come Colin, our drummer boy, and Nicole, my maid, as his wife. My father, an outlawed forest runner, was pardoned, thank God, to head the other outlaws in helping the French.

In the citadel, Nicole and I took refuge.

PART ELEVEN

WE had been installed in the citadel nearly two days and the Governor had not yet come near us. We heard that he neither ate nor slept, but was on the fortifications every minute of the day and night, planning, directing, encouraging laggards and faint-hearted, scolding the strong, planting a battery here, a barricade there, mustering the armed peasantry, haranguing militia, distributing the regiments d'Aulone and Carignan among

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[THE FEAR OF GOD
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the more dangerous posts, making speeches to the Indians of Lorette, to the Hurons, Algonquins, Abanakis, and warning the Ottawas and Nipissings that he would hold them to their treaty or forever abandon them to the certain and awful vengeance of the Iroquois.

From the railed balcony of the Château St. Louis we could see everything. The St. Lawrence spread away before us from the Point of Orleans to the *côtes* above. We could look down upon distant Beauport and the *côtes* beyond, and see our scout boats sailing offshore. We could see our sentinels on the summit of the Rock, but there were no cannon there. We could look straight down upon the roofs of the lower tower.

There were scarcely any servants in the château, all being called to the ramparts to lay sod, plant stockades, carry a gun, or serve a cannon.

Nicole and I cooked and slept in a tiny apartment by ourselves. Madame d'Aloste and her nuns were below, and always moving between their little convent and the fortress.

On the 16th of October, about nine in the evening, there was considerable commotion in the fortress and on the parade; and Nicole came to inform me that the Governor had arrived, had entered his apartments, and had gone to bed. Mary Mother, it was time! For he had scarce been out of his saddle since he left the canoe that brought him from Montreal.

We, too, went to bed. I do not know how long I had been sleeping when I awoke with a breathless sense of my lover's presence near me.

But I dreamed of him nearly every night, and, sitting up in my bed, supposed it was no more than that.

The rain, which had begun to fall toward sunset, had ceased. Out of my window I noticed a few stars in a frosty sky, and saw moonlight flooding my window and the balcony outside.

IN these awakenings—which happened every night—I was accustomed to get out of bed, kneel down, and say a prayer for milord's bodily and spiritual salvation.

I did this now, shivering, because the air had turned very cold. Also I trembled because the breathless sense of my lover's bodily presence continued to possess my mind and distract my thoughts and invade my prayer, breaking the thread of it again and again.

I ended, at last, and got me to bed; but could not sleep. So for an hour or more I lay looking at the moonlight; and every now and again a quiver of that same nervous excitement passed over my limbs and body.

I heard the measured tread of the sentry on the balcony outside. I heard the soft breathing of Nicole upon her couch at my bed's foot. I heard my own heart hurrying in my breast as though urging me to something, I knew not what.

I got out of my bed again, put on stockings, shoes, and the shepherd's cloak which milord had given me—and to which I always touched my lips as I drew it around my neck.

My friend, the sentry, seemed astonished to see me come out upon the balcony, and told me that it was not yet dawn.

"Is all quiet?" I asked.

"Yes, madame."

I walked to the railing, looked at the sky, then down the dark valley of the river whence should come the lagging dawn.

There were stars there also. They seemed strangely low and bright. I counted three. Three?—no, four!—no, there were eight stars, all very low over the unseen river—Mary Mother, what was happening that these stars seemed to be slowly moving through the night?

I called softly to the sentry, who was turning the western angle of the balcony. He turned and came back, and I showed him the moving stars.

No sooner did he see them than he cocked his piece, drew it to his shoulder, and fired into the air.

Instantly from the rampart another shot replied. A red glow grew into a column of fire upon the summit of Diamond Rock. There came a blinding flash and the shattering detonation of a cannon from the Saut battery. The Windmill battery answered with a flare and a roar that shook the chateau.

Now, on the ramparts, the racket of drums burst out. A trumpet sounded from the stables. The dark city around us awoke to the gallop of horses and rough shouting in street and square.

I went into my room, where Nicole was already dressing. We helped each other; and, to her frightened question:

"THERE is no more agreeable way to die. I shall miss these friends. But—I am seventy, and with God's mercy shall again clasp their hands at no distant day."

"Yes," said I, "one can see the lights on the English fleet moving slowly around Orleans Point."

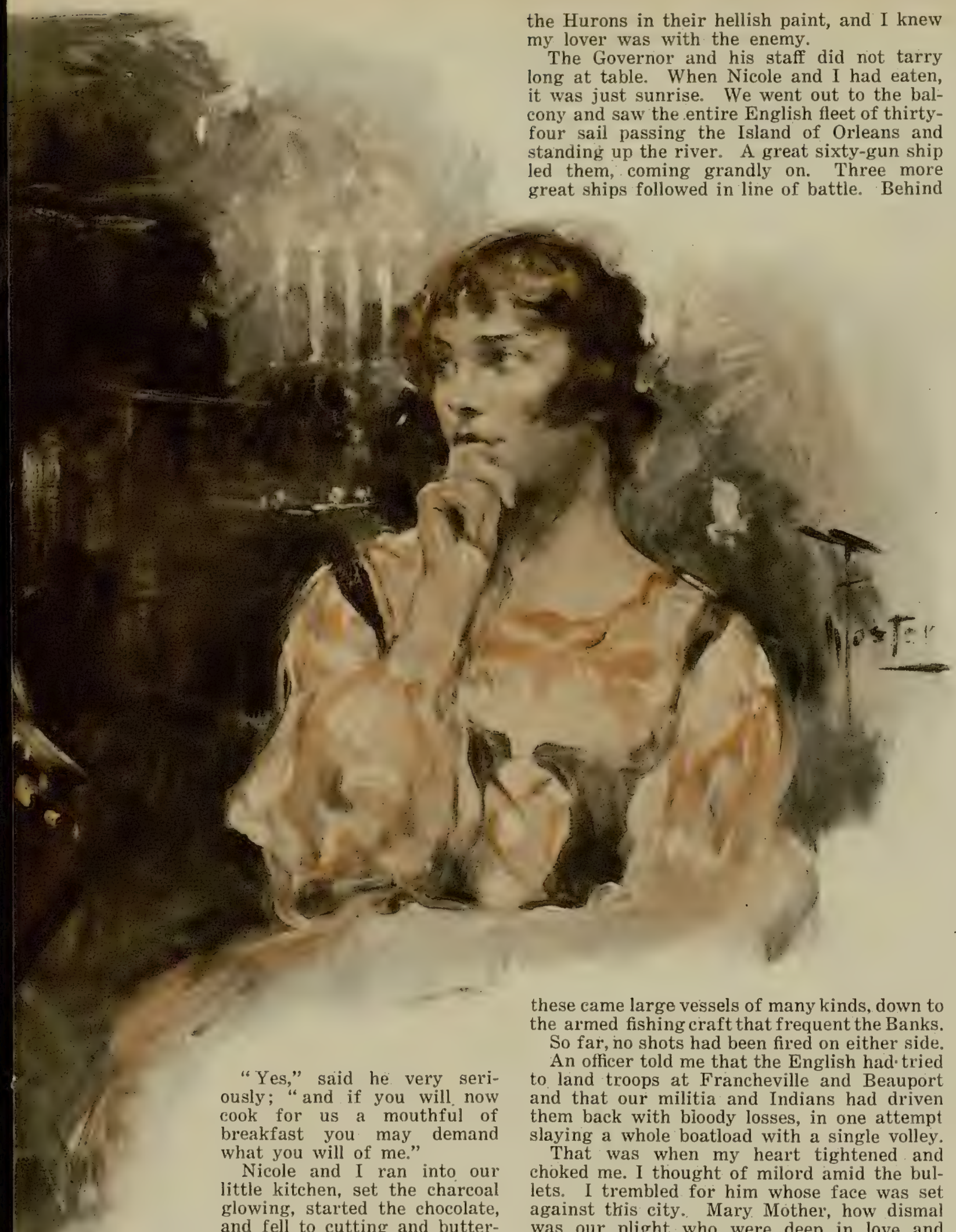
Before we had finished dressing, the balcony outside resounded with the spurred boots of officers crowding there with their sea glasses to make out the English ships.

It was not yet dawn, the streets of Quebec were in a tumult and candles burned in every window.

AS I opened our long window to step out on the balcony, I met Monsieur de Frontenac face to face.

"Ha!" said he gayly. "An Aulone can smell battle at a hundred leagues! I might have known who would first discover the enemy."

"Like the geese of Rome, monsieur, women have their value in a beleaguered city," said I demurely.



"Yes," said he very seriously; "and if you will now cook for us a mouthful of breakfast you may demand what you will of me."

Nicole and I ran into our little kitchen, set the charcoal glowing, started the chocolate, and fell to cutting and buttering tartines.

There was a basket of eggs from the convent, and of these I made a great omelette while Nicole ran down to the château cuisine and came back with a dozen plates and as many knives, forks, and spoons. Two servants followed, carrying a long table.

When we were ready I sent Nicole to inform Monsieur de Frontenac that he and his staff were served, and that the omelette would not be good if he delayed.

HE came in with his grimly amused smile, followed by his young gentlemen; and Nicole and I waited upon them and refused to touch a morsel until they were satisfied.

Out of respect to the Governor General there was no conversation unless he addressed somebody, which he did occasionally—even me, saying that the omelette was delicious and that I might choose as my reward any English prisoner taken and remove his scalp at my own convenience.

Everybody laughed, but the jest was grim and made me shudder secretly, for I had seen the Hurons in their hellish paint, and I knew my lover was with the enemy.

The Governor and his staff did not tarry long at table. When Nicole and I had eaten, it was just sunrise. We went out to the balcony and saw the entire English fleet of thirty-four sail passing the Island of Orleans and standing up the river. A great sixty-gun ship led them, coming grandly on. Three more great ships followed in line of battle. Behind these came large vessels of many kinds, down to the armed fishing craft that frequent the Banks.

So far, no shots had been fired on either side.

An officer told me that the English had tried to land troops at Francheville and Beauport and that our militia and Indians had driven them back with bloody losses, in one attempt slaying a whole boatload with a single volley.

That was when my heart tightened and choked me. I thought of milord amid the bullets. I trembled for him whose face was set against this city. Mary Mother, how dismal was our plight who were deep in love and ranged in arms against each other!

NOW, it being sunrise, the great white flag of France with its snowy field strewn with the golden lilies was hoisted over Fort St. Louis.

I watched the fleet gliding into the Basin of Quebec, where, one by one, they let go their anchors, a little below the city.

At every moment I expected to see a tongue of flame leap from the side of some great ship, and hear the first cannon shot of the impending battle. But hour followed hour and the dreaded thunder had not pealed, though the decks of the ships were swarming from stem to stern with sailors and soldiers.

About 10 o'clock, through our glasses, we saw a boat leave the flagship of Admiral Sir William Phips. It carried a flag of truce.

Four canoes left the lower town to meet it.

Into one of these, from his boat, stepped an English officer; and our Governor sent Major Prevost and two sergeants to the quay to receive him and have him blindfolded.

Monsieur de Frontenac now descended to the great salon below, and all his staff followed him. I was dying with curiosity to go, and ventured to ask Monsieur de Longueuil if I might venture to follow. Whereupon all those young scamps encouraged me to accompany them, saying that my omelette had given me the *grande entrée* everywhere.

So I went with them in my gray wool gown —a strange and dingy figure amid all that glitter of gold and silver lace.

Monsieur de Maricourt arrived, controlling his amusement with difficulty, and reported that they had blindfolded the English officer and were leading him all over the city to confuse him and give him vast ideas of the size of the place and the number of its troops and people.

We waited for half an hour, all standing, before they brought us the Englishman and removed the bandage from his eyes.

He seemed confused and astonished, and looked around the beautiful, gilded room, and at the brilliant company all powdered and scented and gold-laced and fluttering with ribbons and plumes. He was a young subaltern, still out of breath, dazzled; but he bore himself with dignity, bowed to our Governor, and expressed a polite wish that the duty assigned him had been of a more agreeable nature.

He then handed a letter to our Governor. An interpreter had been forgotten. I whispered to Monsieur de Sainte-Helene that I understood English. He ventured to mention this to Monsieur de Frontenac, who already had dispatched an officer to bring one.

THE Governor's eyes sparkled, but his mouth was leonine as he handed me the letter from the Puritan Admiral.

I was nervous, but my voice became steadier as I read it aloud, translating into French without any trouble at all.

It was a pompous, bragging, and threatening letter; very tiresome, very insolent; and it demanded the surrender of the city and fortress and garrison, and ended thus, as nearly as I can now remember:

"—which, if you refuse, I am resolved by the help of God to revenge all wrongs and injuries, and bring you under subjection to the Crown of England, when, too late, you will wish that you had accepted the favor of surrender that I now extend to you.

"Your answer positive in an hour—returned by your own trumpet—is required upon your peril, of which I, the aforesaid William Phips, Knight, do warn you!"

My face was burning with shame that I should read to any Frenchman so impudent a letter.

As I finished, the English officer drew his watch from his pocket and offered it to our Governor.

"It is ten o'clock, monsieur," he said, "and my Admiral must have your answer by eleven."

Such an outrageous insult was too much for our young officers, who could contain themselves no longer, in spite of the presence of the Governor General.

In the midst of general indignation, Monsieur de Valrenne, white with passion, told the Englishman that he ought to be hanged for bringing such a message, and that his Admiral was a pirate and nothing better.

I looked at the Governor, beginning to be frightened, and saw the rage in his face. For a time he did not trust himself to speak; but when his temper was under control he said very quietly to the Englishman:

"I will not keep you waiting as long as a whole hour, monsieur. Tell your Admiral, or General, or whatever he may be, that, even were I inclined to surrender, I would not trust a man who broke his word to the Governor of Port Royal—"

"And stole his wigs," muttered Maricourt; and I near died of laughter, and saw the Governor hide his mouth with his gloved hand.

The messenger stared at us in a startled manner.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FEAR OF GOD Continued from Page Seventy-one]

"Sir," said he, "is that an answer to a summons?"

"And a very good one," replied the Governor, smiling.

"But, Monsieur de Frontenac, I must beg you to give me this answer in writing—"

The blaze in Frontenac's eyes silenced him.

"Tell your General," he said, "that I will answer him through the mouths of my cannon, and teach him that a man like me is not to be summoned after this fashion!"

He nodded curtly to the two sergeants, who immediately blindfolded the Englishman and led him away without further ceremony.

ALL that day the English fleet lay quiet at their moorings, and the Puritan Admiral, who said he had only an hour to spare us, seemed to require many to make up his mind to fire upon us.

Our Governor was busy in the lower town replanting and strengthening his batteries along the quay. An aid, who came back to the palace to get him a fresh handkerchief and another pair of doeskin gauntlets, told us that Monsieur de Frontenac was very merry about his business of the eighteen-pounders, humming a lively air as he sighted every gun himself, and promising ten crowns to the first gunner who knocked a hole in the Admiral's flagship.

About 5 o'clock, when it was nearly sundown, Monsieur the Governor came himself and mounted to the balcony to take a look at Sir Phips, as he called him.

I had made a pot of broth and I filled a cup with this and buttered a brioche and carried them out to Frontenac.

"*Hé!*" said he, looking at the broth and then at me. "You seem to know everything, but how did you know I was hungry?"

"Monsieur, my father was a soldier, too."

While he ate his soup and brioche he tried to keep one eye glued to his telescope, which stood on three legs before his chair.

"My child," said he, "it is the man in a hurry who goes slowest. Sir Phips takes all day to recover his breath which my reply seems to have taken away, and now the sunset and the tide are against him."

As long as daylight lasted he would not leave his telescope; and, as he had no cloak, I brought out my shepherd's wrap and threw it over his shoulders.

"That is kind of you," he said. "I forget such things when admiring Sir Phips."

He insisted upon carrying his cup and plate into my bedroom, where Nicole had now lighted candles.

He looked around with an absent air, blinked like a lion in the candlelight, then, turning abruptly to me:

"Do you think the Count your father will bring me his coureurs-de-bois? Or have I mortally offended him?"

"Monsieur, he will come."

Frontenac stood thinking, his hands clasped behind him, his narrowing eyes remote. Presently he said: "I was very short with Sir Phips. But I am shorter of men. And I am frank to say to you, madame, that unless the Governor of Montreal and Monsieur d'Aulone arrive tonight with their regulars and coureurs-de-bois, the army of Sir Phips may take this city by storm tomorrow—"

A tremendous outburst of drums drowned his voice. We heard a roar of voices from the ramparts; loud cheering; shouts of "*Vive Callières! Vive l'armée! Vive les coureurs-de-bois!*"

I started upright among my pillows, and heard the English fifes and drums for the first time.

"*Ma foi!*" said Frontenac coolly. "It seems that they are already arriving, and Sir Phips has dawdled too long!"

There was a tremendous uproar going on at the Western Gate and along St. Louis Street. The staff officers on the balcony outside came to beat upon my window, crying, "*Monsieur le Comte! Monsieur le Comte!* Callières is entering the Western Gate with his regulars and the coureurs-de-bois!"

I ran to the long window and flung it open; and the great wave of noise rushed in—a confusion of drums and singing and cheering, above which the wild whooping of the forest runners could be heard.

The Count, surrounded by his exulting officers, descended to the court and they mounted their horses. I, frantic with excitement at the thought of seeing my father, ran downstairs and out of the fortress gates to St. Louis Street, which was all lighted by the torches. I saw the famous coureurs-de-bois in their leather dress, tossing fringes, and savage finery, swinging along, singing, whooping, tossing up their hatchets and guns in the torchlight—hard, sinewy, reckless fellows, swarthy from sunburn, and with the noiseless moccasined stride of panthers.

At sight of these outlaws the people went wild; and the forest runners laughed back at them, waving their weapons, blowing kisses at every girl they saw, draining the cans of cider and wine that were thrust out at them from the throng.

Many of them were young and handsome; many, indeed, came from the nobility, driven by unemployment and poverty to make a living for themselves in the vast free forests which the King said belonged to him. And he had made a law that all who entered the forests, except by his permission, were outlaws and were to be killed like wolves wherever found.

As these wild, reckless-eyed, hardy fellows passed through St. Louis Street, four abreast, I scanned each weather-darkened face in search of my father's features. I did not see him; and, fearing I had missed him, ran across to the Place d'Armes, where Frontenac, sitting his horse, was reviewing them with a grim and gleaming visage.

I WAS making my way among the horses of his officers, and had nearly reached the Governor's stirrup, when I felt myself seized by a horseman and swung up into his saddle. And the next instant I was in my father's arms.

Well, we had time for a long embrace, a few tender words; no more. For in the imminence of an attack at dawn there was no time to be lost.

Nicole had followed me—I had not known it—and now she came to kiss my father's hand; and he bent over from his saddle and gave her two hearty kisses on her pretty cheeks.

Frontenac already had started. There came a trample of horses in the torchlight, a last cheer, and my father was gone.

* * *

Again I rested badly. The overpowering sense of my lover's nearness to me banished sleep.

All that Monday night the wind filled the gusty chimneys with melancholy sounds. Just before dawn it rained very hard and my roof began to leak, and very soon the floor had puddles and my bed was wet. But it could not be helped, so I wrapped myself in my shepherd's cloak.

The storm had ceased. There was a watery light in the east and a great wind blowing when I closed my eyes and slept.

It was late on Tuesday afternoon when I awoke and sat up sleepily in my bed, and saw my father seated at my bedside.

Into his arms I fell and hid my face among the soft fringes on his deerskin doublet; and there I nestled.

As one relates a magic legend to a child, he told me of his escape through Holland; of the endless voyage to Hispaniola; of the pirate sloop that carried him to New York; of his painful journey by Albany and Saint Sacrement and the Richelieu to Cadaraqui, where at last he had found sanctuary from the wrath of kings.

Then, in my turn, I told him everything, and how it had gone with me since that first and only night in the fairyland of Versailles.

I told him everything except Gribouri's name—not sparing myself—all that had happened at the Recollettes', in London, in Dieppe, aboard the Duchess of Burgundy, and here in Quebec.

I told him that I loved, and whom, naming milord; and how I had loved him. I told him how and why and when I had renounced him; and at what cost. Only one thing I would not tell, and that was Gribouri's name and station.

My father sat cradling me in his strong arms, with never a word of reproach or any anger, or of any threat concerning the man whose heartlessness had crushed and fettered me for life.

No. All he said was, "There, there, Roussette! There, my darling! All is safe and well now. All is secure from harm in father's arms. And when we drive the English back to Boston, then you and I will go away together where there are no edicts, no kings, save God alone; where there is a clean, new world of pleasant lands, well watered meadows, and noble rivers, and all of delight that was in Eden before the snake."

I BEGAN to cry; but he lifted me out of bed and, cradling me, walked to and fro with me, to hush and comfort.

I asked him how it had gone between him and Frontenac; and he laughed and said: "There is a *man!*"

"Truly he is," said I; "and God forbid any quarrel ever between you two."

"It lies with him," said my father.

I asked him if he had encountered any from the Regiment d'Aulone.

"Colin came blubbering," he said, smiling; "and when our coureurs-de-bois passed in the Western Gate, where a company of Aulone stood guard, the men knew me and old Bouffon, and the damned rascals broke rank to kiss my hand—" He laughed and laughed, but I saw tears in his eyes. "—The damned, undisciplined rascals!" he repeated. "I would have given them a sound scolding had I found proper military words. But two years in the forest!—Well, one forgets, Roussette—"

"Sergeant Bouffon is with you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; we made our Calvary together from Versailles that night. He will be with us when this trouble is ended, and when you and I depart together."

"Is the English fleet still anchored in the river?"

"Pitching and rolling at their moorings. Wave, tide, and wind are against them. There was fighting below Beauport this morning, where one of their sloops got aground in the mud at low tide; but they fought like devils, those Boston men, and our scouts dared not wade out to carry her by the board, and she floated at the tide's turning."

"Why did they not dare carry her by assault?" I asked.

"I do not know. There was a certain Sieur Gribouri in command of our sharpshooters, who seemed to have no stomach for so desperate a venture."

After a silence: "I shall dress me and call Nicole to fetch us chocolate."

He set me down upon the bed; pulled out his watch. He had time for a tartine, he said.

When I was dressed he returned from the balcony, and Nicole brought us breakfast.

My father's forest runners were quartered in the Intendancy, where, at the ford and the crossing above, the first shock must come from the enemy infantry.

Here, and around toward the rear only, could an assault be made upon Sainte Genevieve; and below these barricades my father's forest runners were posted to break the storm when it burst across the St. Charles.

Well, my father ate, took gay leave of me, and went away—truly a strange yet splendid figure in his moccasins and gaudy buckskins, and the furry cap of otter with the tail twitching behind at every stride.

All that Tuesday the fleet lay tossing below the fortress; and our city remained as silent as the ships. Night came; but Frontenac did not appear, apparently disdaining to trouble himself to notice the fleet.

I had slept late, yet, when dark came, I got me again to bed; and I awakened only twice to prayer that night when thought of milord unclosed my eyes in darkness.

It was nearly 11 o'clock, and Wednesday morning, when I started upright among my pillows, and heard the English fifes and drums for the first time. All the air was filled with a tremendous noise from the river below. For a whole hour the martial tumult and hurrahing never ceased for an instant.

I lost no time in dressing and in swallowing my chocolate.

When I went out to the balcony, the Governor and a crowd of officers were already there, all watching a swarm of boats loaded with soldiers, which were putting off from the ships and rowing toward Beauport shore.

With a glass, which Monsieur de Maricourt very obligingly held balanced for me, I could plainly see the soldiers sitting in the boats with their guns between their gaitered legs.

I could see, too, that the tide was out and that boat after boat ran into the mud and stuck there.

I heard Sainte-Hélène say to his brother, Maricourt: "That fool Gribouri—why does he not pepper them now?"

But not a shot came from Beauport, and the Boston infantry began to jump out of their boats and wade through the shallow water toward shore.

Frontenac watched them through his long telescope, a low, leonine rumbling in his throat—which Monsieur de Sainte-Hélène seemed to comprehend, for he ran down to the courtyard, and I heard the clatter of his departing horse.

ALL along the Beauport strand, now, we could see a thousand Puritan infantry swarming, forming into companies, their drummers and fifers marching up and down, while more boats came rapidly rowing shoreward, only to run aground and there vomit out more soldiers.

Suddenly a distant crackling sound came to our ears, like thorns burning under a caldron.

"Ha!" said Frontenac. "Monsieur de Sainte-Hélène's sharpshooters are in action!"

From where I stood I saw men falling. I saw the Puritan officers running hither and thither, pulling and pushing their men into some sort of line.

I heard two heavy volleys from our sharpshooters and saw the woods belted with smoke. Into it rushed the enemy infantry, and, all in a few minutes, not an Englishman remained on the strand, excepting those tiny dots on the shore. Some moved; others never stirred.

Suddenly Monsieur de Frontenac called out to Maricourt:

"Sir Phips is leaving his moorings! Go to the Saut battery and give his flagship my compliments!"

Maricourt hastened away, laughing to himself. Frontenac's features were lighted by a kind of infernal brilliancy, and he made low, contented lion sounds under his little stiff mustache. We waited—one minute, two, three—watching the slowly moving English ships taking position abreast of the Rock.

They had neither anchored nor fired a single gun, when all at once a clap of thunder shook our balcony, and a white cloud rose in silvery foliations from the battery of the Saut-au-Matelot.

At that all the sky and earth seemed to fall into one common crash as the fleet let go every gun that bore upon us, and every battery of ours replied. Thunder rolled, reverberating from height to height; the Rock flashed and steamed; vast volumes of smoke, through which red lightning played, enveloped the ships. There were no longer intervals between the broadsides from ship and Rock than between the two ticks of a clock. The château shook and trembled and swayed without ceasing.

Monsieur de Frontenac was walking carelessly to and fro, his glass under his arm, noticing the ships less than the Beauport woods, where, over the trees, smoke rose everywhere, indicating the combat that was going on among the rocks and thickets. Now and then he sent an officer away upon some duty.

About 1 o'clock Nicole and I made soup for the Governor and his officers. Frontenac came into my chamber to eat his.

HE gave me a sort of contented grin where he stood with a bowl of broth in one hand and a brioche in the other.

"Well," said he, "I hope the music is not too noisy for you, madame."

"As long as Sir William dances to it, why, it suits me, my General."

"No, he has not yet begun to dance his jig; not yet. The real dance, for Sir Phips, begins tomorrow—" He turned around to hear a report from Beauport which a panting officer of scouts brought in.

"Admirable," said Frontenac in a purring voice, "Tell Monsieur de Sainte-Hélène to amuse the Boston infantry with his Lorette Indians, but nowhere to stand a charge. Slip away; avoid contact; recede slowly, cleverly. I want Monsieur de Sainte-Hélène to command the batteries in the lower town. At sunrise I wish him to knock several large holes in the flagship—and in the vanity of our friend Sir Phips. You will say so to Monsieur de Sainte-Hélène."

The scout went away, laughing.

However, another messenger came from Beauport to say that we had lost the Chevalier de Clermont and the veteran Captain de St. Denis, and a number of militia and scouts.

"All dead?"

"All, my General."

"Oh. Well, there is no more agreeable way to die. I shall miss those friends. But—I am seventy, and with God's mercy shall again clasp their hands at no distant day. Tell them to carry the dead to the Intendancy—the law courts—where already there are so many dead minds. Tell Monsieur de Bienville to take over Clermont's scouts. He is to be adroit enough to force the English to encamp at sunset. That is all."

He ate his soup thoughtfully. I was thinking of poor Clermont, who had been so gay yesterday.

At sunset the cannonade which had rocked the city all day long ceased. The sudden silence seemed terrible, as though ominous of some vast disaster instantly impending.

I know not why I should have felt so exhausted. I lay down on my bed, not undressing.

Nicole, who had been out in the town, returned to say that scarcely any damage had been done us; that the coureurs-de-bois had not been in action; that the Boston army now lay encamped along the Charles.

After sunset I put on my cloak and went by Sainte Genevieve to the palace of the Intendant to visit my father; but he made me go back immediately and told me not to come there again.

Therewas considerable firing going on along the St. Charles, our advanced posts exchanging shots with the enemy's; and I suppose that was the reason my father hustled me back.

Michelle, in all dangers, has ever rung true. Now Fate has decreed that she should stand the supreme and heart-searching test of a lover in peril. Will she come through with banners flying? You will know if you read next week's last and best installment.

The Craftiness of Fido

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A STORY *for* CHILDREN

By ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

"THAT cat knows what I'm sayin'."

FIDO, the stripy cat, heard Carlotta talking about what she was going to do in case a lot of kittens joined the family. Carlotta certainly did talk pretty roughly about it, and how was Fido to know that Carlotta never meant more than a third of what she threatened?

"I won't even let the children lay eyes on 'em!" Carlotta vowed. "If they see 'em, they'll want to keep 'em, an' God knows I have all I can stand now. I'll drown every last one of 'em before they ever gets their eyes open!"

Fido arched her back angrily and walked away.

"That cat knows what I'm sayin'," said Carlotta uneasily.

I'll admit I wasn't very comfortable myself. Of course, I realized that all Carlotta was saying was very good sense indeed. Most cook-nurse-housekeepers would have left long before. Do you understand that Carlotta was providing food and general well-being for Emmy, Nicky, Ben, and Greg; Domar, the police dog; Daffy, the half-wit dog; Pompey, her own Pom; Fido, the stripy cat; and Mouser and Towser, the fish—not to mention me? It was too much to expect anyone with such a load to look forward to the arrival of a flock of kittens.

Just the same, I felt pretty guilty and miserable. When I was a child I put in a great deal of time grieving over the way people frowned upon the arrival of kittens. Everyone knows that there is nothing on earth more delicious than a kitten. But I noticed early in life that, in spite of this, there is no more certain way to insure the destruction, or, at least, the complete and permanent disappearance of a cat, however beautiful, than for someone to suggest that there are going to be kittens.

Fido hadn't waited to hear whether or not I would defend her. She was no fine and delicate lady of a cat. She was a "sewer cat," a little gutter snipe, born to look out for herself. She didn't ask anyone to defend her. She simply walked indignantly away.

Next morning Carlotta came to my room with the mail. She looked a little foolish, I thought.

"That Fido," she began, "she's a sly one, all right. She's had her kittens, an' where do you s'pose she's put 'em?"

I jumped up to go to look at them, but Carlotta shook her head.

"You can't see 'em," she said firmly. "Nobody can't see 'em. She found a little hole in the cellar wall, inside, an' she's made a nest in there, just like a hen, between the house an' the rock. We can't *see* those kittens, much less drown 'em, till she brings 'em out."

"How did you know they were there?" I asked.

"Well, Fido stole a piece of bacon off the kitchen table this mornin', an' I run after her. She went flyin' down cellar, an' I got down jus' in time to see her tail goin' into that hole. Then, when I heard her purrin' an' talkin' in there, I *knew*. I put my hand in the hole, but the darned cat pretty near clawed it off me. Oh, well," she shrugged, "she can keep 'em there now. Can't anybody stop her. But you wait till she brings 'em out!"

But Fido apparently had no intention of bringing those kittens out. Days and days went by with no sign of them. We wouldn't have known they existed except that we saw so little of Fido.

One day Nicky was getting some old books out of the storeroom. The door to the storeroom is also the door to the cellar stairs. I heard Nicky cry out with astonishment and delight, and I ran down the hall toward him.

THERE between us—she must have carried them up the stairs one at a time—was Fido, proudly leading a parade of five little kittens. A black one, a stripy-gray one, just like its mother, a rusty-brown one, a dark gray one with one white paw, and one—well, I don't know how to tell you. If I should tell you, you wouldn't believe me. But Nicky described it when he shrieked:

"Oh, mother! Look at the plaid kitten!"

Just barely able to walk, they were. Very groggy on their feet; staggering from side to side. But all with their eyes open. All well past the age when any pleasant person would "dispose" of them.

You'll love reading about how the children got rid of Daffy, the half-wit dog, in next week's installment.

THERE was Fido —proudly leading a parade of five kittens.

All-America Football Coaches

THE INSPIRATIONAL BOYS AND THE ROUGH-TOSSERS

Explaining Two Extreme Types of Gridiron Tutors

Walsh Syn. photo

Coach Glenn S. Warner of Stanford

An Article by HUGH FULLERTON

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In the first article of this series, Mr. Fullerton gave the results of his investigation of criticism to the effect that the growing popularity of football was becoming a menace to college education. He cited three great coaches—Yost, Rockne, and Zuppke—whose work has gone far toward building up the general physical standards of their respective schools—Michigan, Notre Dame, and Illinois. He continues here to analyze the work of other great coaches.]

PART TWO

THERE are two types of football coaches whose methods call down violent criticism, not only upon themselves, but upon the game. These are the Rough-Toss boys, who concern themselves less with the morals and manners of their players and the possible effect of athletics upon the undergraduate body than with winning games; and the Inspirational coaches, who depend for success upon stirring the emotions of their players to a pitch that will cause them to perform feats of playing impossible without this stimulus.

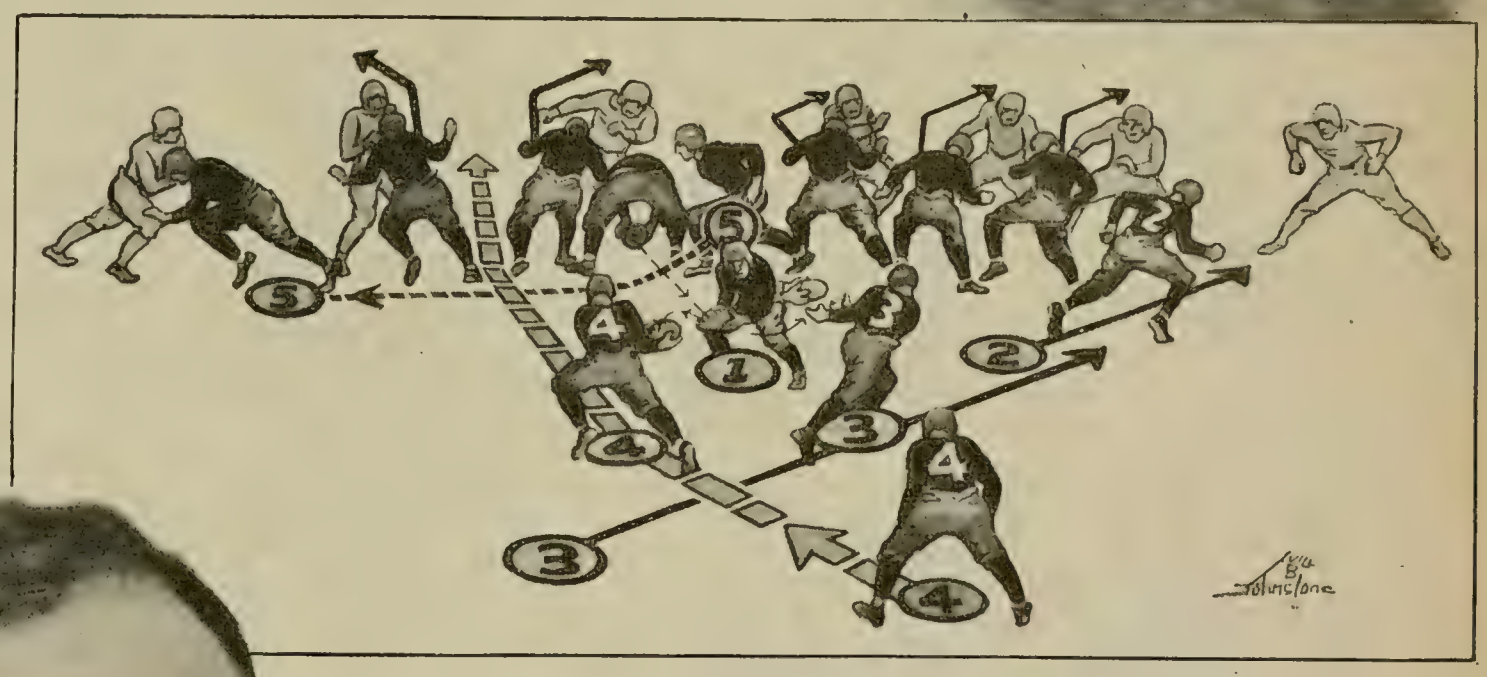
Of the two types the Inspirational is the more dangerous; and it is a school of football now happily passing away, although all good coaches use something of this method to spur their teams to greater efforts.

Glenn S. Warner, now with Stanford, Major F. W. Cavanaugh, just resigned from Boston College to coach Fordham, Gilmour Dobie of Cornell, Wallace Wade of Alabama, "Greasy" Neale of Virginia, and John Heisman of Rice Institute are the leaders of the Rough-Toss school. Bill Roper of Princeton, Dr. C. W. Spears of Minnesota, Dan McGugin of Vanderbilt, and George Foster Sanford, who for years coached Rutgers without pay, are the best examples of the Inspirational school. And of these Roper is the leader.

Frankly, these men believe that the chief end of football is to win games, and that "moral victories" count for little.

P. & A. photo

Coach W. W. Roper of Princeton.



A HARVARD adaptation of Glenn S. Warner's first reverse play: From an unbalanced line the play starts as a fake drive to the right end. No. 1 (quarterback) takes the ball from center and fakes a pass to No. 3 (left half), who runs to the right. No. 2 (right half) carries out a fake interference. No. 4 (fullback) delays an instant until No. 3 fakes receiving the ball, then he charges in the reverse direction (to left), taking the ball from No. 1 for a drive between left tackle and left guard. No. 5 (right guard) delays until the fake drive to the right develops, then comes out of the line and runs to the left, checking the opponents' right end.

On results, "Pop" Warner deserves the honors. The majority of football coaches concede him the leadership as an inventor and perfecter of plays. In thirty-two years of coaching he has won 85 per cent of all the games his teams have played, and he has had eight teams that went unbeaten through entire seasons. His best team, perhaps, was the University of Pittsburgh team of '16.

Warner, according to all authorities, is the greatest inventive genius the sport ever has known. The plays he worked out with the Carlisle Indians, back in the 90's, still are standard.

The reverse play, now so common, was his. He says it was merely a development of the old crisscross, with interference added, so that it had power as well as deception. The Indians defeated Harvard with that play, and the Boston experts wailed that "Harvard's ends were fooled time after time by the moth-eaten crisscross." As a matter of fact, the ends, instead of being fooled, were blocked out of plays by a guard coming out of the line to take out the end.

Warner was the first to use the formation with one of the backs flanking the tackle. Walter Camp referred to it as the "Carlisle formation," but Harvard now speaks of it as the "Harvard formation." Warner was the first, or one of the first, to use the direct pass to the ball carrier, and he invented the idea of starting the backs from a crouch. He first used that in 1899, in a game between Carlisle and Columbia, then coached by George Foster Sanford. That was the year Columbia defeated Yale, and Carlisle swept over Columbia, 42 to 0.

Warner is effective. He is big, slow spoken, except in crises, when he can bark orders as sharply as anyone. He talks to boys quietly

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL COACHES]
Continued from Page Seventy-five

as a usual thing, saying little:

"Son, you looked pretty bad on that play."

"I know, Coach. I'm rotten today."

"Yes, pretty rotten. Well, get in there in the next half and see if you can't do better."

He is a strict disciplinarian—just, slow to judge, and quick to act, once he decides. They call him "Pop" and respect him.

CAVANAUGH, like Warner in inventiveness, differs greatly in other ways. He is a fiery, determined fellow, impatient and fretting. He went to Dartmouth, a rugged, strong boy. They charge he was "helped" through Dartmouth; but if so, give us more of such help. He waited on table at the inn. He fought for his education—and he got it. He was All America on a great team.

I want professors who criticize football coaches to know just what sort of men they are. Cavanaugh is, perhaps, the most viciously criticized of all the coaches. He teaches hard, fighting football. Harvard gave him a reputation as a "dirty" coach, and "Cav" says Harvard started to ruin the reputation of Dartmouth in football two years before dropping them, in order to justify breaking off relations. In all his coaching career I can find only two cases in which one of his players has been put out of a game for rough work.

The Major probably will punch me on the jaw for telling this story—and wonder who gave it to me—but it is worth while, as showing how football men are sometimes "aided" through college. "Cav" was waiting table at the inn at Hanover. E. K. Hall—who recently gave Dartmouth its beautiful hospital as a memorial to his son—now the most logical of the "logical successors" of Walter Camp, had worked his way through school and had a job as head waiter in a Green Mountain summer hotel. The job paid $350 a season—which was enough to send a boy through Dartmouth then. Hall was through with the job and intended to start law practice. Wally McCornack, Dartmouth's famous old hero, was back at Hanover coaching and living at the inn. Hall wrote McCornack, asking whether any of the football players could take his job as head waiter, so McCornack went to Cavanaugh.

"I don't know what a head waiter does," said Cavanaugh.

"We'll practice up this winter," said McCornack. "Every time I enter the dining-room I'll pretend to be a lady and you escort me to my seat and practice."

Three times a day Cavanaugh met McCornack at the door, and, coached by McCornack, learned such grand airs that he was a knockout at the summer hotel, and won a place as an All-America head waiter.

In 1898 Cavanaugh coached Cincinnati and gave that school the only winning team it ever had. He went from there to the Denver Athletic Club and developed three

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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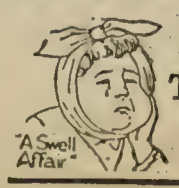

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

fine teams in three years, in days when athletic clubs played at mimic murder. In 1902 he coached Worcester High School, and if you know the rivalry between Worcester High and Worcester Academy you'll know it was a tough job.

In his first five years of coaching, Cavanaugh's teams lost just one game. He produced fine teams at Holy Cross in 1903, '04, and '05, and was out the next year when Holy Cross instituted graduate coaching. The next three years he coached Worcester Academy, his ancient rival, and then was six years at his old school, Dartmouth, putting Dartmouth so high on the football map that relations with Harvard were strained and then broken.

In 1917 and '18 Cavanaugh was in the Big Game. Enlisting as a private, he was a lieutenant before the 102d Field Artillery sailed for France, and a captain three months later. He got his majority while in hospital. A born leader, Cavanaugh was a great soldier.

"Football training helped a lot," he admits. "A coach learns to lead and handle men and win their confidence.

"I wish I could command a regiment of football players, if we have to go to war again.

P. & A. photo
Major Frank W. Cavanaugh, former coach of Boston College.

"I didn't learn anything in the war that helped in football. War is ugly business and none of the fine things we get in football are in it."

Two weeks before the Armistice, Cavanaugh "got his." A shell exploded among the guns of his battery. Twenty-eight pieces of that shell tore his head, ripped his face. Five pieces still remain in his head, encysted. They patched him up. He came home, hid his medals and decorations, and got a job coaching the Boston College team.

That was a tough job. The school was young and poor, just building on its beautiful site. There was little equipment.

Cavanaugh had fewer than sixty candidates out for the team each year, and only about forty who were possible players. It is charged by some that Cavanaugh belongs to the "go get 'em" school of coaches—meaning coaches who recruit players, and, presumably, recompense them. The fact is, he had to scout the lots of New England cities, try to persuade boys to come to the school, and take what he could get.

In spite of these terrible handicaps, Cavanaugh produced great teams. He had to play any teams he could get to play him. The big teams dodged games with Boston. Every time his team beat a big college the cry was raised that he was too rough. All the Lily-White coaches dodged him. All the teams that used tramp athletes and employed "talent" wanted to play his team—because they were not welcome on other schedules.

P. & A. photo
Coach C. W. Spears of Minnesota.

Last fall, Cavanaugh resigned the unwelcome job as too difficult. As a strategist, an inventor, and a leader of fighting men, he ranks near the top among coaches. His one great invention in football is a corker. In these days there are two standard back-field formations on the attack and the more or less illegal shift used by a minority of coaches. One is the Rockne formation, the other the Harvard formation, which, in reality, is Warner's old Carlisle formation. Cavanaugh starts his back field in the Rockne formation, shifts into the Harvard formation, and so quickly is the change made that his tackle drives are deadly.

The old-time line-up for attack (at left); and (right) Warner's back-field shift, enabling a back to flank the opposing tackle, and the entire back field to start from a crouching position.

"I won't let my teams play dirty football," says Cavanaugh. "There is no moral involved. I do it because dirty playing, slugging, and roughing lose games."

THEN there is Gilmour Dobie, a great player at Minnesota, student and follower of Dr. Harry Williams, who in his day ranked with Warner as an inventor and football genius. Dobie must have inherited or absorbed some of Williams' grouch, for he is the champion pessimist of the coaching fraternity.

"Gloomy Gil," they call him; but, regardless of the material at hand, he usually turns up with a strong team before the season ends. He developed strong teams at Navy, but his manner of handling men became irritating, and he moved to Cornell, where the conditions are scarcely less happy for the coach. Cornell is a hard college in a football way. The engineering courses, especially, take much time and the annual turnover of athletes is greater than it usually is in other schools.

Acme photo
Coach Jesse B. Hawley of Dartmouth.

Dobie is a driver; impatient; tongue-lashing players who are slow in comprehending or getting into play.

He is frank about his methods. "I found," he said, "that the average football squad will not work as hard in practice as is necessary to put them in proper shape to win their big games. Therefore I have followed the policy of driving them.

"A number of players resent very strenuously the coach's command to hustle. Some of them become so infuriated that they really want to quit. But they are too much interested in winning their games. I have known many cases where, after the game was won or a good showing was made, this same class of fellows would come around and thank the coach for the strenuous coaching they had thought, before the game, was pure abuse.

"In handling the players, I treat them all pretty much the same, although there are usually a certain number of fellows who are willing to work and who require a prod only now and then. Others are continually hanging behind and require constant attention."

I've told the worst about this type of coach and his methods; the worst charges made against them. In twenty years I never have been able to substantiate the charge that any one of them orders what is known as "dirty" football. I have talked with many players who have played for them, and not one told me of any unsportsmanlike order given them. The line between "hard" playing and "dirty" playing seems to depend upon the attitude of mind.

P. & A. photo
Coach Dan McGugin of Vanderbilt.

The hard-boiled coaches are out of sympathy with faculties and do not co-operate well. Which fact naturally arouses resentment and opposition, and makes the job of the coaches harder. In Dobie's case there has been, at Cornell, active antagonism.

These coaches are artists, inventors, and, naturally, the lack of good material to work out their beautiful bits of generalship irks them.

This class of coach is proof that the conference idea is the solution of most football evils. There now are forty-three conferences following the lead of the Big Ten. The idea in these conferences is that physical education is one-third of our educational scheme. They place the coach in a responsible and dignified position, give him moral and other support, co-operate with him. They make his position as permanent as that of any professor, and give him all-the-year-round employment. His job does not depend upon winning games.

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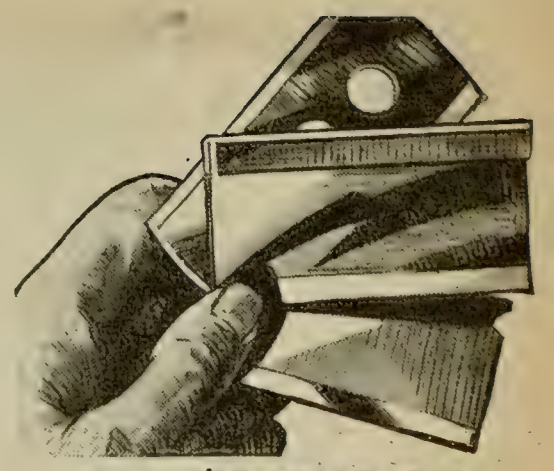

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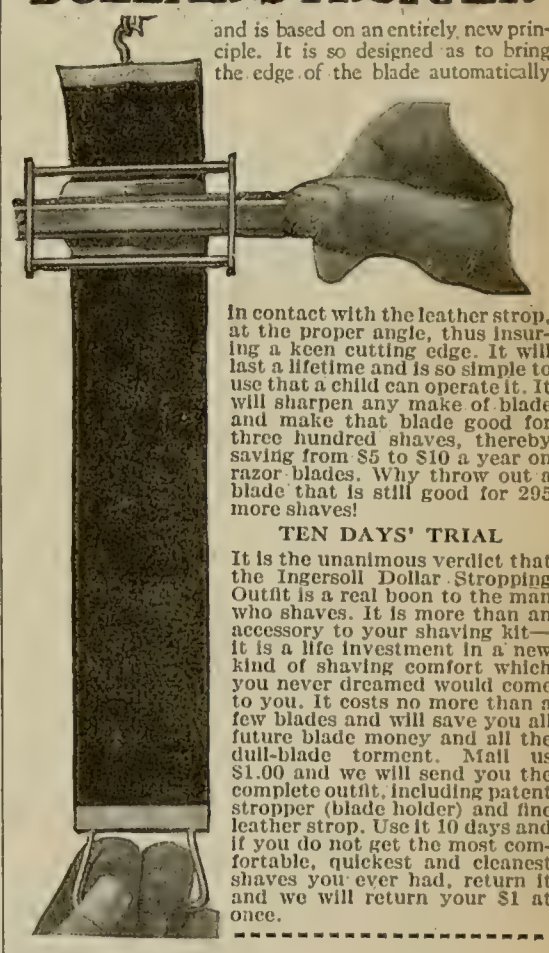

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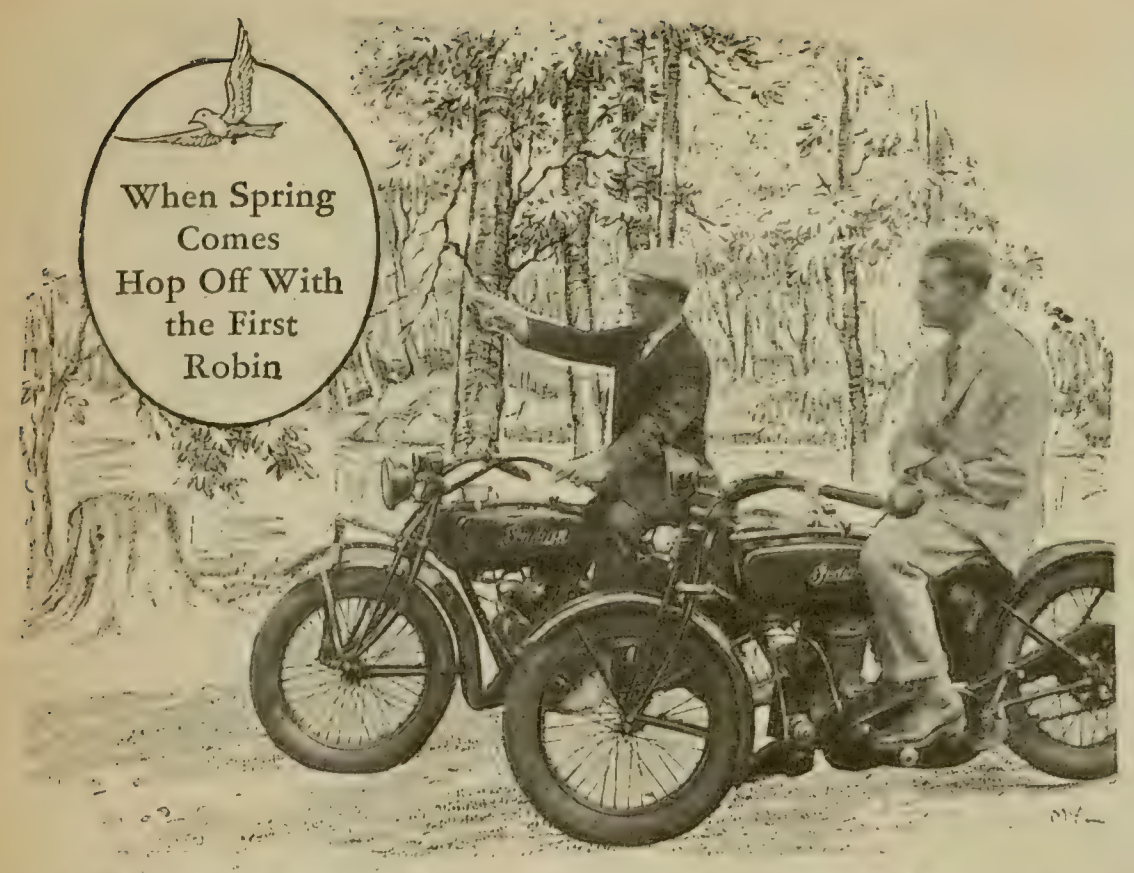

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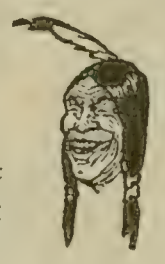

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[ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL COACHES]
Continued from Page Seventy-seven

Put Dobie, Warner, or Cavanaugh in one of those jobs and they probably would be as highly moral as Stagg, Yost, or Zuppke.

Princeton, under Bill Roper, is the outstanding team depending upon "inspiration" and "spirit." Doc Spears of Minnesota, Stagg of Chicago, Wallace Wade of Alabama, Burt Ingwersen of Iowa, Jesse Hawley of Dartmouth, all use inspiration liberally, although not strictly of the Inspirational school of coaching.

To a great extent, this method is responsible for ill feeling between rival colleges, and if one digs deeply enough it will be discovered that back of the recent break between Princeton and Harvard is the resentment of other colleges at the Roper method of play.

It is a dangerous thing for any coach to arouse a team of young athletes to the highest pitch and turn them loose on a football field. Perhaps the coach does not mean them to injure their opponents; but, in nine cases out of ten, a boy worked to such a pitch of emotion will go farther than the coaches intend.

ROPER was schooled in the Princeton style in days when boys were sent out to fight until they dropped. He is not a great tactician, nor a great football inventor or general. Most of the technical football of his teams is taught by his competent assistants. When it comes to working a team up to a high pitch of determination he is without a peer, and his great success has come from inspiring mediocre players to give everything in them.

The idea of putting fight into a team always has obtained at Princeton. I remember a team that, on paper, seemed to be one of the best Princeton ever turned out, but which, during the early season, lacked spirit and fight. Roper and his assistants were in despair. It was just after the war, and Princeton had a big squad of ineligible players who were playing on the scrubs. The coaches got these men together and instructed them to start rough-house tactics against the regulars that afternoon. The gates were closed, and at the first line-up the scrubs started slugging, using elbows, and roughing. To the end of the season, fight was Princeton's first name and it battled to victory over its Big Three rivals.

While Harvard and other colleges claim Princeton is coached to use unethical tactics, to rough and slug and insult opponents, and while Tad Jones of Yale openly accused Roper of those methods during a coaches' meeting, Princeton indignantly denies the charges. It is probable that the players, under the stress of emotion, go farther than the inspirers intend.

One of the boys who has come into great prominence recently is hard to classify. He is the rough-toss, inspiration, lily-white, and inventive type combined, and his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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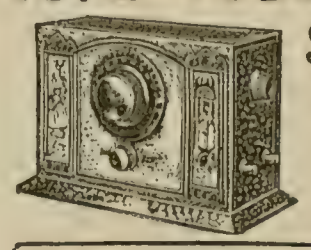

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-EIGHT]

teams play rugged and diversified football. He is Wallace Wade, whose Alabama team has put the South to the fore in football, and by its brilliant games against Stanford, long after their own season ended, has twice upset football dope.

Wade was assistant to Dan McGugin at Vanderbilt, and imbibed some of that veteran's morals and manners. His career as leader of the Crimson Tide has marked him as a great molder of men. He is a member of the faculty and, besides being coach, is one of the most powerful and healthy campus influences.

He swept away the last vestiges of professionalism in Alabama, has insisted upon strictest conformance to ethical football, has demanded that his players be above the average in scholastic standing, and has proved a consistent winner.

Used properly, inspiration is a great asset. Stagg uses it freely. Although a poor platform orator he is inspiring in a football clubhouse. He uses scathing language, without a word of profanity, and he can say "jackass" so that it sounds like the concentration of all cuss words. As Bob Zuppke said once: "Before the first half was over he didn't have a human being left on his team. We were playing eleven jackasses."

The light line indicates the old-style pass from center to quarterback to halfback. The heavy line shows the direct, time-saving pass from center to runner, in use today.

Stagg's oratory cost him a game once, and perhaps he never knew it. He was emotionalizing and driving home the lesson. Raising his voice, he proclaimed over and over "Three times four is twelve." An Illinois man overheard the shouts, and translated. He knew that Stagg was preaching to his team that if they could plunge the line for four yards on each down they could gain the required distance, and that he intended to play a plunging game. The hint was sufficient.

P. & A. photo
Coach Gilmour Dobie of Cornell.

One of the most interesting of the great coaches is Dr. C. W. Spears, now with Minnesota. He is one of the hardest to classify. He used the Rough-Toss, the Lily-White, and the Inspirational methods alternately and besides that is a great inventor and developer of plays, with an uncanny power to adapt the style of football to fit his players.

SPEARS is a plump, jolly, kidding type of man, stands high in his profession as a surgeon, and loves football. He was a fine coach at his old school, Dartmouth, then he went to West Virginia to a section where ethics counted but little and the "go get 'em" system of accumulating players obtained largely. He built clean, hard-fighting teams composed almost entirely of West Virginia high-school boys. Then he went to Minnesota, where he has developed a great team, which, beaten badly by Michigan early in the season, gave Yost's great team the fight of its life at the second meeting.

His handling of college men is an art, and he adapts his treatment to each individual. He can run the gamut from sympathy to abuse, and gets results.

When Spears was coaching Dartmouth he had a great team, and about as great a variety of men as could be gathered together. Before a game he would send the reserves out of the field house and, one by one, walk out of the room with the regular players.

ONE he would pat on the arm and say: "For dear old Dartmouth." Tears welled in his eyes and his voice trembled. Another he would hold with one huge arm around his shoulders and, in a tearful voice, plead with him to battle for the honor and glory of the dear old Y. M. C. A., for the Philomathean Society, for him personally.

One by one he would lead them forth, comforting, encouraging, cheering, and send each to the field with a parting hand grip or encouraging slap—until only Bill Cunningham was left. Then Doc would return, straighten his shoulders, and say:

"Now, you big, lazy stiff, get out there and win, or I'll bust you one on the jaw!"

He can handle men, and his players are wild about him.

Sometimes it seems to me these coaches are born leaders, and most of the men who have developed Dartmouth teams seem to possess the quality of leadership above others. McCornack, Cavanaugh, Spears, and now Jesse Hawley.

Hawley is a combination of the Lily-White, the Rough-Toss, and the Inspirational schools; and he belongs to a distinct species of coach—the species of high-grade college man who returns to coach his own college team through sense of duty.

Athletics mean a great deal at Dartmouth, where the students are isolated during the long fall and winter months, and where blues and homesickness are serious problems. Hawley sacrificed time and money and went back.

"It is worth while," he says. "Coaching is a big responsibility and a big privilege. A coach, to succeed, must command the respect of the players and the entire school, both physically and mentally. There is more to coaching than those who just attend football games see. It is about the only place left in America where boys learn the value of discipline. They don't get any disciplinary training in their homes. They don't get it

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as waxy pastes and creams do. Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

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If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

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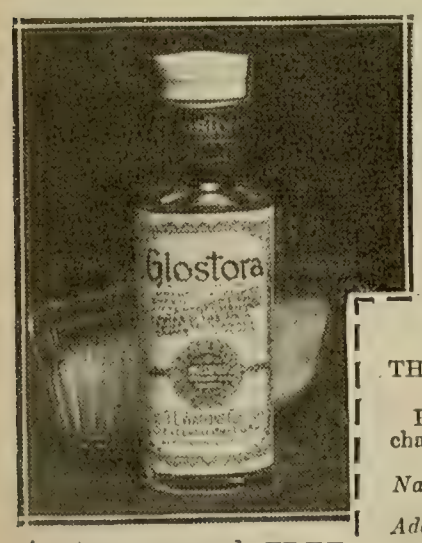

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[ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL COACHES
Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

in schools—but they get it, and get it right, on the football field.

"The coach has a tremendous influence, not only on the players but on the whole student body. He gets into closer touch with the boys than any member of the faculty can, and his relations are more personal and intimate. If he is in sympathy with the faculty and will co-operate with them, he can make himself a vital influence in their support. Winning games is not the biggest part of it, although when the team wins, the coach's opportunities are enlarged in proportion."

Hawley won quick recognition as an able leader of men during the war, in which he served with the field artillery.

"Experience in handling football teams helped," he admitted. "And the men with training in athletics made the best soldiers. As a measure of preparedness alone, football justified its existence. Men who are trained to discipline and to think and act quickly are good soldiers and can lead others."

In the third and concluding article of this interesting series Mr. Fullerton will tell of the rise of the Lily-White school of coaches, and the brilliant fight of T. A. D. Jones to restore Yale's lost gridiron standing by clean football.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Beekeepers, Please Copy

When little Don visited the Harvest Show one of the exhibitors showed him a small glass case full of bees. They were knocking and crowding and bumping into each other in their distracted swarming over the middle partition in the case.

Don looked at them a moment and then asked, "What's the matter with them?"

"They act that way because the queen is gone," answered the exhibitor.

"Well, they need a traffic cop a lot worse'n they do a queen," commented Don.—H. H., Colorado Springs, Colo.

* * *

The Missing Face

Elsie, aged nine, had been in the habit of visiting in the country for a vacation each summer. This year she said nothing about going. She showed none of her former enthusiasm for making the trip, and finally her mother asked her:

"Well, Elsie, how about going to the farm this summer?"

"Oh, I don't think I'll go," she replied.

"Why not?" asked her mother.

"Well, it's not the same place since the goat died," she said.—W. C. W., Indianapolis, Ind.

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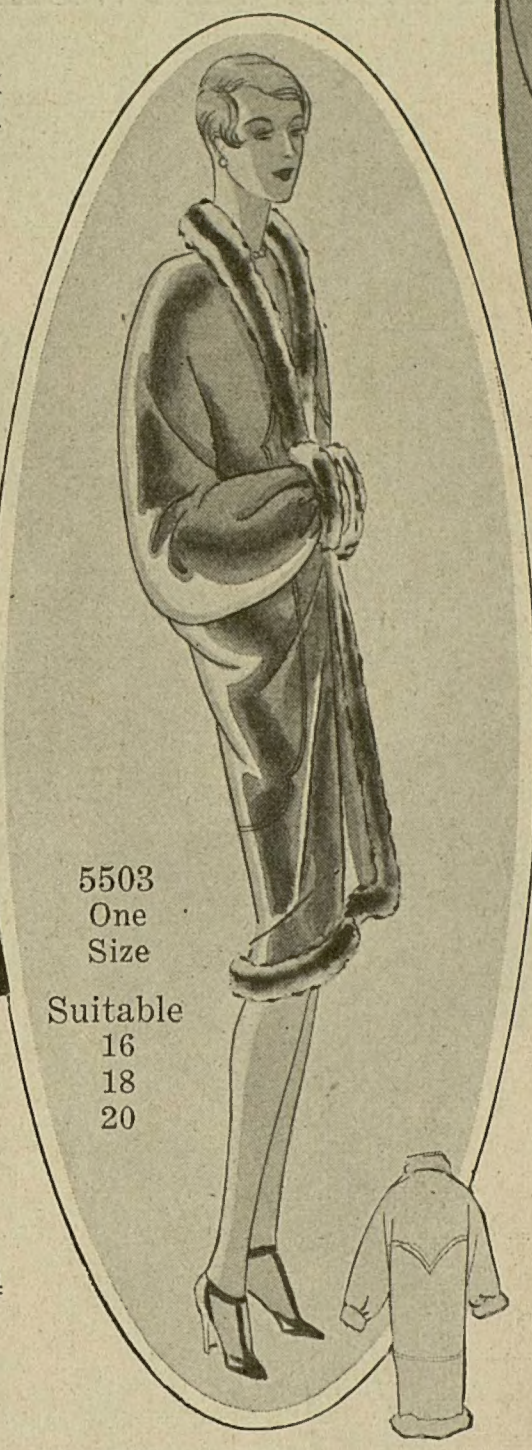
Lighter Coverings for Warmer Weather

By Mary Brush Williams



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One
Size

Suitable
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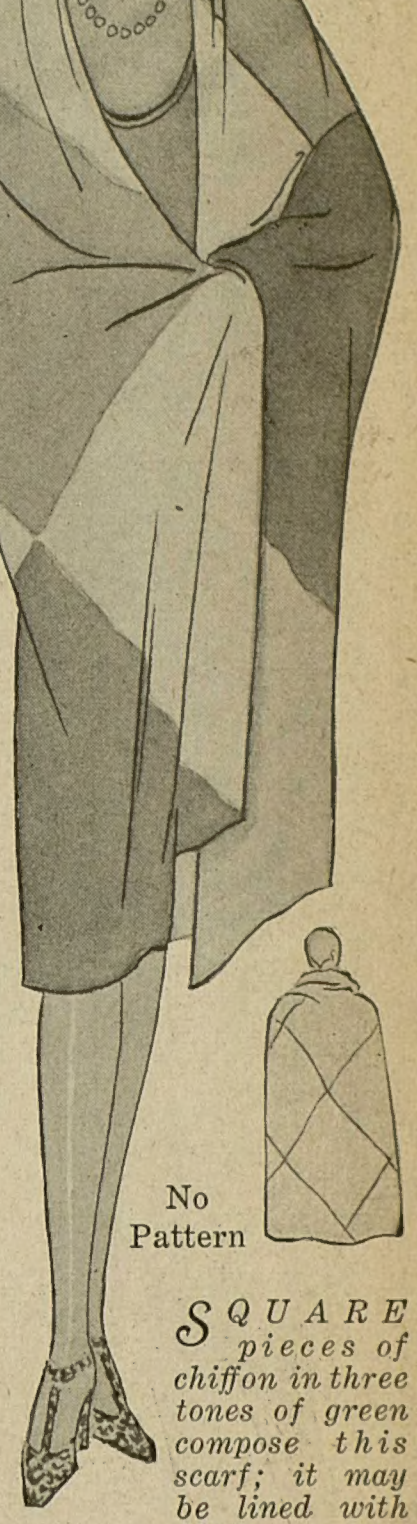
An evening coat of silver tissue banded with chinchilla fur and lined with chiffon.



No Pattern

Square pieces of chiffon in three tones of green compose this scarf; it may be lined with chiffon or fur.

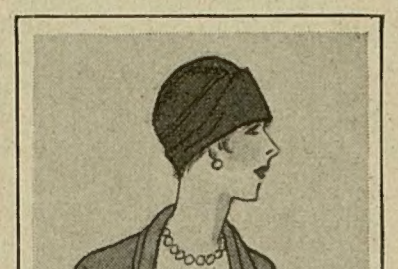
When we say cloth of silver, we think of something bulky and heavy dragging on the person of a dowager. Silver tissue, on the other hand, suggests the glistening, elongated lights of Fifth Avenue on a rainy evening. The former is for the elderly and the latter for the young—or those who look young. That is the difference between cloth of silver and silver tissue.

Our evening wrap is of silver tissue, with an edging of chinchilla around the collar, sides, and hem. The front has a panel effect produced by cords of the material, and these are also used to form a pointed yoke across the back, as well as to trim the skirt.

There is a marked tendency for trimming to stray away from the front of costumes, and the back is coming into its own. Trimmed backs, sleeveless dresses, and other conceits are now beginning to appear on the early spring horizon.

As a sign of the coming mode for spring, I have noticed a well dressed Frenchwoman coming into a smart New York hotel every evening for dinner wearing a dress without sleeves. It is not an evening robe, nor is it of a light color. It is made of dark blue jersey, and inclines to the sports type of garment.

Sleeveless creations of many smart French houses are appearing now—sparsely, perhaps, but tellingly. If the sleeveless frock does not take, it will be because we became inoculated against it when we took up the feverish devotion to the short skirt. For one or the other almost surely must be sacrificed—used together the result is likely to be an ensemble that is a little unrefined and—worse yet—inartistic.



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Red crepella was used for this frock. Its scarf is cut in one piece with the bodice.

The sleeveless sports dress may be made a little more formal by the addition of a new kind of scarf. We show here an attractive variation of the ordinary scarf. It is square; it is laid off in squares resembling town lots on a map.

In this particular French scarf the squares are in three tones of green chiffon. Unlike the town lots or the blocks of a cross-word puzzle, the squares are held together with hemstitching, and the whole is lined with anything from another layer of chiffon to soft silk, with delicate woolen interlinings. Sometimes such scarfs are even lined with fur.

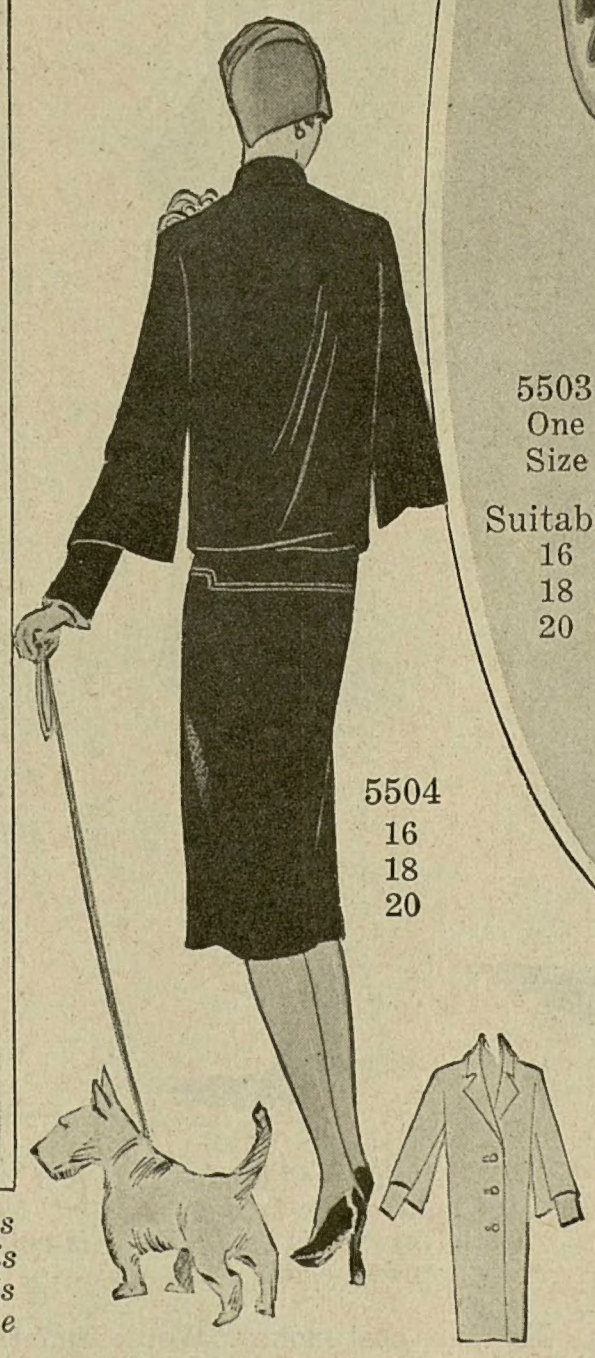
At this season we are beginning to wish we did have something to put on sometimes of an evening besides that old fur coat. Yet, if we put on our evening wrap after a fur coat in the daytime, we are sure to take cold. The wrap in question is suitable for Southern climes and to reinforce wraps of silk and satin and velvet, bringing their warmth-giving properties up to a standard sufficient for any night air.

You keep this scarf with you during the evening, and you wear it folded, either like a shawl in a point down the back, or lengthwise like a long scarf. The girl in the sketch hasn't folded hers at all; but to get away with that conceit it must be substantially lined.

All coats seem to have little standing fur collars. The one in the sketch has something more distinctive—a cape for each sleeve. They are of the same material as the wrap, which is dark blue kasha, and they are sewed into the underarm seams, following the shoulder line to the back and falling down each side.

The dress is of red crepella and is very chic, with one side of the bodice elongated, by skillful cutting, into a scarf. This goes round the back of the neck in the form of a low collar and falls down the left side of the blouse. The skirt has the fitted look round the hips that is now fashionable, having supplanted the old loose and more slovenly line of the jumper, with its lower edge below the waistline.

The straight-lined street coat shown below is of dark blue kasha. Notice the intriguing back and sleeves.



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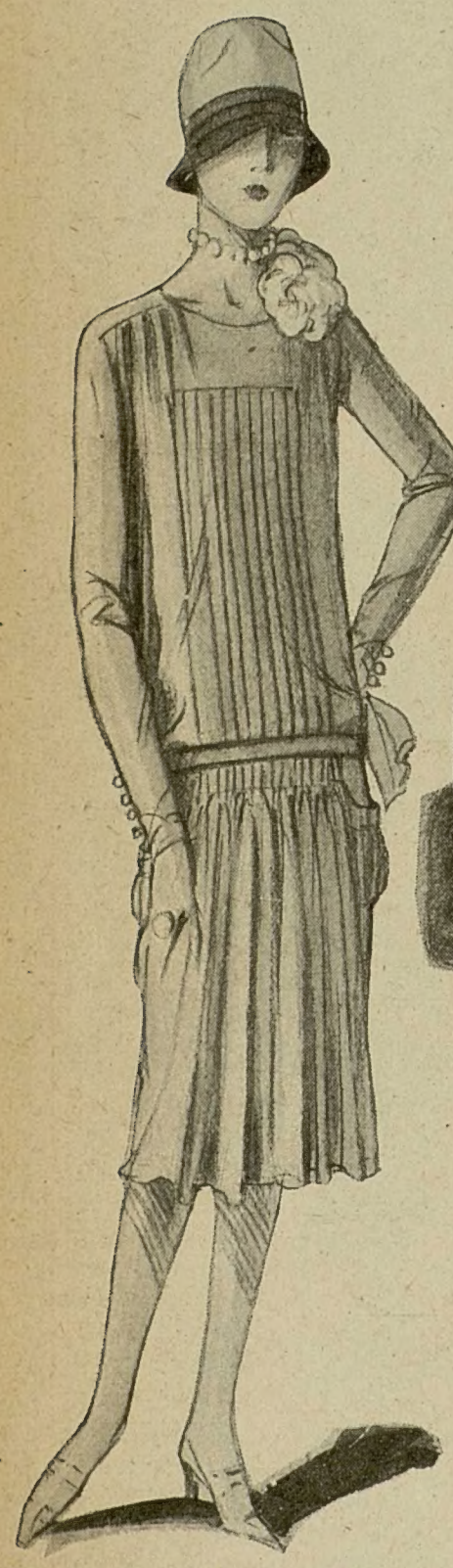
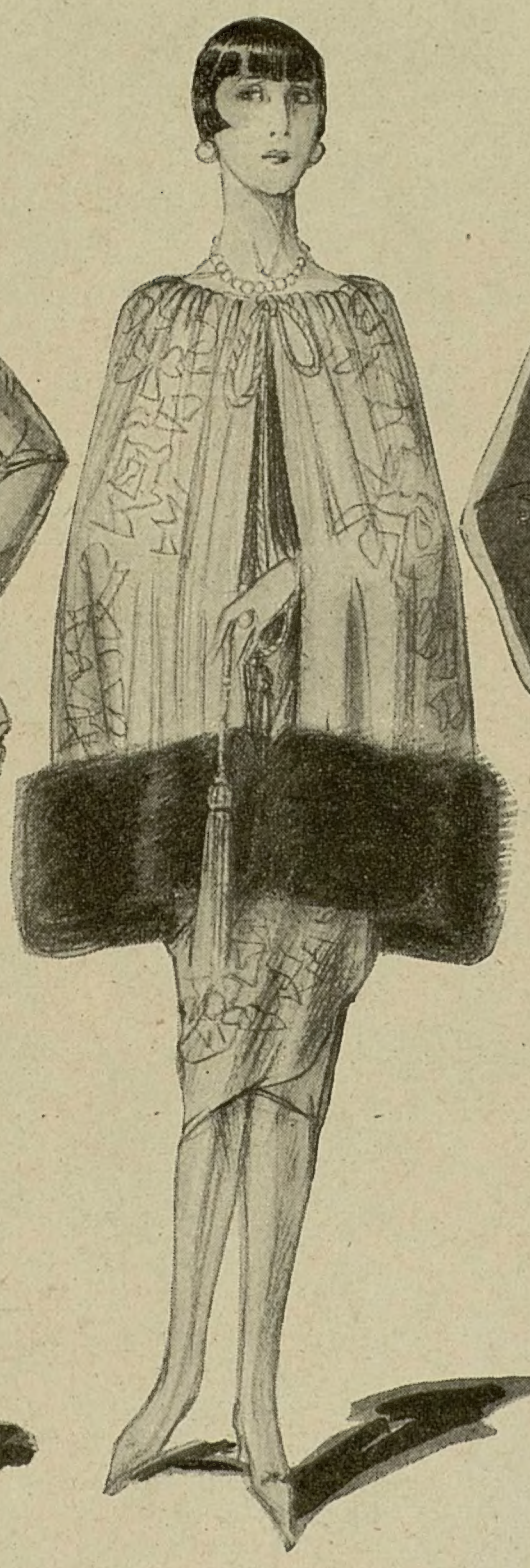
Eliminate Failure from Your Wardrobe

By BETTINA BEDWELL



THIS Jane Regny model of green crepe de Chine has large pouch pockets at the sides.



AN evening cape of ivory satin, trimmed with black fox and gold embroidery.

GRAY shaved lamb and green kasha toile form this early spring coat.

OF pale orchid satin, this evening gown is embroidered in pastel shades.

Paris, January 23, 1927.

FAILURE is the specter that stalks forever by the side of fashion. A leading style may be just one of many failures, as far as the individual woman is concerned, though it be found in the seats and strongholds of the mighty.

The great victory in the battle for chic is the elimination of failure from the clothes you choose. If you have only one outfit, and that is a failure, you are living with tragedy. If you have a hundred, and half of them are failures, or even also-rans, you are the unhappy victim of a constant chagrin.

It isn't a question of how much a costume costs. Any price is too dear if you aren't happy when you wear it and if others do not find it a pleasure to look at you.

No woman can afford to keep on making mistakes unless, by chance, she is that monstrosity, a woman who doesn't care how she looks. Mistakes cost money. Worse than that, they cost happiness and poise and peace of mind, and that price is too high. More gray hairs and wrinkles come from the consciousness of being badly dressed, and more inferiority complexes too, than from any other single cause. Any woman on earth, who once has known the supreme feeling of power and peace that comes from wearing a perfect outfit, will realize the truth of this.

What we need is a closer clothes harmony. Eliminate impulse when you get your clothes. Use the old bean. The trouble is, probably, that most of us want to get our chic in a hurry. And, too, we want what we like. So we rush in without stopping to read the Stop, Look, and Listen signs, and repeat our former mistakes.

The art of being well dressed is one to be mastered only by research and elimination. The first thing to learn is the rule of the women who are supremely smart, and that is, "Not too many at a time." Don't buy your winter clothes in August, nor your summer ones in March, if you want to keep failures out of your sartorial life.

Study yourself, study fashions, and combine the two. Pay more and buy less. Don't make the mistake of trying to look pretty at a sacrifice of individuality. True chic has character and grace, and this means beauty as contrasted with mere prettiness. On the other hand, ugliness is never fashionable. It can at best be odd. Never sacrifice quality for quantity.

I know an American girl who is an example of smartness in Paris, and she has just two outfits to her back. These two are expensive, when you consider the first outlay. And she has doubled their cost in the upkeep of valeting, cleaning, pressing, and renovating. But she will wear them with success the entire season. They can stand the strain of frequent appearance, for they are the result of study and elimination—successful in every detail.

She has one daytime and one evening outfit. About the limit in restricted quantity, but unlimited in quality. She is an example of the greatest chic with the least number of costume units. When she appears in the morning the coat shown in our third sketch is what she wears. It's the only one she has for daylight hours, but a hundred others in her clothes closet wouldn't add an iota to her smartness.

THE coat is a reversible cloth-and-fur garment which has an outside of gray-green kasha toile for morning, with cunning lines of the gray shaved lamb that forms the other side showing around the edges.

In the afternoon she turns the coat inside out and it is a gray shaved-lamb coat, with bands and belt of kasha toile.

Under this coat she wears the frock shown in our first sketch—a green crepe de Chine from Jane Regny. It is the newest one-piece sports dress, with big hip pockets and plaited and shirred front. For a limited wardrobe this frock is ideal, for it serves both for sports and afternoon. The two flowers—one gray and one green crepe de Chine—worn on the shoulder are precious details. So is the hat of gray felt with a green felt brim and two green ribbon bands. In the morning she wears the hat sketched with the coat—a gray felt that looks something like shaved lamb and is banded with green velvet ribbon.

For evening she wears the cape and frock shown in our second and fourth sketches. The frock has no glitter of beads. It is of pale orchid satin. A robe de style with no bouffant flare; a distinguished silhouette. The trimming is concentrated in the back of the bodice, entirely covering it: a combination of appliqué and embroidery in exquisite pastel shades. This Myrbor frock has unusual chic and so has the evening cape in ivory satin, embroidered in gold and banded with fox. The medieval neckline of this Myrbor wrap harmonizes perfectly with the spirit of the frock.

By joining the fewer-and-better-clothes movement of the very smart, women may eliminate those high-priced failures that prevent mastery of chic.

Our national propensity to Colds

EVEN this most common trouble can be traced, quite often, to the susceptibility induced by the poisons we ourselves set up within us—the poisons of Auto-Intoxication.

* * *

THE miserable inconvenience of a cold is the most common ailment of the winter months. Of all diseases to which flesh is heir, it is the most costly in lost time and in impaired health.

On the average, colds bother each American 23.3 days a year, cutting the efficiency of their subject, making him irritable and depressed, and exposing his friends and family to the same distressing hardship.

And yet many people needlessly suffer from colds. For taken care of in time, a cold is not a trouble difficult to defeat.

Most colds begin by contagion, though many start by exposure to dampness and to sudden changes in temperature. The normal person in good condition throws off a cold easily and speedily defeats the germs which cause it. But your condition of the moment determines the extent of your powers of resistance. You may be immune one day—an easy victim the next.

OFTEN in winter we over-eat, we under-exercise. On the go all day long, nervously rushing, subject to draughts, rapid changes in our physical resistance take place. Our bodily processes frequently become disturbed—we fail to digest properly—waste products remain too long within the intestinal tract.

And when that occurs, poisons are set up which permeate our bodies through the blood stream. This form of self-poisoning, popularly called Auto-Intoxication, lowers our vitality, and weakens our resistance to colds and to other ills.

Local soothing treatments are good for local effects, but a good rule with colds is to get at the source of the trouble. Correct the stoppage, sweep away the accumulated poisons of waste!

To accomplish this, there is no better helper than Sal Hepatica—the standard effervescent saline. The use of Sal Hepatica is the first step to take in relieving a cold. It *promptly* rids the system of waste products and bathes away the poisons of waste, thereby aiding in keeping the blood in condition to destroy and carry off the germs of colds.

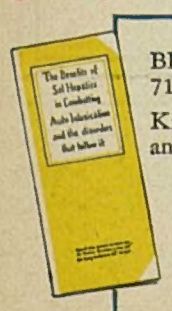
Sal Hepatica stimulates the natural secretion of water in the intestines. The liquid bulk supplied to the intestines by this purely mechanical process quickly induces peristaltic activity and effects prompt elimination.

Sal Hepatica is a delicately balanced combination of several salines, fortified with sodium phosphate. Dissolved in a tumblerful of water it makes a sparkling, effervescent, palatable drink.

You may take Sal Hepatica on arising or, if you prefer, half an hour before any meal.

* * *

Send the coupon for the new booklet on Auto-Intoxication. It explains more fully how you may avoid this prevalent form of self-poisoning, and how you may prevent and relieve the colds and other ills which follow in its train.



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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains fully the causes and the effects of Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

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Every woman knows the rewards of beauty–love and happiness—admiration wherever she goes.

But not every woman knows that, nine times out of ten, beauty itself is the reward of health.

Hence, the wise woman strives to attain the health that is the basis of all lasting beauty. She knows that one of the greatest enemies to health is the retaining of poisons in the blood.

To protect herself she uses a simple and sure precaution. It's Feen-a-mint, the Chewing Laxative. Feen-a-mint looks and tastes like a dainty chewing gum confection and contains a harmless corrective-laxative prescribed by physicians, which quickly relieves internal inactivity.

Feen-a-mint is an efficacious protector of health and beauty. A trial will prove its value to you.

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